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Collier's

THE NATIONA

August 24, 1940

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What Good is West Point?

By Henry F. Pringle

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-UG. 24, 1940

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Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits.

Snap! Crackle! Pop!

● Who says breakfast can't be an event? Spring Kellogg's Rice Krispies on your family tomorrow and watch everybody pitch in!

Youngsters go for their distinctive snap! crackle! pop! as they float on milk or cream. It tells of amazing crispness . . . the kind that lasts to the final spoonful. Grown-ups rave about their rich, tantalizing goodness . . . utterly unlike any other cereal you ever tasted before.

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Crackle!
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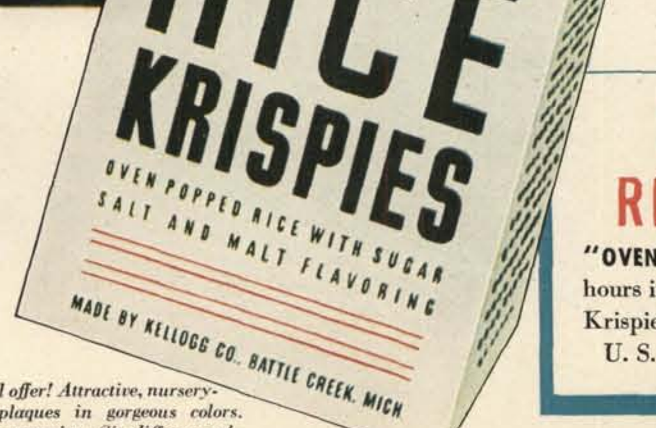
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OVEN POPPED RICE WITH SUGAR SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
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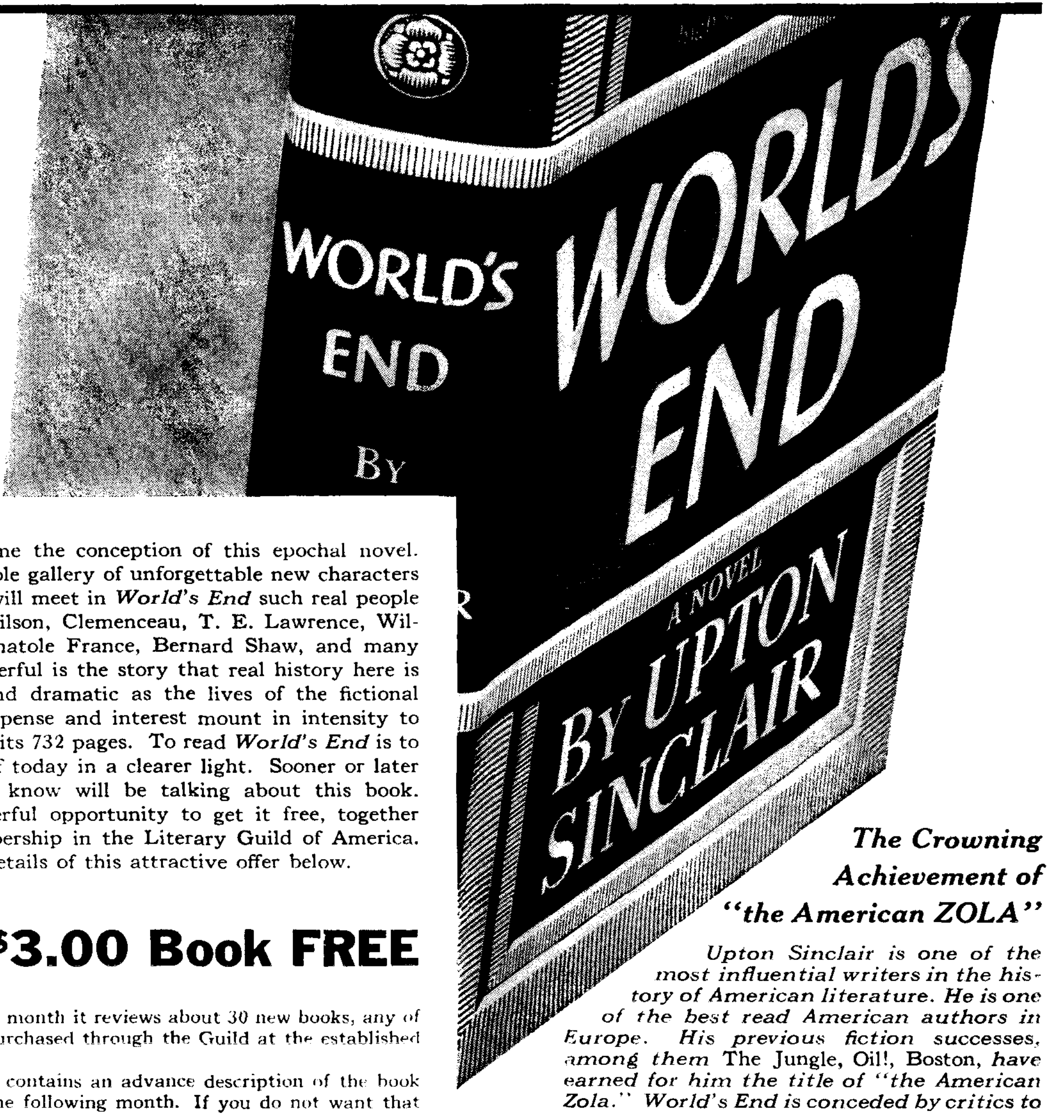

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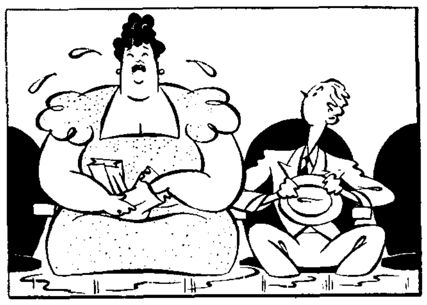
COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

ANY WEEK

NOW and then we receive complaints that an occasional exaggeration, even an untruth, appears in this column. We read them with understanding. If we hadn't been in the Detroit movie theater when this one happened we too would have been suspicious. Next to us sat one of the most abundant ladies we've ever seen out of the side shows. Our guess is three hundred pounds. The picture was All This and Heaven Too. In the lady's far-flung lap lay two packages. Presently there was a scene wherein the governess takes her leave of the duke's children. She wept like a tidal wave for five minutes. Presently she subsided, her grief spent—terribly. Whereat she began to grope for the packages. She found the one she wanted and opened it. Out of it came a large meat sandwich, liberally lubricated with mustard, and a pickle. They didn't last long. Then, emotionally mended, her great strength restored, she got along all right until toward the end when it began all over. We didn't wait. As we left she was groping for the other package.



BUT before we got away from Detroit a young lady who, until her recent marriage, was a supervisor for the telephone company, told us a few nice agony stories. For some reason that you have to ask a psychologist for, the early morning hours—say between three and six—produce the greater number of tragic telephone calls. One morning about four, a lady obviously in quite a state put in a call for her brother in Louisville. Although breaking a cardinal rule, our young lady listened. Obviously Brother Al had been awakened from a sound sleep. "Al," wailed the sister, "this is Marge. An awful thing has happened." Al, still groggy: "Uuuuuh, whaaaat?" Sister: "Listen Al, Ben my husband's been stabbed—stabbed bad. The doctor don't know." This brought Al to the surface. "Zat so?" he croaked. "Zat so? 'S funny. I ain't been feeling any too good myself lately."

AT THIS, the opening of the presidential campaign, Mr. Arnold Benson's thoughts very properly turn to the subject of jargon. Having listened to a couple of keynote speeches, Mr. Benson wonders whether you'd be interested in an oral report he heard on an oil field near his home in Stillwater, Oklahoma. As one driller to another it ran thus: "They damn' well had us all guessin' last week down on that new Amorada rig, four south, three west. They hit the second Wilcox and it was a dry hole so they plugged her back to the Lahontan and shot the casin' and she flowed seventy-seven in twenty-three. But she's makin' salt water so they run a Slumberjoy and found they shot too low. Now they're gonna gunnite the perforations up to the bottom of formation lookin' for new production. If this baby makes, it means we got to twin every well in the field."

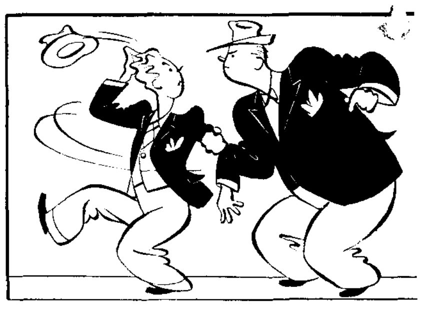
WE AGREE with Mr. Benson that those words would have brought any convention to its feet and sent it into a mad demonstration. All that was lacking is the name of the candidate. Which reminds us that we spent a couple of days in Chicago while the Democrats were trying to discover who'd swiped their spark plugs. There were whole days when the Democratic convention reminded us of a large funeral attended solely by corpses—or what Mr. Jerry O'Gannon, our favorite morgue-keeper used to call corpuses. We spoke to a delegate from California about it, asking him whether anything could be done. "Not much," he said, "unless some guy has the nerve to get up and mention Wendell Willkie's name."

ONE session was so sparkling that, after a refreshing nap, we picked up somebody's St. Louis Globe-Democrat. And while a gentleman on the platform was keeping out of war in a loud voice, we read a piece by Miss Katharine Daret. Maybe it's just our mean streak but we liked it—particularly her third and fourth paragraphs: "Oh, we're heartbroken over the plight of the children of England. They must be cared for. Of course we'd never take an alley waif from the St. Louis slums into the house, but an English child, that's different. He would lend our children an air. You can't tell; our offspring might acquire an English accent. Nobody is at all concerned over the thousands of children whose fathers are enlisted men. No, it's the few, comparatively, whose fathers are commissioned officers, who are in demand."

AND we've just got a letter from our Orient correspondent, Jim Marshall. Mr. Marshall is at the moment in Seattle, sharpening pencils and otherwise preparing to go somewhere in the interests of journalism. We don't seem able to keep track of our fellow travelers. But Mr. Marshall had just returned from a visit to Ernest Haycox's house. "Among the other popular stopping places in Mr. Haycox's home," says Mr. Marshall, "is his bedroom. It is quite large, containing a badminton court and a sleeping nook."

NOTHING authors do, have or say amazes us. We have a post card from a lady one. She writes: "Just finished a story titled Gold Dessert and saw in the Writer's Digest where you was looking for a story if you are interested will I please hear from you. Six thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven words wrote with pencil."

WE PAUSE to mend a fence. In ou recent National Guard article—Caugh With Our Guard Down—Fort Lewis was called Camp Lewis. Moreover, i was located in California instead o Washington where it belongs. Furthermore, it was said that our Nationa Guard owned only four 155-millimete guns whereas large numbers of people saw Battery B, 150th Artillery disporting six of them recently in a parade in Muncie, Indiana. Incidentally, those six were limbering up for the Willkie notification rowdydow at Elwood, Indiana. Nevertheless they were ou errors and we're abashed. We wonde whether you'd be interested to know that we got all our information from the General Staff, United States Army and sent the piece to the Staff for reading before publication. We got a remarkable letter from a Staff genera reproving us for the tone of the article but declining to indicate any errors



HOWEVER, some of our best friend don't like us. A gentleman from Utal grabbed us by the arm not long ago and roared: "Say, about ten years ago you accused me and ten other guys o being crooks. I made up my mind then that if I ever met you I'd call you a damned liar and now that I've called you one, can I buy you a drink?" We had the drink. "Listen," he said, "you were ten elevenths right."

ON AN eastbound plane we sat opposite a neat little man who seemed completely lost in the monthly magazine of the Federal Reserve Bank—a who wouldn't be. On the plane too was one of America's most popula comedians. The hostess was somewhat fluttery, being unable to ke[illegible] the latter rather open secret from us. A last she bent over our neighbor. "Do you know, sir," she said, "that Al Jol son is on this plane?" He looked up mildly and said: "Thank you; and what do you suggest I do?"

PROBABLY a Red. . . . W. D

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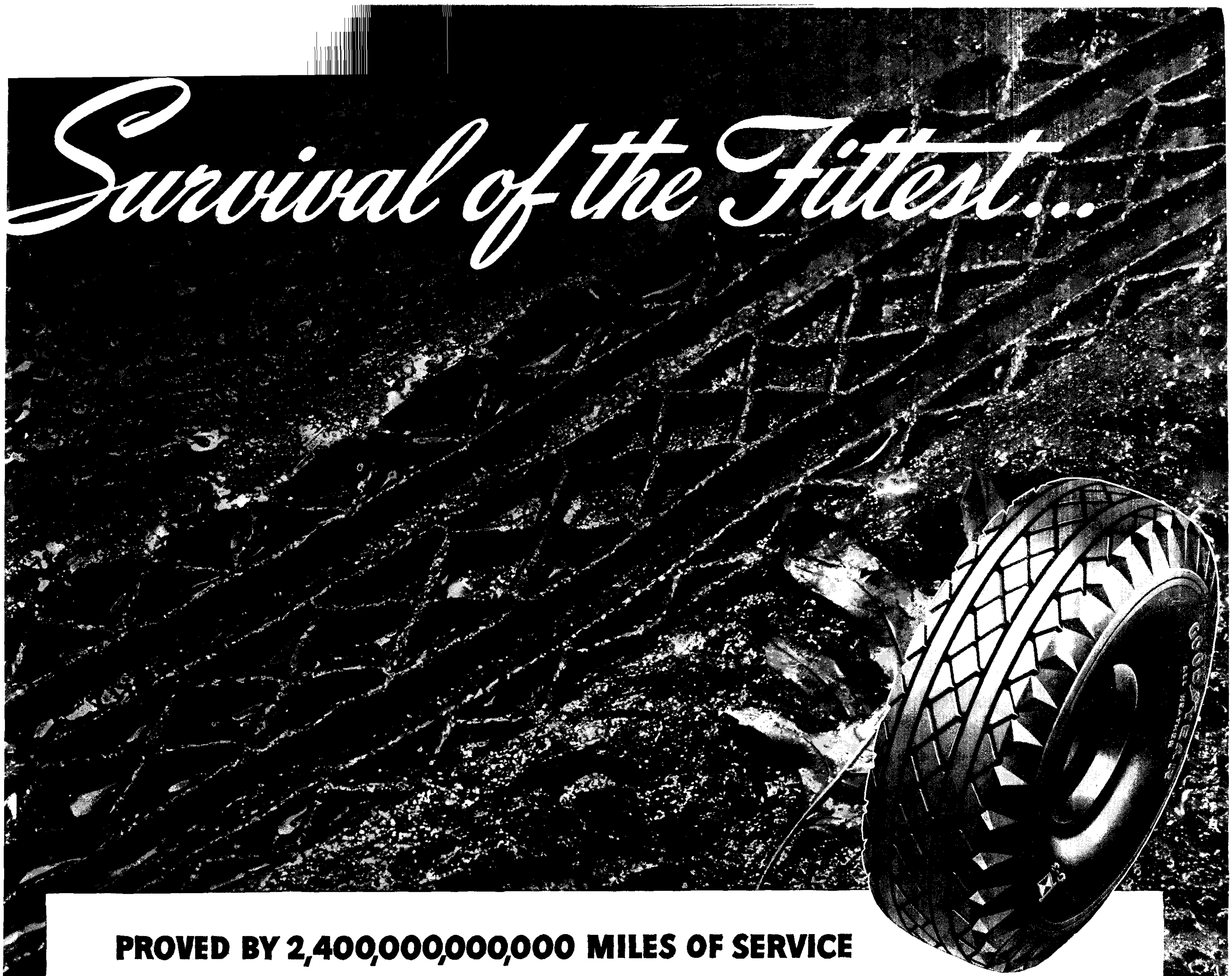

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One look will convince you that the "G-3" All-Weather is the greatest tire value ever offered for so little money—a tire backed up by a *twenty-four-hundred-billion-mile* performance record that proves this truth: *Goodyear tires are as good as you think, and cost far less than you imagine!*

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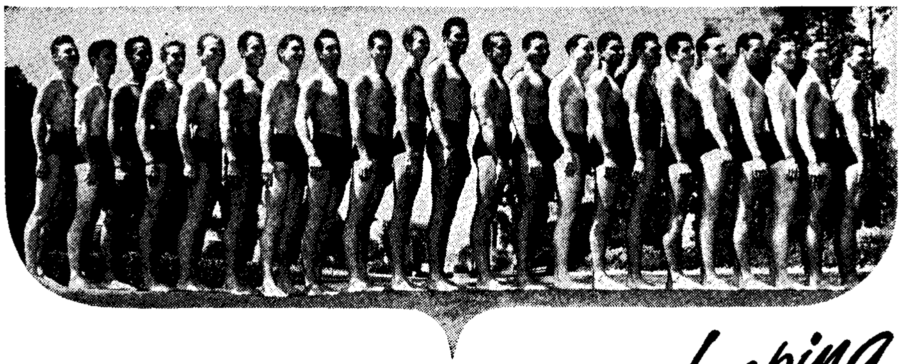


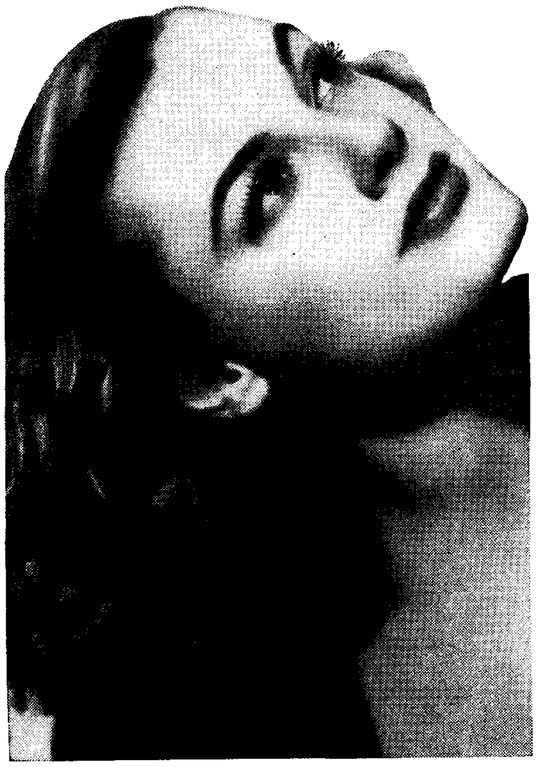
Professional advice on keeping your hair GOOD-LOOKING

Read how the stars of Billy Rose's WORLD'S FAIR AQUACADES guard against "dry scalp" and keep hair handsome.

Aquacade stars use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to combat dryness. Unlike ordinary hair preparations it contains no ingredients that can possibly dry the scalp. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic not only helps protect the precious oils of the scalp, but also supplements them . . . making hair well-behaved and healthy-looking.

"Even when I'm not swimming, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is part of my daily routine. I've found it helps keep my scalp healthy as it keeps my hair well-groomed."

"Buster" Crabbe



"Before each performance I rub on a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to help protect my scalp against the ruinous effects of too much sun and water. It also keeps my hair lustrous and always easy to arrange. It's a real life-saver to me."

Eleanor Holm

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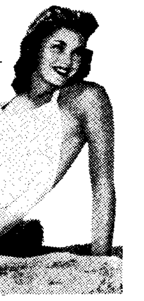
Esther Williams



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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In the ruby mines of Mogok, Burma, the native workers are obliged to wear, over their heads, a padlocked steel helmet, to prevent them from swallowing the precious gems.—*By Helen Andrews, Aurora, New York.*

On the Delaware River Bridge, connecting Philadelphia with Camden, motorists who do not have twenty cents to pay the toll are permitted to leave an article as security. Frequently many persons pledge and never return for such valuable property as tires, cameras, musical instruments, fraternity pins and engagement and wedding rings. —*By Philip P. Moeszinger, Camden, New Jersey.*

Bacteria can live in colder and hotter temperatures than any other form of life, certain species being able to survive at 459 degrees F. below zero and others at 320 degrees F. above it. Some germs have been found in a revivable condition in coal deposits about a hundred million years old.

A survey made among a large number of American psychologists showed that ninety-two per cent of them do not believe that human nature possesses any ineradicable, instinctive factor that makes international wars inevitable.

Far more persons suffer from hemeralopia, or the inability to see as well in the daylight as at night, than from nyctalopia or the inability to see after nightfall except under a strong, artificial light.—*By Norris Keever, New York City.*

A man may be elected President of the United States by only thirty-one per cent of the popular vote.—*By Fred T. Blakemore, Ann Arbor, Michigan.*

The velocity of sound is not dependent on its pitch or loudness but on the elasticity and density of its medium. This is the reason why sound waves travel at only 866 feet a second through carbonic acid gas, 1,092 feet through still air, 4,730 feet through water, 10,900 feet through pine wood and 15,700 feet through iron.

About fifty Negroes have their biographies in the new edition of Who's Who in America, among them being Marian Anderson, Paul Robeson, Bill Robinson, Ethel Waters and Richard Wright.

Two elaborate cafeterias in Los Angeles make money despite the fact that they serve their meals at cost, plus one cent for profit and social security taxes, and allow their patrons to pay any part of the check or dine free.—*By Dick Feak, Bark River, Michigan.*

A tin can, which is all steel except for its thin coating of tin, is a total loss when discarded because no one has yet discovered an economical method of separating these two metals so they may be used again.

Cultured Japanese consider the burning of incense an important art. They not only use it in a variety of rites and ceremonies, but also to perfume almost everything, including their homes, furniture, clothing and hair. It is even employed in games whose contestants try to distinguish between the 178 different standardized odors.

The most popular word in liquor names is "old." It is used on about seven hundred brands of American whiskies.

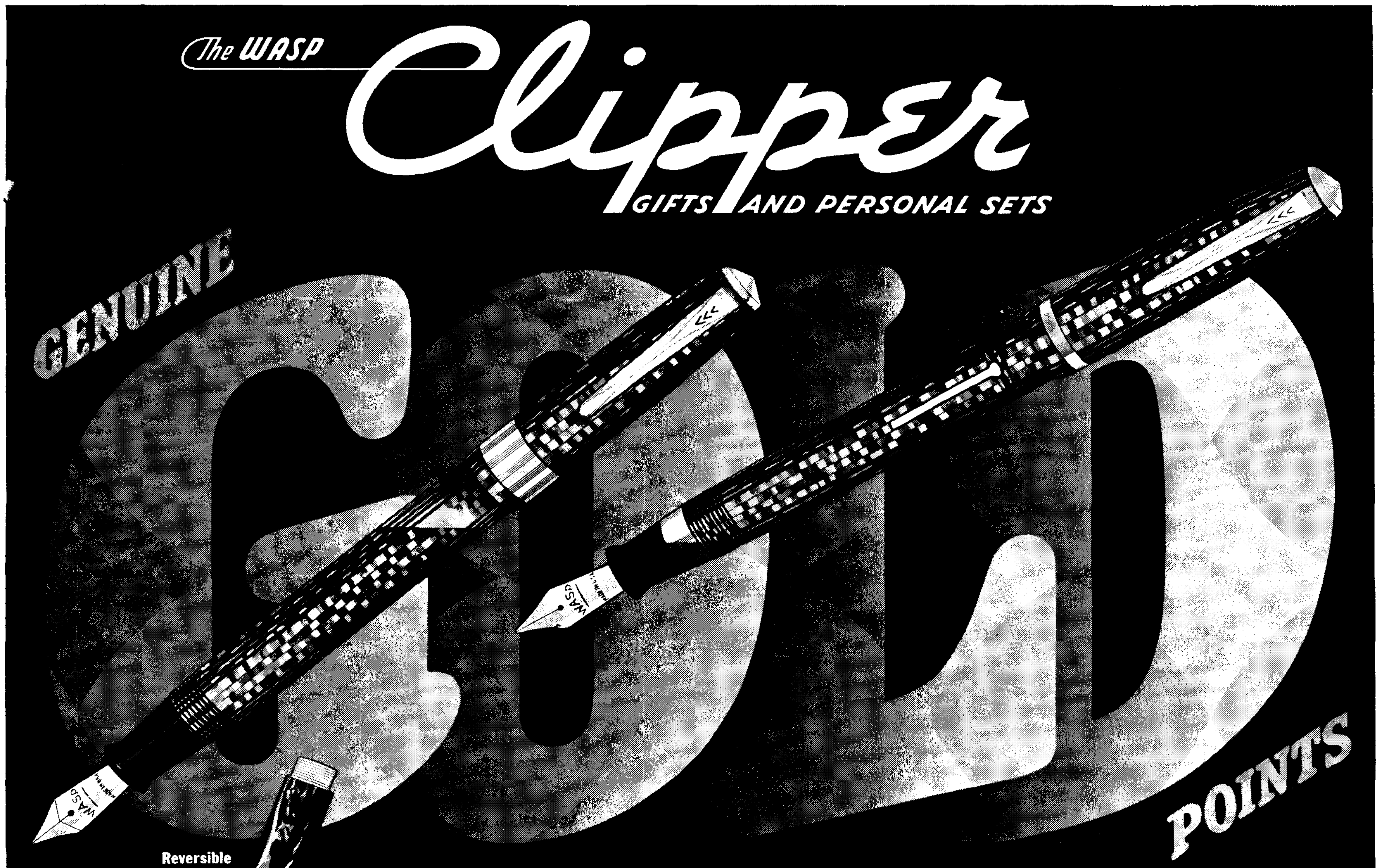
Despite its tremendous voltage and great potential power of destruction, the average flash of lightning, if it could be harnessed and sold for commercial use, would not be worth more than two cents.—*By Leo D. Lavanas, Los Angeles, California.*

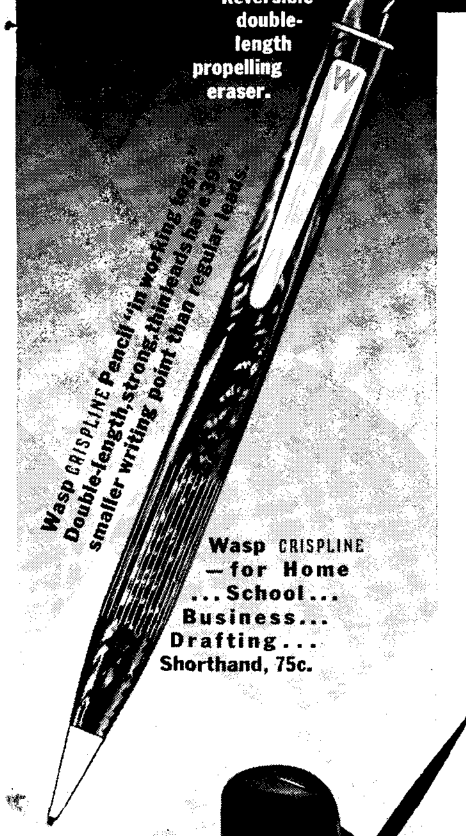
Phonograph records have even been used by symphony orchestras. For example, one containing the song of a nightingale is sometimes employed in the presentation of Respighi's Pines of Rome because it is more reliable than the bird itself.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

The WASP Clipper

GIFTS AND PERSONAL SETS





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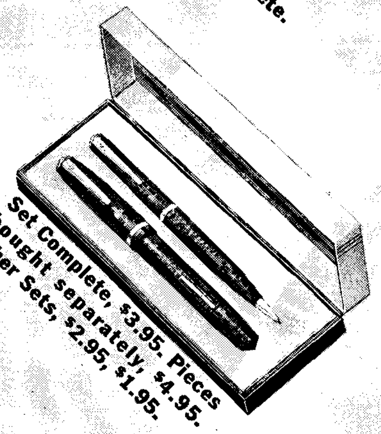

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Damon Runyon
in the *New York Mirror*

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Collier's The National Weekly for August 24, 1940

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What Happened to France

By André Maurois

Famous biographer and historian, the author knew intimately men who ran things in England and France. The greatest tragedy of modern times stands out with terrible clarity in these revelations

Chamberlain with von Ribbentrop at Godesberg. "It was a strange destiny that brought this businessman, who considered contracts sacred, face to face with the chancellor of the Reich"

1. WHY FRANCE AND ENGLAND WERE ILL-PREPARED FOR WAR

ONE day toward the end of 1935 I had lunch in London at the home of Lady Leslie, in company with Winston Churchill, my hostess' nephew. After the meal he took me by the arm and led me into a small room.

Brusquely: "Now, Mr. Maurois," he said, "you must not write any more novels. No! And you must not write any more biographies. No! No!"

I looked at him in some alarm.

"All you must do now," he went on, "is to write one article a day; a single article and the same one every day. Articles in which you will express, in all the different ways that you can think of, a single idea: The French air force, which used to be the best in the world, is slipping back to fourth or fifth place. The German air force, which used to be nonexistent, is in process of becoming the best in the world! There you are. Nothing else. And if you proclaim these truths in France, and if you force France to listen to them, you will have performed a much greater service than in describing a woman's loves or a man's ambitions."

I replied that, unfortunately, I was by no means an expert in aviation; that I had no authority to talk about it, that no one would listen to me if I did and that, despite his advice, I should continue to write novels and biographies.

"You will be wrong," he said in his vigorous and ironic voice, to which from time to time a slight difficulty in enunciation gave a pleasant and characteristic flavor. "You will be wrong. At this moment the threat embodied in the German air force is the *one* theme that should interest a Frenchman. For your country may die because of it. Culture and literature, Mr. Maurois, are all very well, but a culture without strength soon ceases to be a living culture."

I never wrote the articles Winston Churchill asked me to write, and today I bitterly regret it. But that conversation impressed me greatly and left me with an abiding uneasiness. On several occasions I made inquiries from qualified persons about the state of our air force. Each time the reply was either evasive or frankly pessimistic.

"If the war should break out," I was told by a colonel in charge of a bombing squadron at Lyon, "we will die bravely, my pilots and I, but that's all we can do!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because there are too few of us and our machines are obsolete."

In 1936 the situation became even worse. Sit-down strikes in the factories, lack of energy on the part of the government, the red tape of bureaucracy and the unreasonable demands of the committees on procurement reduced French production almost to zero. During the year 1937 the number of airplanes produced each month by French factories fell to the almost unbelievable figure of thirty-eight—at a time when the monthly production in Germany was exceeding a thousand planes!

While, in France, a deplorable hostility was poisoning the relations between workmen and the leaders of industry, in Germany all the forces of the nation had been mobilized for a war of revenge which the German government had foreseen and which it wanted. Absurd stories were circulated in France about the alleged weakness of the Nazi regime. They were examples of wishful thinking. All those who knew Germany well—Sir Eric Phipps, the British ambassador, for example, and Mr. François-Poncet, the French ambassador to Berlin—had been reiterating their warnings for long years. I remember being present in 1937 during a conversation between these two men.

"Don't have any illusions about it," said François-Poncet, "Germany is strong; she knows it and she is determined to make use of her strength. Two lines of conduct, and only two, are open to France and to Great Britain: Either our two countries must renounce everything else and devote all their energies to a formidable rearmament or they must try to reach an understanding with Germany."

I asked: "But is that possible? Does Germany want an understanding?"

"Germany," François-Poncet replied in the sarcastic voice of a bitter humorist, "Germany wants nothing and wants everything . . . Germany desires to be dynamic, that is, to change . . . the men who today are her leaders love spectacular celebrations, gigantic symbols. Do you wish to win them over? Build face-to-face on opposite banks of the Rhine two colossal ladders. On one bank bring up some millions of young Germans carrying flags with the swastika, on the other some millions of young Frenchmen carrying the colors of France; have these young people climb up and down the ladders in faultless formation, while, on a float in the middle of the Rhine, the commander of the French forces faces Hitler. Then, perhaps, there will be a chance of bringing about an understanding between France and Germany, *if at the same time you have become very strong*. But if you carry on your relations with the Reich in terms of diplomatic quibbling and finesse, which it despises; if you continue to draft notes and make speeches instead of building airplanes and tanks, then we are headed straight for war, and for a war that we shall not win."

François-Poncet was not the only one to form an estimate of Germany's new strength. Foreign countries, comparing the Nazis' military expenditures with those of France and England, understood very well that the balance of forces in Europe was going to shift—and many of them took precautions. Mr. Laroche, who was French ambassador to Poland, often said to me that he thought it unjust to blame the Poles for having sought German favor after 1936.

Italy's Count Ciano in Berlin on one of his visits to Hitler. French Foreign Minister Bonnet considered Count Ciano's sincerity to be "beyond question"

"WHAT could you expect?" he said to me. "When they saw Germany was rearming and France and England were not making the slightest effort to oppose her; when they saw Hitler, in March, 1936, march his troops into the Rhineland—an action in absolute contravention of the Treaty of Locarno—without France lifting a finger to stop him; when they heard the French premier say over the radio: 'I shall not allow Strasbourg to remain within the range of German guns,' and when they saw with stupefaction that this speech was not followed by any action whatsoever, they lost all confidence in us. The leaders of Poland said to me at that time: 'If you do not prevent Germany from rearming we shall be forced to become her friends.' That's what happened. And at the very time we were losing the confidence of Poland we saw both Belgium and Yugoslavia slip away from us for the same reason."

In this lack of diplomatic preparation and in this abandonment of Europe to German hegemony the responsibility of Great Britain was at least as great as that of France. Many powerful groups were united in restraining Great Britain from adopting a courageous and foresighted foreign policy. The bankers of the City were concerned about the money they had loaned to Germany and they persisted in the naïve hope that they could do business with a country that was shouting from the rooftops its intention to be self-sufficient. A certain number of persons of importance in England, terrified by Bolshevism, believed they had found in Nazism a barrier to the revolution. At the same time the intellectual liberals were preaching peace at any price and unilateral disarmament, which was destined to be the death of liberalism. All these tendencies combined magnificently to play into the hands of Germany.

No doubt the common people in France and England were aware, more or less consciously, of our weakness, for in 1938 they were profoundly hostile to the idea of a war. It was easy to see this at the time of Munich. American public opinion, at that point, was severely critical of Chamberlain and Daladier. But the United States did not know the real situation. They had little idea of the state of mind of the citizens of Paris and London, who saw themselves without air-raid shelters, without gas masks and without antiaircraft guns, while there circulated, thanks to the efficiency of German propaganda, terrifying rumors about two-ton bombs, the very breath of which could destroy whole sections of a city, and about poison gases that would be released above them.

Men who would have been bravery itself if they had had to fight in the front line against an enemy like the one of 1914 were terrified at the thought of a war behind the lines in which their wives and children would be the victims. And so the peace of Munich, which New York considered shameful, was received by the crowds in Paris and London with almost unbelievable enthusiasm. This diplomatic abdication was celebrated like a victory. One member of the Paris municipal council even dared propose that a street be given the name *Rue de Trente Septembre,* the date of the capitulation.

In Paris at about that time I saw Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the principal artisan of the negotiations. It was a strange destiny that brought this mayor of Birmingham, chairman of numerous administrative councils, a businessman accustomed to deal with other businessmen who considered contracts sacred, face-to-face with the romantic chancellor of the Reich who was convinced he had no duties except to Germany and that an agreement with a foreign nation had no value except in so far as it was useful to the German people.

In November, 1938, two months after his meetings with the fuehrer, Mr. Chamberlain described to me, one evening at the Quai D'orsay, his reception in Berchtesgaden. Hitler had said to him:

"Shall we talk alone or in front of your associates?"

"Alone," Mr. Chamberlain replied.

THEN Hitler took him—with the interpreter, Dr. Schmidt—into his own bedroom. It was a small room furnished with an iron bedstead; on the wall was a single, very fine picture, which came from a museum in Munich and which was changed from time to time. Mr. Chamberlain was stupefied by the torrent of words that constituted the German chancellor's conversation and by the impossibility of getting in the slightest reply.

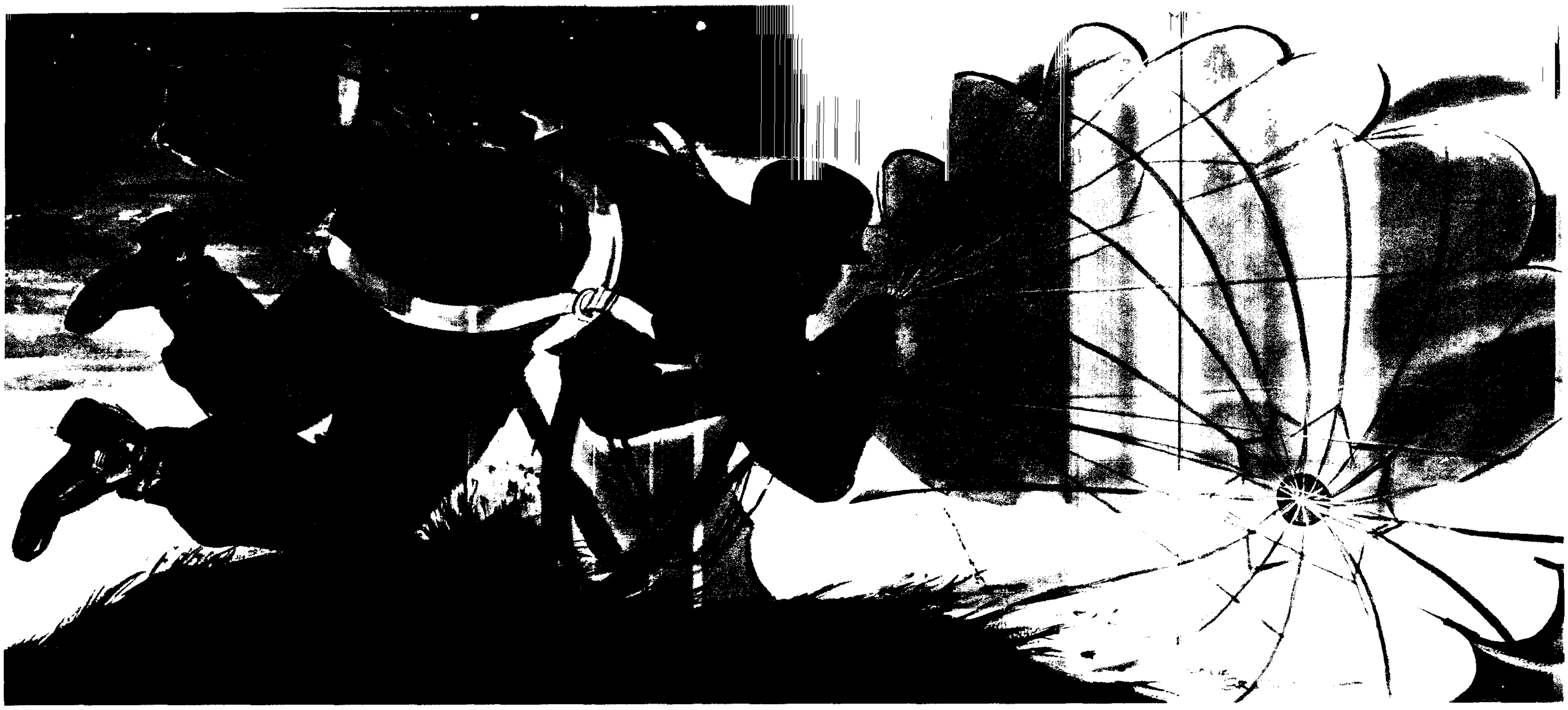
"When I arrived in Godesberg for the second interview," Chamberlain said, "I was received with speeches of such violence that almost immediately it seemed clear to me that it would be useless to continue a conversation begun in that tone.

"Every few minutes—by an obviously prearranged plan—an officer would enter and hand the fuehrer a dispatch. 'Two more Germans killed by the Czechs,' Hitler would cry, his face contorted with rage. 'All the blood that has been spilled shall be avenged! The Czechs must be annihilated!' Seeing his fury, whether simulated or not, increasing, I said to the interpreter that it would be better to break off the interview and that I would return to my hotel. Since this was on the opposite bank of the Rhine I had to cross the river by ferry. As I was withdrawing, Hitler, continuing to express himself with the same violence, followed me out onto the terrace. There, suddenly, he stopped speaking, the expression on his face changed with extraordinary rapidity, he looked at the river stretching away at our feet and murmured in a soft, almost tender voice: 'Oh, Mr. Prime Minister, I am so sorry. I had looked forward to showing you this beautiful view. . . . But now it is hidden by the mist. . . .' Never have I seen a human being change so abruptly from savage anger to a poetic mood."

One of the officials of the foreign office who had accompanied Mr. Chamberlain to Germany told me that the prime minister had retained a painful impression of these interviews and that such outbursts of violence were something entirely new in his experience. That even now when anyone mentions the name of Hitler in his presence "he makes a face like that of a child who is being forced to swallow castor oil." But Mr. Chamberlain thought it his duty to preserve peace and he hoped that he had succeeded.

He was encouraged in this belief by the innumerable testimonials he received from men and women in France and England. Thousands of peasant women

(Continued on page 55)



He struck, went to his knees, recovered instantly, and spilled the wind from his parachute

They Think of Everything

By Pat Frank

"IN THE traveling bag," said Captain Gross, checking off the items on his fingers, "you should have the following: Two shirts, two pair of blue socks, four handkerchiefs, the striped tie, razor, soap, toothbrush, the two suits, which I hope you have been wearing, and the cable cutter."

"As instructed," said Wolfgang, "I wore the suits for ten days so they would not seem strange. They are excellent suits. Made in England."

Captain Gross smiled and shook his head. "That we could not afford," he explained. "But the labels, they were made in England. Now on your person you will carry your Luger, fifty rounds, and three grenades. Most important of all, of course, is the cable cutter. Everything is packed?"

"Yes, Captain."

"You have the English money, and your papers and credentials? You have memorized the name and address of our man in Ipswich? You have not forgotten the compass? They have removed all road signs, so it will be important."

"I have everything, Captain."

"Then goodby, and good luck. Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler," Wolfgang replied, saluting. He adjusted his leather parachutist's helmet, picked up his shiny brown suitcase, walked out on the dark field, and felt his way toward the deeper shadow, in many shadows, which was the big Junkers.

He took his seat in the transport, and saw that others were there before him. There were no lights, so their figures were dim and bulky and their faces unrecognizable. In a moment they were in the air.

There is not much excitement, Wolfgang considered, flying in a military transport that has no windows. Sometimes he wished he had become a pilot. But the Parachute Corps was elite, also, and no doubt when it was over he would have decorations and perhaps a commission. He could see himself lined up for the Fuehrer's personal congratulations, and unconsciously his back stiffened and his shoulders went back.

WHEN they had been an hour in the air Wolfgang sensed they must be near their destination, the sparsely settled lowland between Orford Ness and the Deben River. He did not need a map. His map had been etched in his head. An officer stepped from the pilot's compartment and said: "In two minutes we begin. You will go out at intervals of one minute." This was so they would not fall bunched, Wolfgang knew. The plan did not call for assault, but for infiltration. Some might be captured. A few would get through. For each job there were at least two men. The Parachute Corps thought of everything. He saw that the suitcase handle was secure on his belt.

Wolfgang was closest to the door. The officer motioned to him. Wolfgang stepped to the opening, held to the metal grips and braced his feet as he had been taught, and shoved off hard into the night. The wind whipped his head back, and then he was falling easily, his chute opened wide over him.

Expertly he tugged at the shrouds, and swept down for an open field. He struck, went to his knees, recovered instantly, and spilled the wind from his parachute. He lay still on the ground, as he had been instructed, and disengaged the traveling bag.

This was fortunate, for from the direction of the road he heard voices. "I saw something moving in that field," a man's voice said. And then a girl said, her voice taut with fear: "So did I!"

"I'll see what it is," the man said reassuringly.

Wolfgang drew a stick grenade from his belt. He heard the whip of brush on the man's trousers, and then he saw his form, looming clean against the sky. Wolfgang flipped the pin and threw the grenade. The explosion seemed much louder than it ever had in practice. Wolfgang rose and ran toward them. The grenade had got them both, he saw at once. Wolfgang retrieved the suitcase and ran for a clump of trees. There was no sign of more life in the field, or on the road. He got busy.

He stripped off his uniform, changed to the gray flannel suit, tossed the unused grenades and the Luger into the suitcase and walked out onto the road as a Londoner who had been summering at Orford, and who now was fleeing the coast because of imminent invasion. His compass led him west, toward the coastal highway running to Ipswich. When he reached the highway he walked south, and, with dawn's first light, cars began to pass him.

Six, maybe seven miles now to Ipswich, and the suitcase dragged at his arm. The party man in Ipswich would point out the telephone lines leading to London. After these were cut he would be on his own. The idea of being his own commander fascinated him. He would capture a British armored car. He would race to the shore again, and perhaps take a battery from the rear.

He was so busy with his plans that he did not notice the barricade until it was too late to turn back, for he had been seen. A lorry blocked the road. There were soldiers around it, rifles slung over their shoulders. Three small cars, luggage strapped to their running boards, were halted in front of it.

A sergeant motioned to Wolfgang, and called, "This way, sir." Wolfgang walked over and saw, behind the lorry, a straggling line of men and women, some empty-handed, some carrying bags. "Sorry," the sergeant said, "but we're examining all coming this way. Won't take long. Step into line."

"Righto," Wolfgang said. "What's up?"

"Fritz's planes have been over the coast. May have dropped some damn' 'chutists."

"Nuisance, aren't they!" Wolfgang dropped his suitcase at his feet. He could open it, casually, grab the grenades, and make a fight of it.

THEN he saw the Englishman just ahead in line had a suitcase much like his own. A typical Englishman, sallow, his chin weak and narrow. He would be polite, perhaps meek. A man in the Parachute Corps thinks swiftly.

Wolfgang shoved his own suitcase alongside the Englishman's, jostled the frail fellow, said, "Sorry, old man," and picked up the bag again. Only it was the Englishman's suitcase he now held. He didn't think the Englishman noticed.

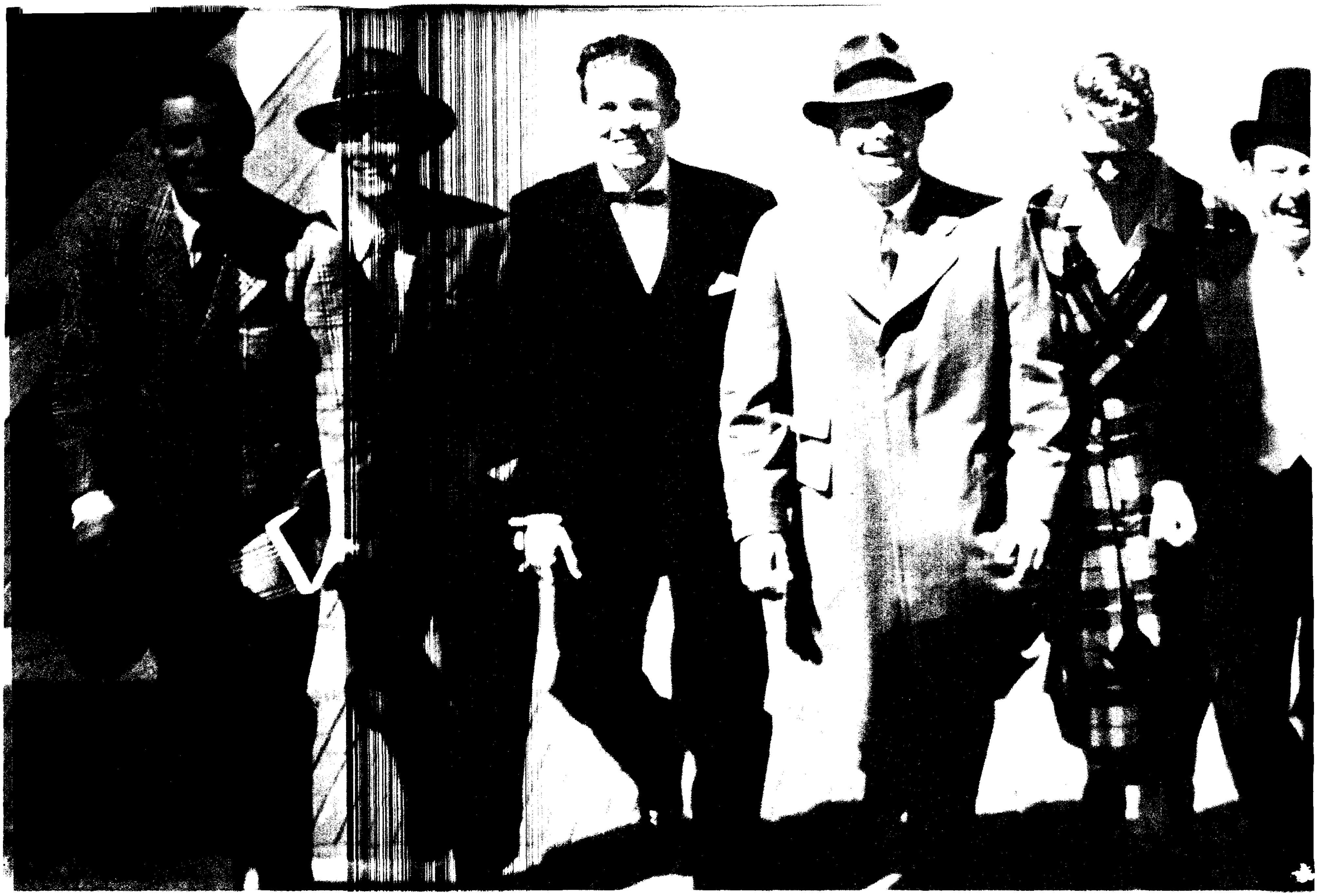
Presently the sergeant came to the Englishman, and riffled through his credentials. Then he bent and opened the suitcase. The sergeant cursed, and the Territorials slammed their rifle muzzles into the Englishman's belly. The Englishman's eyes were wide and frightened, staring straight into his own, as they led him away. They didn't give him much of a chance to talk. They just took him into the woods and shot him. A soldier in civilian clothes is a spy.

The sergeant came back. His face was twitching.

"Ready for me now?" Wolfgang asked.

The sergeant didn't say anything. He examined Wolfgang's papers, felt his hips and under his arms, and then opened the suitcase that had been the Englishman's. Wolfgang looked down, numbly, at two shirts, a suit, handkerchiefs, socks, and on top of these a heavy, rubber-sheathed pair of shears, a Luger, and three stick grenades.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



PLAID: Bronze-colored tweed jacket; gray flannel trousers; Norwegian peasant slippers; oxford shirt; wool tie and hose; khaki hat

GORSE: Blue-brown Shetland suit; striped oxford shirt; knit tie; crepe-soled Norwegian shoes; brown snapbrim hat, contrasting edge

TUX: Midnight blue dinner jacket; pleated bosom dress shirt; maroon dress tie; garnet studs; linen kerchief; patent leather pumps

COVERT: Fly front coat; blue nailhead worsted suit, red overplaid; white shirt, button-down; red-gray tie; brown shoes; gray hat

TARTAN: Scotch plaid flannel lounging robe; blue broadcloth pajamas; hard-soled leather slippers. Socks and robe traditionally loud

TAILS: Midnight blu tail coat; two-stud dres shirt; pearl studs; hig wing collar; backles waistcoat; collapsibl opera hat; butterfly ti

CAMPUS CONFERENCE: Reversible leather and poplin jacket with zipper. Bronze color tweed jacket. Shetland pullover sweater, with long sleeves

Back to School

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

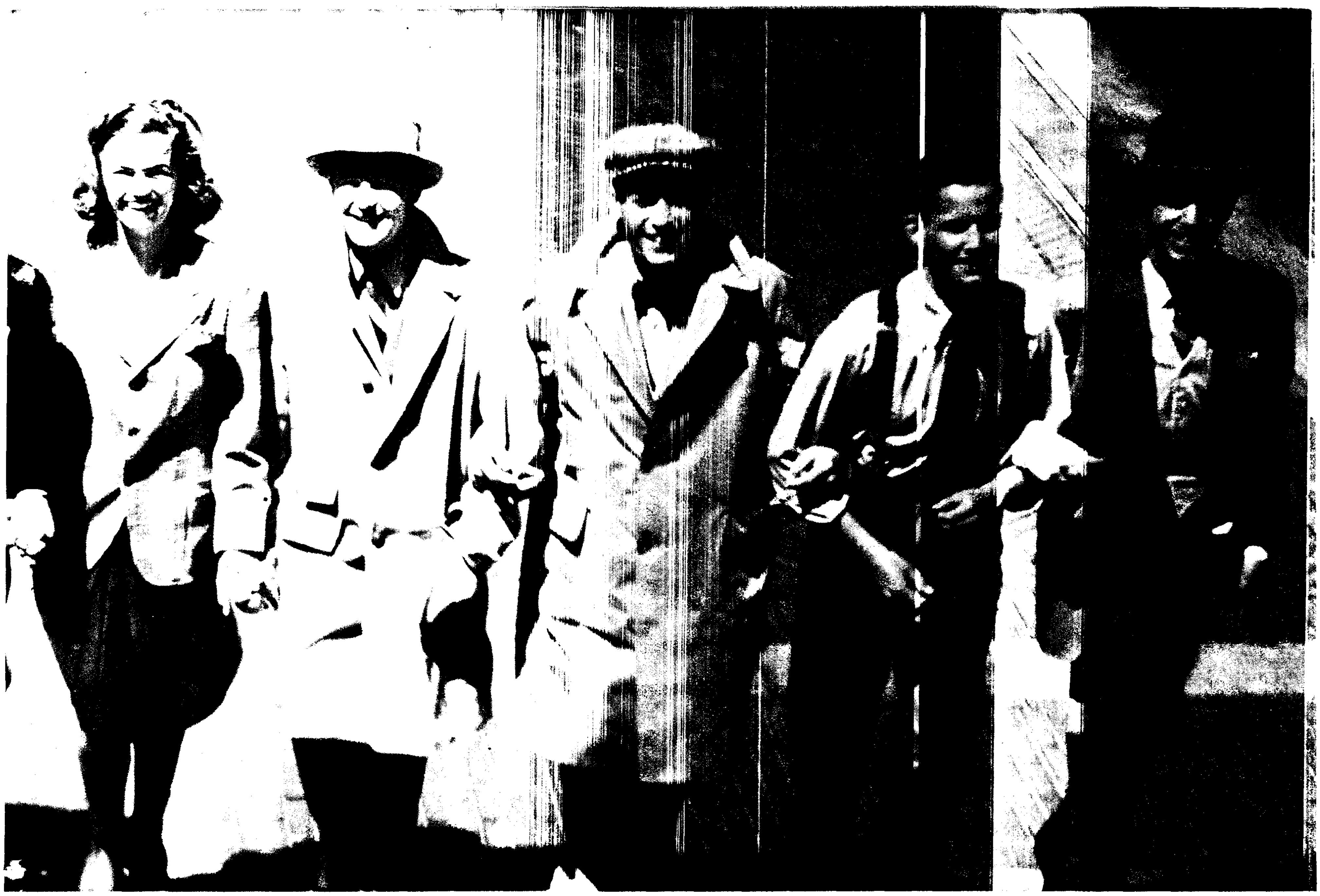
IF YOU want something easy, try convincing an admiral that the airplane is going to replace the battleship. But don't argue with an undergraduate about clothes. You can't win. He knows what he likes.

Funny thing, a while after he has made up his mind the rest of the nation is likely to find out about it and follow suit. Who do you think is responsible for the sudden reappearance of the tail coat on dance floors all over the country? Why do you suppose hat manufacturers let out a whoop of joy when college men decided to go in for straws As the campus went, so went the Union

An undergraduate's clothes fall int three general categories: campus an class; formal and semiformal; tow and week end. For campus and classroom he likes sports jackets and flanne trousers, sturdy brogue-type shoes an extravagant socks. For town, on th other hand, he suddenly goes conservative and takes a businesslike suit. Th dinner jacket is confined to fraternit smokers, stag dinners and informal cutting up. For fancy cutting up, when he' escorting some starry-eyed young thing he turns up in tail coat and top hat.

You will find listed on Page 56 th things that make up his basic wardrobe

There are a few strictly campus quirk that are cherished for their own sake—ours not to reason why. College me



SMITH: The man's coat got her into the line-up. First worn at Smith College, girls throughout the country are now buying them in the men's shops

CORDUROY: Finger-tip coat with leather buttons; tweed suit; checked shirt; striped tweed tie; moccasin-type shoes with tongues; cotton rainhat

RAIN: Cotton gabardine raincoat; flannel shirt; ribbon-shape bow tie; Varsity cap; blue wool hose; black and white shoes, red rubber soles

HERRINGBONE: Oxford shirt in herringbone pattern; foulard tie; jumbo size gold collar pin; elastic solid color mesh suspenders; covert slacks

TATTERSALL: Covert suit; waistcoat of tattersall flannel; white oxford shirt; knit tie; khaki hat with green band; brown calfskin "gummy" shoes

You can always tell a college man, but you can't tell him anything about clothes. He knows what he wants, and frequently he sets the pace for the rest of the country

wear their trousers short. Not because they've grown out of them, and not to save material. Simply to show off their socks: wild plaids and checks.

If you see leather patches on the elbows of a sports jacket, it doesn't mean it's an old hunting coat. The boys are bringing brand-new jackets in to local tailors to have patches put on. They just like them that way. They also like the button-down collar-attached shirt. They like it so much that in addition to wearing it on the campus and in town they even wear it with their dinner jackets. One enterprising manufacturer has copied it in silk for dinner-jacket wear and is doing a land-office business. The next place for that collar to turn up—and we wouldn't be surprised—is on pajamas.

Also important in college life are radios—the lads keep abreast of current swing bands; a typewriter for turning in papers that prejudice profs favorably; pens, pencils, pipes, lighters, electric razors; and where the budget will stand the strain, a small refrigerator for midnight forays. If there's no special girl friend you're likely to find a personally autographed photograph of La Hedy, Ann Oomph, or some unknown streamliner gracing a picture frame. If they make the grade they'll be around the campus for at least the next four years, and they want it to feel like home.

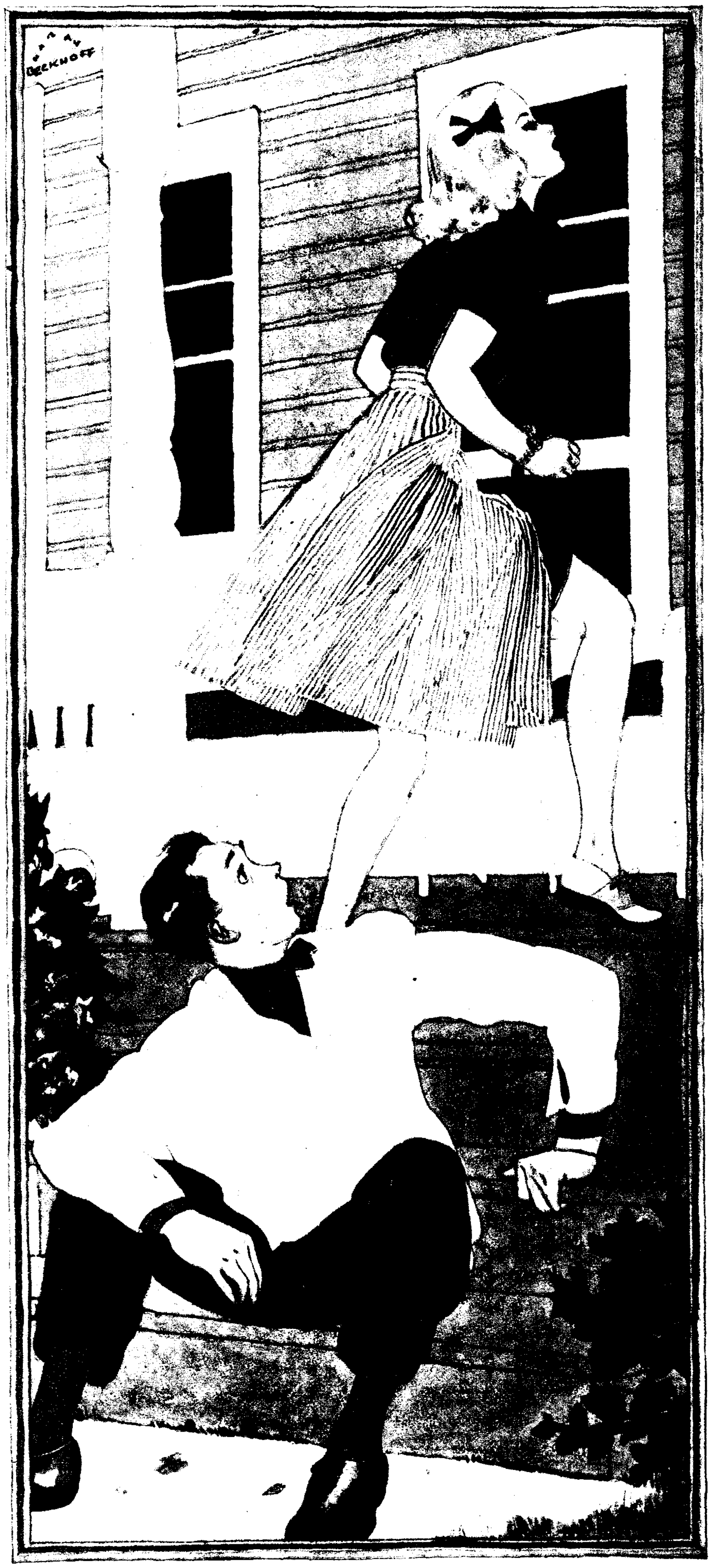
CAMPUS SNACK: Cotton gabardine raincoat, natural color muffler; double-breasted camel's hair polo coat. Striped Shetland sports jacket, pigskin belt

The Big Mistake

By Josephine Bentham

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

One time when an automobile accident was the most wonderful thing that could possibly have happened to a slightly wilted romance



"Maybe I don't want to go to that dance!" she cried. And before he could think of anything to say, he found himself alone on the step

DICK HENDRICKS sat at Ronnie Ferguson's feet on the lowest step of the Fergusons' front porch. His attitude, however, was scarcely one of courtly supplication. He was, as a matter of fact, not looking at Ronnie at all. He was looking, in deep distaste, at his own automobile.

The lines of the car at the curb, having been fashionable in 1931, contrasted rather oddly with the lines of the car in the Fergusons' driveway, a neat little '37 model that Ronnie's father had picked up for her sixteenth birthday.

"Well," Dick said gloomily, "I've got the fund up to twenty-seven dollars and sixty cents—but I don't kid myself *that's* going to get me anywhere!"

From Ronnie came a downward-sliding and ambiguous monosyllable indicating sympathy, encouragement and an ill-suppressed desire to change the subject.

"They prob'ly won't allow me more'n twenty or twenty-five bucks on that old heap of junk," he went on. "But when you think of all the time and money I've put into that car, they're a lot of chiselers at that. And it was a good year too. But you take a car like yours —or maybe a '38 or '39—"

"Listen!" Ronnie cut in, desperately. "Do we have to talk about cars the whole doggone *time?*"

"Oh—" he said. "Sorry I bore you."

"You don't bore me! Only I keep getting this feeling you're sore about something."

"No." He looked at her. "That's a crazy thing to say! What did you say a crazy thing like that for?"

"I don't know. Only we just sit and argue—and I don't know what about."

"I wasn't arguing! I was just trying to tell you I couldn't get a car like yours inside of five years at this rate." He thought a second. "Why, my gosh! *Ten* years!"

They stared at each other and then they burst out laughing—because, of course, they would be so old in ten years it made them laugh just to think of it. At any rate, he was in a good temper again. He pulled a leaf off the honeysuckle vine and chewed it absently.

"Look," he said, "I hear it's all fixed up about that dance at the country club. The committee's going to give it on the sixteenth. Not," he added, "that it would interest you much."

Ronnie smiled in a provocative way and looked at her thumbnail.

"You'd be staying home," he went on. "Because, who'd be crazy enough to take you anyway?"

"Nobody, I guess. I could go by myself."

"Then I'll be seeing you—but I won't dance with you." He reached over to yank one of her shoe laces loose. "So don't you expect it."

"Why, no," Ronnie said. "Who am I?"

"Oh, well, I guess you're the girl friend—being as how I'm a dope. I guess I'll take you to that dance."

"Who asked you?"

"I'm asking you."

"Well, I'm saying maybe."

"You're saying what?"

"I'm saying okay."

Ronnie laughed and rolled over on the porch steps as if they were the mossy stretch of a riverbank. The sun felt good and warm on her bare legs. She wriggled her toes in her grass-stained saddle shoes and thought, suddenly, of her silver sandals. There was a tear in one toe that she would have to fix up, most likely, with radiator paint. There was less than no chance, she decided reluctantly, for a new pair in time for the sixteenth. At that very moment, in her sweater pocket, was a crumpled bit of paper—a bill from the Elite Garage, listing gasoline, oil, the straightening of a fender, and any number of washing jobs. . . .

"Hey!" Dick said. "What are you thinking about?"

"I've been thinking some more about that dance," Ronnie said. "Why can't we go in *my* car, for goodness' sake?"

It took him about a second to grasp this.

"In your car?" he said. "You mean in *your* car?"

"Well, why not?" She went on in her innocent way, pleased with the thought of pleasing him. "After all, you seem to like it so much better than you do your own—and then we'd be absolutely sure of getting there—I mean you wouldn't have to get out and put patches on tires in your good clothes or— *Now* what?" she demanded, staring. "*Now* what?"

HE DREW a good, long breath.

"So!" he said. "So that's the way it is! So it's got to the point you're ashamed to be seen in my old bus!"

"No, I'm not!" said Ronnie. "Don't be childish."

"Well! It's a very peculiar thing that old bus was okay for you to ride around and go places in before you—"

"Oh!" cried Ronnie. "Oh, how silly! Oh, I don't think I ever heard anything so plain silly in my whole life!"

He ignored this.

"*However,*" he continued loudly, "if my car isn't good enough for you, you've only got to tell me, that's all! There's absolutely no need for you to go hinting around and worrying about my *clothes,* for gosh sake!"

"Yes," Ronnie said, "and maybe if a person doesn't want to go to a dance he ought to come right out and say so! As if an automobile had anything to do with it!"

"Well, what else were we talking about? What else were you trying to say except you didn't want to go to that dance in my car?"

"Oh, my goodness! Maybe I don't want to go to that dance at all! Maybe that's the way you'd make a person *feel!*"

With these final incoherent words she jumped to her feet. And before he could think of anything further to say he found himself alone on the Fergusons' porch step. Ronnie had closed the

screen door behind her with a small, decisive, furious bang. . . .

"And is that any way," her father inquired mildly, "to treat a guest?"

Ronnie stared in reproach at the gentleman in the armchair.

"Why, Dad! You were listening! You heard what I said!"

"Of course, Veronica. Everybody in the neighborhood must have, too."

John Ferguson prodded fresh tobacco into the bowl of his old brown pipe. Then he turned a quizzical eye on his daughter.

"You know," he went on, "I've been thinking about that car of yours. I don't know—we may have been a bit impulsive, Ronnie."

"No, Dad. *I* don't think we were."

"Well—it doesn't *seem* to be bringing you much luck."

"If you mean Dick Hendricks," Ronnie said heatedly, "he's making himself completely absurd and ridiculous!"

"No-o. Not more than most men would in his place. You weren't any too tactful about that car of his."

"Why! It's not even a car exactly! It's just a crazy old crate and he knows it!"

"That makes it worse. A man feels a bit sensitive about his car, Ronnie—especially if it's his first car. You were hitting the male vanity, my dear, on a pretty tender spot."

"But," cried Ronnie, "that definitely doesn't make sense! Because everybody knows a 1937 car is better than a 1931 car! Everybody *knows* it!"

"Yes," her father agreed, smiling. "You wouldn't want to sell your car, would you?"

Ronnie hesitated. Then she spoke in the clear, ringing tones of a steel-riveted decision:

"I'd die before I sold that car! I'd *die!*"

"Oh, all right!" her father cut in hurriedly. "All right! I'm not taking the car away from you! Only I do rather wish, Ronnie, I'd thought of something else for your birthday."

The same thought was buried deep in Ronnie's mind. After all, if you couldn't very well give away a car, and if you were much too proud to sell it, what on earth could you do with it? How, without emphasis, could you rid yourself of an automobile? Ronnie didn't know—and she decided, in the end, it was nothing to worry about anyhow. She would have to be more careful of Dick's feelings in the future, that was all—and maybe she could work up a little more interest in the fund.

AFTER dinner she wandered out to the porch—and she was smiling a little. This was the time when Dick always drove around to see if she wanted to go to a movie, or to Milbank's for a soda. And she was almost positive he would be around tonight—although, of course, he would be a little more dignified than usual. "The *crazy!" she thought, in a* sudden, passionate wave of tenderness. "The old crazy—!"

She had just strolled absently across the lawn to the rose bushes when a familiar, rattling sound came to her ears. She turned swiftly. It was Dick, of course, coming down Wynperle Avenue as he always did—but Ronnie's eager and forgiving smile was frozen even as it came into being. Dick Hendricks—with merely a polite nod—went driving madly right on past the house.

Ronnie, her mouth still open a little, stared after him. He turned left, into Hildebrandt Terrace, which ran only a short block before coming to an abrupt halt at the high brick wall that hedged the grammar school. Frantically, Ronnie considered Hildebrandt Terrace. Nobody who wasn't about a hundred years old had ever lived on the street except—except Frieda Lewis. And Frieda was a redheaded girl who had always been a little bit too obviously interested in Dick Hendricks.

Ronnie struggled against jealousy as an engulfing tide.

"Why, darling!" said her mother, suddenly appearing on the porch step. "Don't stand in that wet grass like that! Your feet will be *soaking!*"

Ronnie looked at her.

"Feet?"

"Yes. . . . What's the matter with you, dear?"

Ronnie roused herself.

"Nothing!" she said, smiling brightly. "Nothing at all! I just thought I'd drive down to Milbank's—I just thought maybe Ginger Matthews might be there, or Kathleen Weston or somebody."

Mrs. Ferguson started to ask a question and thought better of it.

"Well," she said, "you *will* drive carefully, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, sure," Ronnie said. "I'll positively crawl."

She slid behind the wheel of her car and waved to her mother, reassuringly. Then she drove down Wynperle Avenue, engaged in an imaginary scene that satisfactorily solved the mystery of Hildebrandt Terrace. "I just turned down that block because I didn't even know what I was doing," *Dick was explaining* eagerly, in this dream of hers. "I was in such an awful state of mind at your being mad at me, Ronnie. And you ought to know I couldn't take any interest in a girl like Frieda Lewis—you ought to know that!"

Ronnie's lips were curving in a smile, a very gentle and understanding smile—but at this point she had to come, a bit suddenly, out of the dream world. There was going to be some trouble in parking in front of Milbank's. Ronnie darted valiantly toward the curb—misjudging her distance as usual, flushing crimson as she maneuvered vainly to get her front wheels past the rear bumper of Mrs. Peter Jeffries' blue sedan. "Oh, darn the car!" she muttered, between clenched teeth. "Oh, darn the darn, darn car!"

"Hey, Ronnie! Cut her short!" came the inevitable advice from the sidewalk. "Cut her—that's right! Over to your left! Over to your *left!*"

Mrs. Jeffries' right rear fender was only a little scratched. Ronnie sank back, exhausted, her hands limp on the wheel. Then she turned a none too grateful eye on her adviser.

This was a certain Roger Perry, one of her own classmates in Melville high school. He had never paid her any particular attention. Roger's attitude toward the world in general was one of faintly amused condescension.

"That," he was saying now, in his patronizing way, "is quite a neat little bus you have there. Yours?"

"Sure, it's mine," Ronnie said without warmth.

ROGER put his foot on the running board and went on talking. His own car, it seemed, was now being sold in unrecognizable bits in a place called Andy's Junk Yard. Roger and his car had been in a pretty bad accident, but it had not been his fault, he told Ronnie. Only his family could not see eye to eye with him about the purchase of any new vehicle. Ronnie considered the matter.

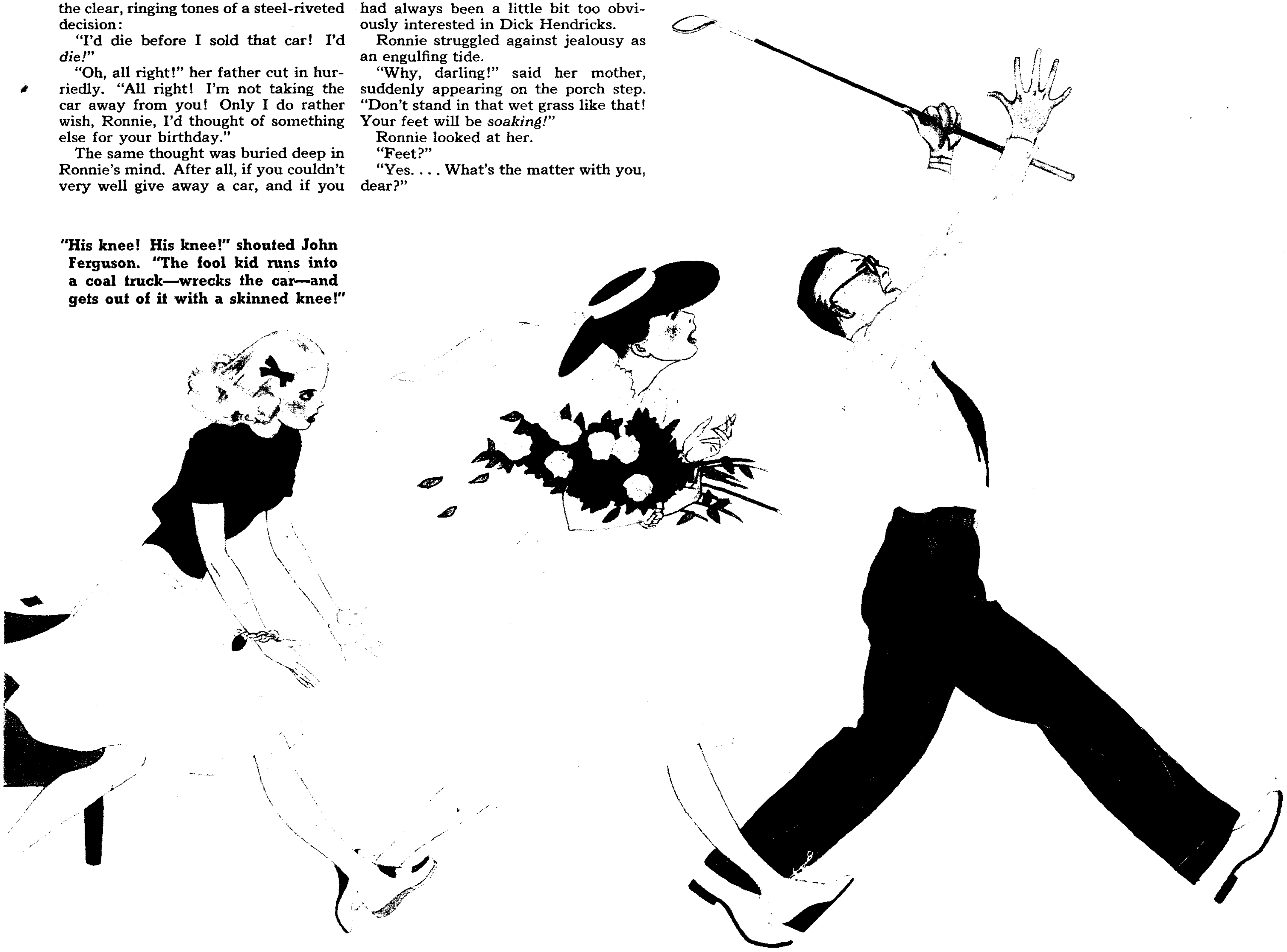
"Well, but you take somebody like Dick Hendricks," she said. "Why, he'd pick up a car somewhere for maybe ten or fifteen dollars and then he'd simply take it apart and put it together again—I mean, he just wouldn't wait for anybody to buy him a car!"

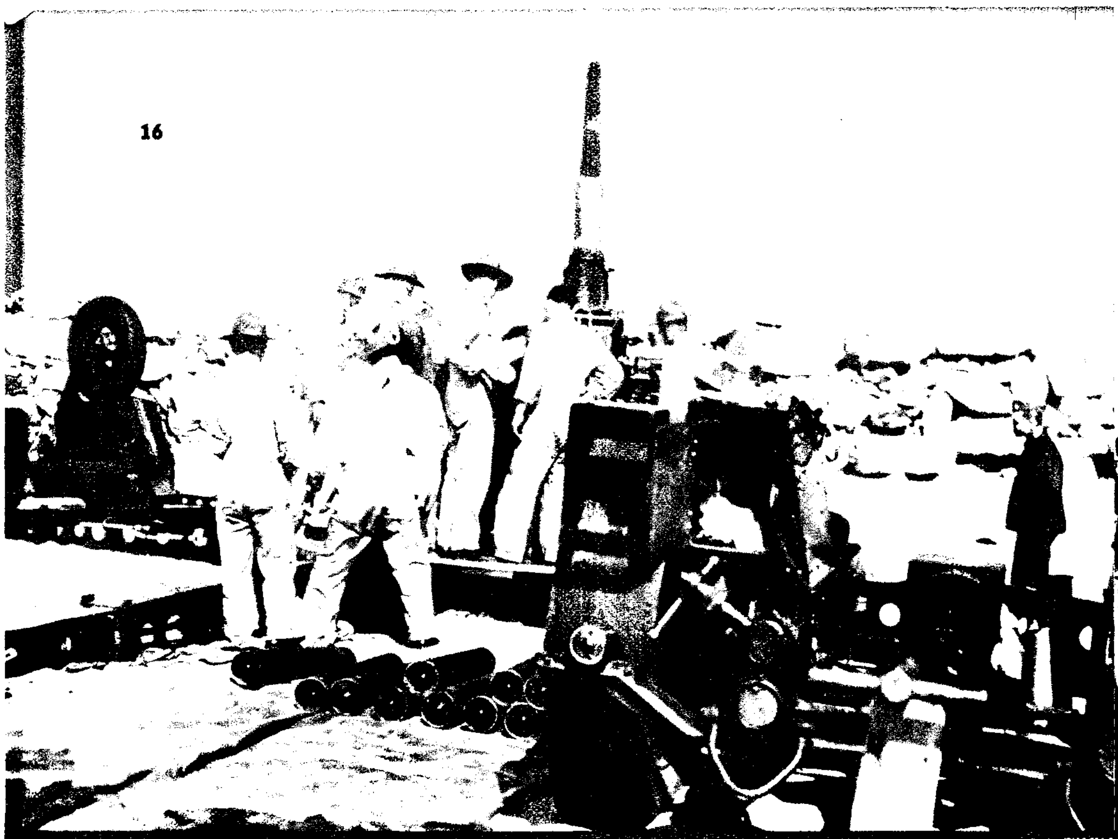
Roger was not impressed.

"I wouldn't either," he said, "if I cared to be seen in some old tomato can. . . . Well, say, would you like to have a soda or a choc malt or something, Ronnie?"

(Continued on page 50)

"His knee! His knee!" shouted John Ferguson. "The fool kid runs into a coal truck—wrecks the car—and gets out of it with a skinned knee!"





THOMAS

For antiaircraft training, cadets go to Fort Hancock, New Jersey. Guns may be studied but not fired at the Academy because of unsuitable terrain

EWING GAL

The dress parade is a magnificent show, but critics of West Point training see it as an outward symbol of what's wrong

First-year men get some training in handling machine guns under the supervision of upper classmen. The guns they are using are old-style .30-caliber Brownings

WEST P

By Henry F. Pringle

THE United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, is one of the most beautiful institutions in the world. Its graduates have engraved their names high on the honor rolls of peace as well as war. Its cadets are youths of scrupulous honor, and they are intelligent as well as brave.

And yet, West Point elementary military training emphasizes greatly the formal parades and guard mountings. These require—for perfection of performance—that too much of the cadet's time be spent in shoulder-to-shoulder marching in ranks on foot. Emphasis on such training was necessary in Frederick the Great's day. But are not matters greatly altered now? Should not all the cadets spend much less of their four years in formal close-order marching? Should not the time thus made available be devoted to learning the simple elements of piloting an airplane, practice in simple parachute work and the use of other modern engines of war? Should not the exhibition during the graduating week show that the cadets about to graduate and become officers are proficient in the practical elements of such matters?

Look at one of the programs of exercises for graduation week at present. They consist of horse shows, formal close-order infantry parades on foot and drills in which horses are used. Necessarily the cadet maneuvers are elementary and mostly include only the 1,200 or so cadets. Also, the local terrain is not sufficiently extensive to permit much firing of modern artillery.

After four years of intensive study a West Point graduate is not a fully qualified second lieutenant, because his education has been more cultural than military.

He has taken precisely the same course as all the other cadets and has received specialization in no single arm of the service.

It will be an additional four, possibly six years, before he has obtained adequate knowledge of modern warfare.

All of which is defended by the authorities of West Point as proper and right. For the United States Military Academy, they insist, is not a training camp for officers. It is a college from which emerge officers and gentlemen. The purpose of West Point, to quote the War Department's official bulletin, is "the practical and theoretical training of young men for the military service." It is an institution where the "cadets are given a comprehensive and general education of collegiate grade and a sufficient basic military education and training to enable them to pursue their careers as officers of the Army."

The high-ranking men of the graduating class—possibly twenty-five in all —are permitted to enter the Corps of Engineers, which is regarded as the most desirable arm of the service. About half the class enrolls in the Air Corps for a year of training, but only fifty per cent of them qualify. The rest of the graduates are assigned to troops. After the young officer has obtained additional practical experience for, say, two years he is sent to one of the Army postgraduate schools, where he gets special training in cavalry, infantry or whatever his branch happens to be. There, probably for the first time, he learns the details of modern warfare. In due course, if the officer is able enough, he will be sent to the General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. A few years later, if he has shown still additional competence, he will take the course at the Army War College in Washington, which is the final postgraduate school. But that, if he is a West Pointer, will be fifteen or twenty years after he has left the quiet campus of the United States Military Academy.

It was a shimmering summer day when I visited West Point the first time. On the big parade ground the newly arrived members of the "plebe" class—they had been enrolled for hardly a week —were being drilled by the upper classmen. "Squads right, march! Right face, left face, about face!" sounded across the pleasant field—and the war in Europe seemed a dozen times 3,000 miles away. The humble plebes had already been initiated into the traditions of West Point. Soon they would be singing of their pride in treading "where they of the corps have trod." They had already been ordered to "keep your mouth shut and obey orders," and assured that "an order from a superior has the force of a cannon shot."

Naturally, West Point leans upon tradition and the past. The mission of the Academy, the freshman cadets are informed, is primarily to "instill discipline and a sense of honor." Thus it has always been at West Point, since the institution was founded in 1802. The system of instruction at the Academy is, in its broad aspects, still the one established by Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, the "father of West Point," when he became superintendent in 1817.

"We have made changes, of course," a high-ranking officer of the Academy told me, "but we teach the same fundamentals—honor and integrity and discipline."

The honor and integrity of West Point men may be assumed. There isn't the slightest question about that. Doubt has been cast, however, on whether the West Point elementary discipline is the best for war of today, when nothing happens according to schedule. The average graduate is a good mathematician, knows engineering, is an expert in close-order drill and a fine horseman. But he has spent only ten hours or so in the air —and as a passenger merely. He has commanded no troop bodies larger than platoons, and very little of those. He has had a smattering of field-artillery practice and has watched a big gun or two fired. He has impeccable manners and is an excellent dancer.

"Even as a field-artillery officer, in which he has had as much experience as in any arm," another West Point man told me, "the second lieutenant just out of the Academy isn't worth a damn."

In the face of these admitted facts the question is now being raised whether such luxuries as a four-year course with hours upon hours devoted to English composition, English literature, French, Spanish and ancient history can be afforded. The hours given to "cultural subjects," so called, at West Point are greater than at such civilian technical colleges as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the engineering schools of Cornell University. For graduation from West Point 131 "semester hours" are required; that is, classes of one hour

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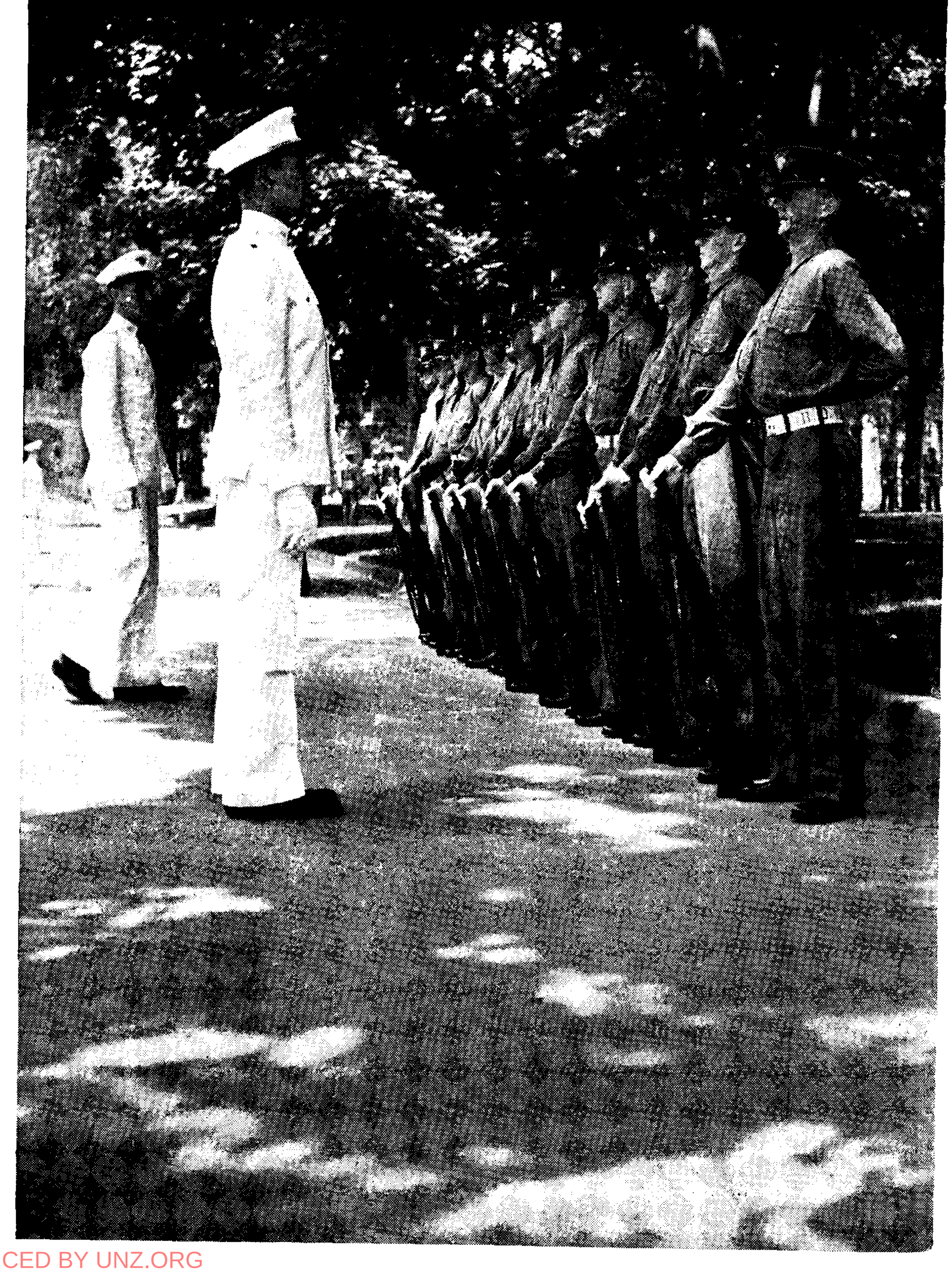
"Cavalry hikes" during the summer months, when regular classes are suspended, give the cadets a close approximation to actual field training

THOMAS

THOMAS

Upper classmen help their military and tactical instructors by taking over many routine jobs. Here they are teaching close-order drill to plebes



JERRY ROGERS

KANSAS is in the clutches of another cyclone that has centered in and around Wichita. When this particular twister has unwound itself completely, atop the wreckage will stand the champion of some 25,000 teams representing 500,000 affiliated semipro baseball players in the United States.

Officially this crescendo of sand-lot ability is known as the National Semipro Baseball Congress. Actually it is the dream and goal of all the part-time ballplayers in every state of the Union—baseball nuts who hang on to their year-round jobs and have terrific fun playing 100-game schedules that lead to this most democratic of championships.

For this annual shindig 100,000 visitors double Wichita's population and help pay the freight. Patrons of the Semipro Congress flock to Lawrence Stadium long before noon with basket lunches and cushions. Here and there you will see an energetic rooter putting on a fresh shirt between innings. They sit through three or four daylight games that are interlarded with a variety of band music and volunteer stunt men or comedians. After quick bites of dinner at home or at near-by lunch counters, another mob returns to view two or three nocturnal contests under high-powered lights. Sometimes an extra-inning game is called "on account of dawn."

Though the extravaganza is only six years old, each year brings new novelties and bigger attendance, with last year topping the four previous clam bakes. More than 110,000 fans paid to watch the 1939 tournament, but many went to see baseball's first automatic home-plate duster in operation. It's only a gadget that works by compressed air, but it puts the semipros far ahead of the field.

No mayor or governor throws out the first ball. That's too prosaic. They prefer, say, the most beautiful of the air-line hostesses, dressed in her gleaming uniform, to do the tossing. Instead of having pompous and verbose, ax-grinding dignitaries award checks and prize cups, the Semipro Congress collects the prettiest gals in the Sunflower State to make the presentations. The spectators claim it's easier on the ears and eyes.

After two weeks of round-robin competition among thirty-two teams, the cream of semipro baseball floats to the top at Wichita. The winning team will leave town next week with a $6,000 slice of the gate receipts, plus a cash allowance for mileage to and from its home grounds. Last year's champions, sponsored by a cement company, carried away $5,119.52 besides train fare to and from Duncan, Oklahoma, and won a free trip to Puerto Rico. There they picked up another $1,500 purse, plus a shellacking from the Guayama team at San Juan in a real semipro world series while 35,000 islanders looked on.

After five years of intense promotion, this streamlined idea has mushroomed into the fastest-growing sports activity of all.

An energetic little guy with a big cigar, Raymond Dumont, is the inventor of the magnanimous scheme, and perennial president. Back in 1931, young Dumont was a wide-eyed, ambitious clerk of twenty-three in the Goldsmith Book and Stationery Store at Wichita. Dips in the business chart caused a few of the clerks to be pushed around, and Dumont was given sole charge of the "sports department." He knew that Wichita people were in no position financially to be high-pressured into spending more money on sporting goods. But, if people in Wichita were placed in the position of needing baseball bats, gloves, balls . . .

The Idea Grew Up

He concocted a state-wide baseball championship for Kansas, and guess where the final games were played. Yes, sir, right in Wichita. Only sixteen teams fought for the semipro championship of Kansas, but nobody went into debt, and the players went into Goldsmith's for a surprising number of odds and ends.

When the thing bounded past expectations in the next few years, and ultimately provided $5,000 in prize money to the surviving teams, Ray Dumont reasoned that simultaneous championships in all states would achieve the same results, only forty-seven times bigger and better. He propositioned key points in the nation.

The result was an avalanche of enthusiastic response that cascaded from

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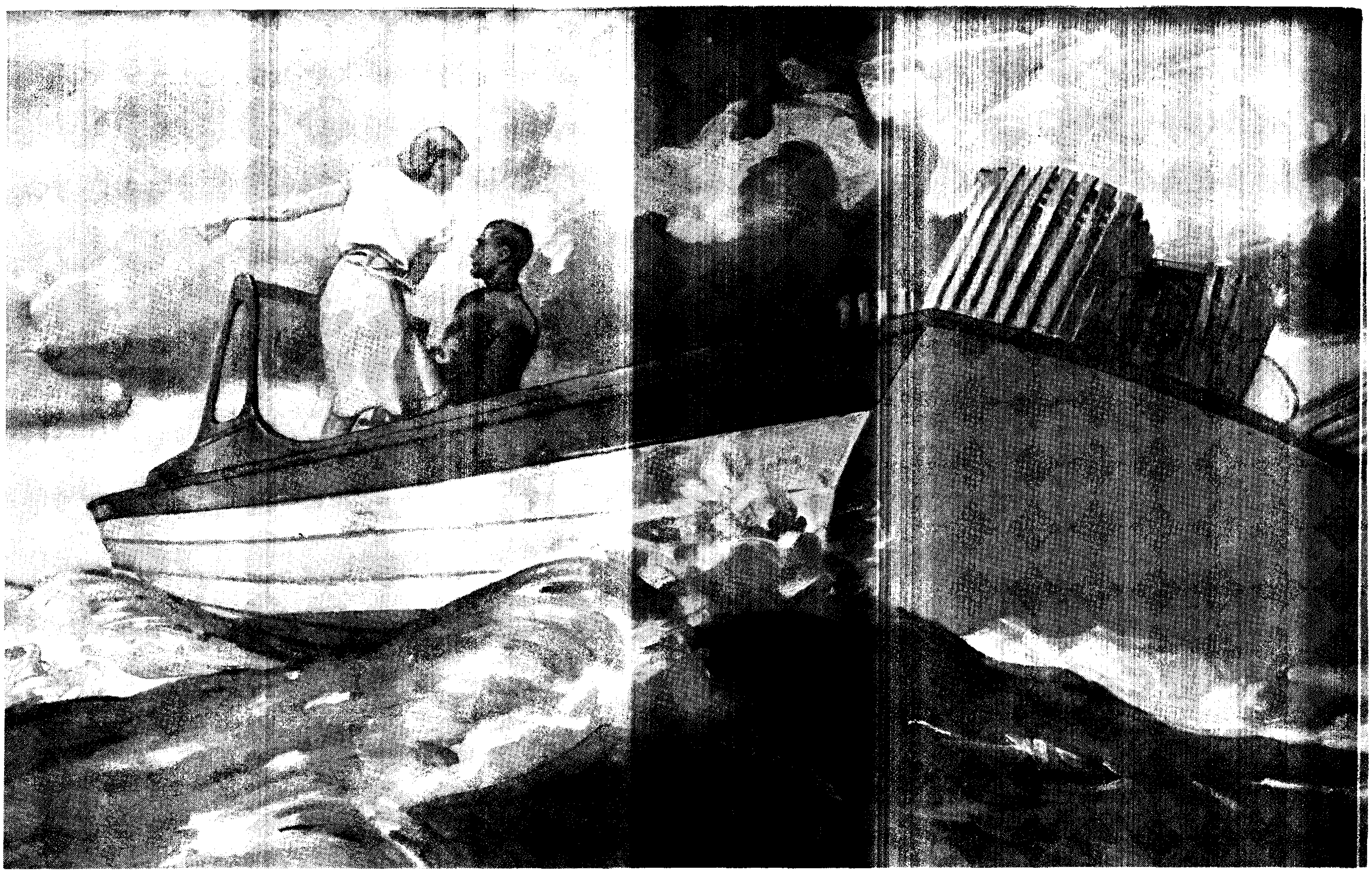
Pretty girls instead of politicians toss out the first ball for the semipros. Last year it was Katherine Wilson, Miss American Aviation. With her is Commissioner George Sisler



"There's Gull Rock!" she cried, pointing with her free hand. "And the old Pineo place. It hasn't changed at all"

Errand in Bangor

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Sometimes it takes more than a little persuasion to make a girl realize what it is that she really wants

BURK TENNANT came to Bangor about five o'clock on a Saturday evening in July. It was very hot in the city and, to a man who had just come from the cold waters of the Atlantic farther East, this heat seemed oppressive, like stale air in a huge oven. He parked the 1936 coupé in the plaza of the Maine Central railroad station. This was the place he had used before on these occasional binges in town. He removed the key, slipped it into his watch pocket and stood there undecided, aroused.

Usually he would feel pretty good at this moment, thinking of the drinks at Nate's bar on Hancock Street with a couple of the boys from Upson Bay—and the things that happened after drinks. But this evening his mind was full of the girl he had seen a few minutes before.

Instead of coming in directly from the iron bridge over the Penobscot River he had cruised around the city to see what was going on. The little car ambled along Washington Street past Broad and up the hill to Main where it turned right toward the triangle. There he went East on State and crossed the walled-in waters of the Kenduskeag stream and was stopped by a red light at the intersection of Exchange.

It was at that second he had seen Lola Ward, from Upson Bay, for the first time in seven years. She was walking down Exchange on the other side. She was wearing a white jacket and a red hat and carried under her arm a large red leather pocketbook. She looked like a million with her sheer silk stockings and the way she walked, swinging along, her head up. He had shouted to her but she didn't hear him. When the light changed he had tried to crowd the other car on his right to follow her down the street until he could find a place to park, but the cop at the intersection had looked at him in a funny way and told him to keep going.

Seeing Lola this way moved him. Standing there in the hot plaza, he wondered what things would have been like if he had gone away with her that night seven years ago as she had wanted him to. He remembered the anger and pride in her voice as she told him she would never, never come back to Upson Bay. He had heard through someone that she had gone to New York. He wondered now what she was doing here in Bangor—only sixty miles from her home. . . .

Tennant turned from the car and walked across the heat-reflecting cobblestones of the plaza. He would go back to Exchange and take a look around—he might catch her before she left that section of the city. He was a solid, well-built man without being tall—but his lean, serious face made him look slimmer. His skin had that deep red burn from working in the sun on salt water. Already, at this early age, his eyes had the crosshatch lines of a seafaring man. He walked leaning forward slightly, as if leaning into a wind. He wore store clothes—a blue serge suit and a stringy tie tucked into a white shirt. The sports shoes, still white, he had borrowed from Tommy Pineo. These were the clothes a man wore on a Saturday night in Bangor.

In the worn wallet he had about fifteen dollars but in the morning when he was ready to go home—through with the city for another five, six weeks—he would have maybe a dollar or so for gas and a cup of coffee. He held no regrets and he had no sorrow to drown, and this memory, of what had once been between Lola Ward and himself he kept to himself.

He had almost reached the intersection of State when he saw her coming out of a store near the corner. She had a small package in her hand now and she was looking at the window as she walked by.

He caught up with her. He said, "Lola! Lola Ward!"

She turned, startled—but when she saw him her face lighted up and her hand lifted toward him as if she couldn't believe he was really there in front of her.

"Burk!" she cried. He felt her hand in his, the quick pressure in it and the warmth.

Tennant said, "I saw you before. I had to park the car and then come back. Gee, it sure has been a long time, Lola."

She regarded him for a moment. Then she said, her voice more controlled now, her eyes taking him in, still smiling but wondering about him, "How are things going, Burk? What you doing now?"

Tennant folded his cap lengthwise and stuck it back into his hip pocket. He said, "Oh, same thing, Lola. Fishing. I got a new boat—she's a dandy. Lobsters are scarce—but I'm doing pretty good—can't kick."

He saw her still looking at him—her eyes softer now—the smile easier.

"How was it out West—in New York City? Did you like it, Lola?"

She smiled. "Oh, sure. It was fine. I was in Boston, too."

He kept thinking that this talk was slack for two people who hadn't seen

(Continued on page 38)

The Patriotic Murders

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

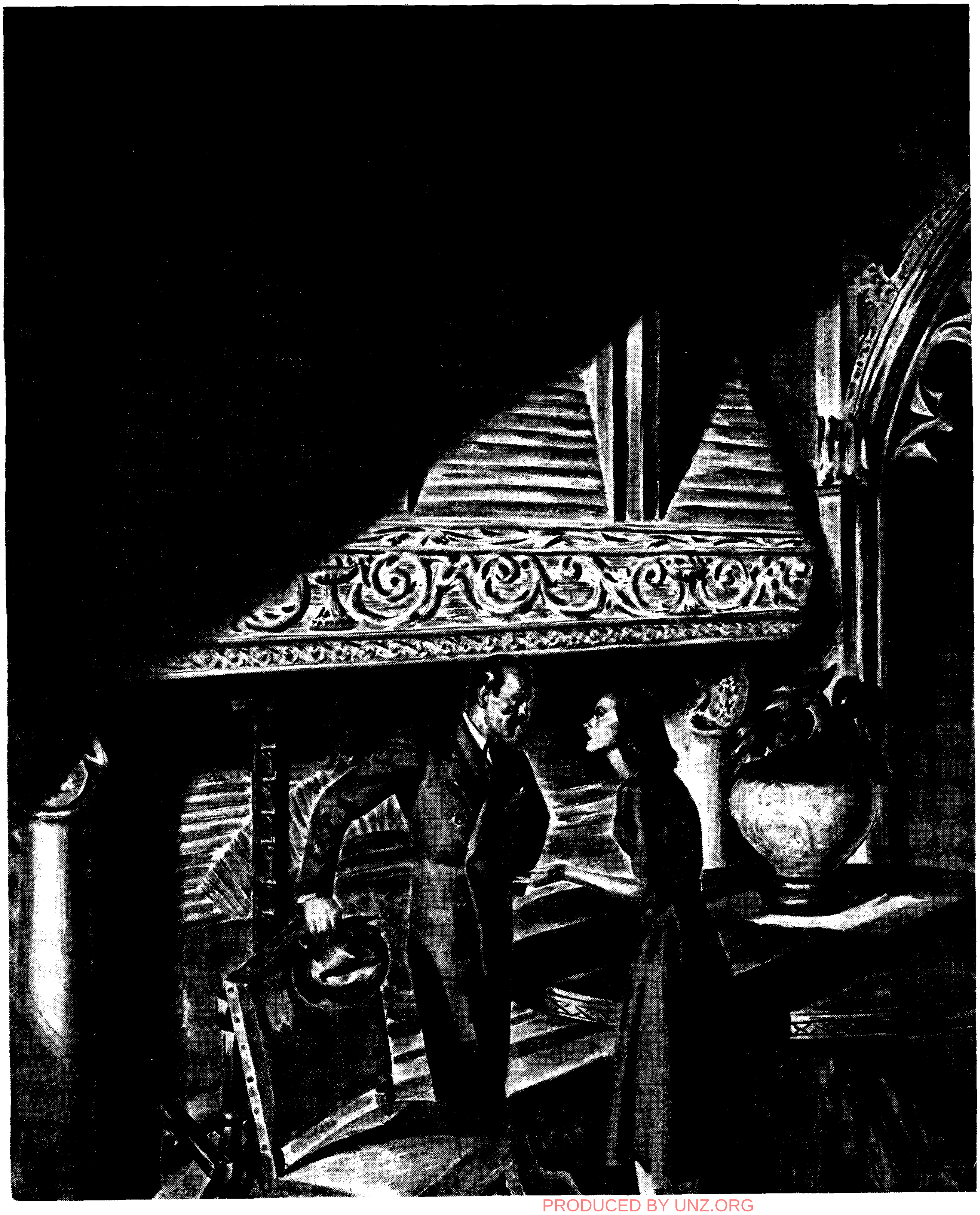
SHORTLY after Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective, leaves the office of Henry Morley, a London dentist, Morley kills himself with a pistol. Such, at least, is the verdict of Scotland Yard's Inspector Japp—a verdict that he retracts when Poirot, investigating the case, convinces him that the dentist may have been murdered.

Reilly, Morley's partner, can shed no light on the matter. But Alfred, the office boy, testifies that a young American—Howard Raikes—had made an appointment with the dentist, had come to the office, and suddenly disappeared about the time of Morley's death. Raikes is, therefore, a suspect, as is Frank Carter, the fiancé of Morley's secretary, Gladys Nevill. But suspect No. 1 is a Mr. Amberiotis, a wealthy Greek, who had been the dentist's last patient.

Making a list of Morley's patients just before his death, Japp and Poirot interrogate them. Alistair Blunt, head of a great banking firm, and Miss Sainsbury Seale, a spinster recently arrived from India, have little of importance to offer. Next on the list is Amberiotis; but before the two detectives can question him, he dies of an overdose of adrenalin and procaine administered (so it appears) by Morley!

Japp feels certain that the dentist, realizing too late that he had made a dreadful mistake while treating the Greek's teeth, had killed himself. But Poirot does not agree with him; and, in search of important data pertaining to the case, he calls on a mysterious "Mr. Barnes." Mr. Barnes informs him that powerful conspirators are trying to undermine the existent order in England by killing off various stalwart pillars of society. It is his theory that the plotters tried, without success, to bribe Morley to kill *Alistair Blunt;* that they *did* bribe Reilly, who shot his partner to silence him; that Amberiotis—an international spy and blackmailer—had been murdered for reasons known only to the conspirators.

The disappearance of Miss Sainsbury Seale, who walks out of her hotel and does not return, adds another curious angle to the case. And Poirot is convinced that Howard Raikes knows more than he may care to admit. He calls on Raikes. Introducing himself, the Belgian remarks that he, too, had gone to Morley, shortly before his death, to have his teeth treated. "You'll excuse me," Raikes exclaims, "if I say I can't believe it." Poirot stares at the American. Then: "May I ask, Mr. Raikes, what *you* were doing there?"



She turned to face him. "What did you mean when you said you had been expecting me to call you?" she said

IV

MR. RAIKES grinned suddenly. He said: "Got you there! I was waiting to have my teeth seen to also."

"You had, perhaps, the toothache?" Poirot said.

"That's right, big boy."

"But, all the same, you went away without having your teeth attended to?"

"What if I did? That's my business."

He paused—then he said, with a quick savagery of tone, "Oh, what the hell's the use of all this slick talking? You were there to look after your big shot. Well, he's all right, isn't he? Nothing happened to your precious Mr. Alistair Blunt. You've nothing on me."

Poirot said, "Where did you go when you went so abruptly out of the waiting room?"

"Left the house, of course."

"Ah!" Poirot looked up at the ceiling.

"But nobody saw you leave, Mr. Raikes."

"Does that matter?"

"It might. Somebody died in that house not long afterward, remember?"

Raikes said carelessly, "Oh, you mean the dentist."

Poirot's tone was hard as he said, "Yes, I mean the dentist."

Raikes stared.

"You trying to pin that on me? Is that the game? Well, you can't do it. I've just read the account of the inquest yesterday. The poor devil shot himself because he'd made a mistake with a local anesthetic and one of his patients died."

Poirot went on, unmoved: "Can you prove that you left the house when you say you did? Is there anyone who can say definitely where you were between twelve and one?"

The other's eyes narrowed.

"So you *are* trying to pin it on me? I suppose Blunt put you up to this!"

Poirot sighed.

"You will pardon me, but it seems an obsession with you—this persistent harping on Mr. Alistair Blunt. I am not employed by him, I never have been employed by him. I am concerned, not with his safety, but with the death of a man who did good work in his chosen profession."

Raikes shook his head.

"Sorry," he said. "I don't believe you. You're Blunt's private dick, all right." His face hardened as he leaned across the table. "But you can't save him, you know. He's got to go—he and everything he stands for! There's got to be a new deal—the old, corrupt system of finance has got to go—this cursed net of bankers all over the world like a spider's web. They've got to be swept away. I've nothing against Blunt personally—but he's the type of man I hate. He's mediocre—he's smug. He's the sort you can't move unless you use dynamite. He's the sort of man who says, 'You can't disrupt the foundations of civilization.' Can't you, though? Let him wait and see! He's an obstruction in the way of progress and he's got to be removed.

"There's no room in the world today

(Continued on page 31)

MONAHAN

Blow by Blow

By Kyle Crichton

Meet Larry Adler, who blew himself into fame and fortune by making the lowly harmonica a respectable musical instrument

A YOUNG man with the approximate stature of a guy wire and the rapt look of a Brooklyn fan comes out on the stage and begins playing a mouth organ. He is dressed in white tie and tails, delicately hand-tooled by Kilgour and French, Savile Row, London. He leans over his foolish instrument, he waves his hands about it in little fluting gestures. He inhales and exhales. He produces trills and pip-pips and chords that sound as if somebody had inadvertently stepped on a pipe organ. This is Larry Adler of Baltimore, Maryland, making the harmonica respectable.

Not only has the gentleman made the harmonica a natural inhabitant of the drawing room but he has succeeded in luring from it sounds of such astonishing loveliness and unabated fury that symphony conductors have laid hard cash on the line for the sake of having him as soloist, and Fritz Kreisler has said that Mr. Adler has his permission to play Caprice Viennois until he has blown himself green. He has played before the king of England twice at command performances; he has been paid $2,500 for one night to play for the king of Sweden; he was called before the late Maurice Ravel to give an accounting on what he was doing to Bolero.

"Remarkable," cried the great composer, "but why do you play it so fast and why don't you play all of it?"

Mr. Adler replied rather tentatively that he played it fast because it was best fast on a mouth organ and didn't play it all because it tended to become repetitive.

"I like it the way it is," said M. Ravel, who died shortly after but not, it is believed, because of this.

What the young man (he is still only twenty-nine) started out to be was a pianist, but his formal career in this art ceased on that hot day in Baltimore when his mamma took him to a teacher and made the mistake of saying that the little man had already acquired some dubious mastery over the instrument. The teacher beamed upon the genius and asked him to play something. He responded with Yes, We Have No Bananas, upon which the pedagogue recoiled as if she had been attacked by a bevy of demented moths and screamed:

"Take the little brat away!"

Thus thwarted, the little man waited until he saw a harmonica contest announced by a local paper. He had never played the strange object but nothing of this sort ever daunted a Larry Adler. He conquered the free-breather in two weeks' time and, naturally, won the city championship. This did nothing but unsettle the young wizard's mind. It obviously made it impossible for him to follow in his father's footsteps, which were those of a plumber, and it just as clearly indicated that a man of his talent couldn't remain mute and inglorious. He came up to New York with his mouth organ in his hip pocket and started on the career of being a nuisance.

This spring our boy was playing in Keep Off the Grass with Jimmy Durante and Ray Bolger, but in 1928 he was a seventeen-year-old kid in New York over the week end with $10.70 in his pocket. Ma and Pa Adler wanted him to be a doctor or a lawyer but they gave him this one fling. If he could make it in New York, fine; otherwise back to a fate worse than death, to wit: Baltimore. He interviewed three theater managers and eight booking agents in one afternoon and was only saved from violence by his age.

Rudy Vallee had his own night club in those days and was somewhat startled to come into his dressing room after the first show and find himself confronted by a junior wraith who was playing a harmonica at him like a madman. Being on the crest of the wave at that period and slightly balmy from prosperity, Rudy was touched by the spectacle and put the kid on at the midnight show. The audience, narcotized by Vallee's voice and prohibition gin, thought the little tot was great. After several weeks, however, Vallee, obsessed by the notion that he was going to have this infant on his hands for life, palmed him off on Paul Ash, then master of ceremonies at the New York Paramount. Ash, being no sucker, passed him along to the nabobs of the Paramount Circuit, who hired him for thirty-six weeks to be a local boy in thirty-six different theaters from coast to coast.

"Ragged little urchin," says Larry. "I'd be dragged up out of the audience in time to save the honor of Toledo,

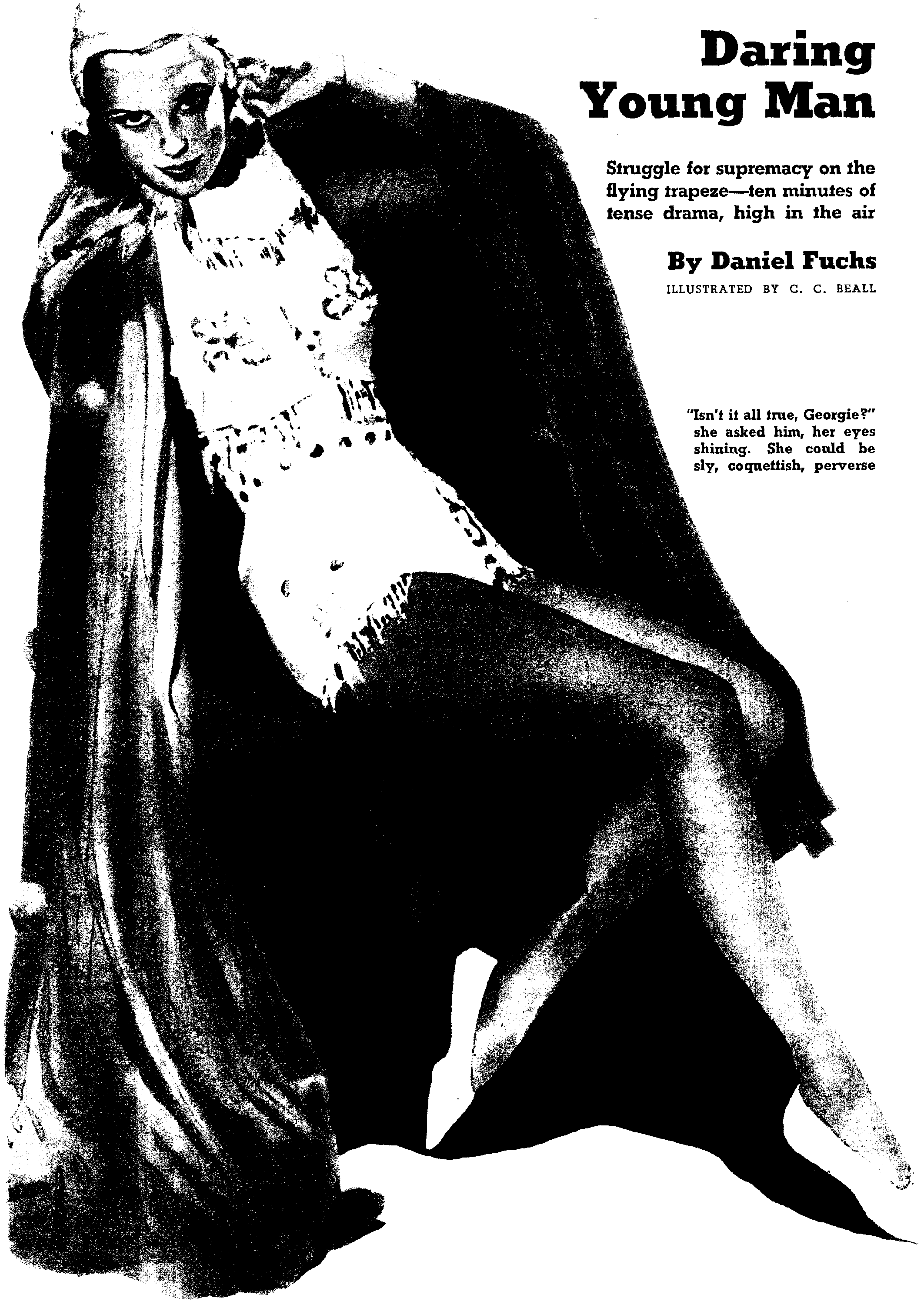
(Continued on page 30)

Daring Young Man

Struggle for supremacy on the flying trapeze—ten minutes of tense drama, high in the air

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



"Isn't it all true, Georgie?" she asked him, her eyes shining. She could be sly, coquettish, perverse

GEORGE MARTY walked into the Jersey Café promptly at noon, on time, but Cornling wasn't there for the appointment. Sarto, kneading dough near the ovens, saw who it was and came forward, looking worried. The café proprietor dusted the flour off his hands on his hips as he trotted up. He was so nervous that he seemed half comical. "Come on, Marty. Be a good guy," he said, coaxing softly to attract no attention. "No trouble now. No rough stuff in here, if you please."

Marty didn't know what he was talking about at first. There were eight or ten other men in the place—trapeze workers like himself, tumblers, men with high-wire acts—and among them was Nick Litfin. The boy was finishing his breakfast. That was what it was, then. Sarto thought Marty was looking for the kid, to beat him up.

"I didn't come in for Litfin," Marty said. "Don't worry."

He walked away and sat down at one of the round-topped tables in a corner. Litfin had seen him, knew he was there, but went on with his meal, eating deliberately. Back at the stoves, Sarto smacked the lump of dough he was working up for the big Italian pies later on.

He kept his eyes fixed on the two of them. Marty forgot him, forgot Litfin, and wondered why Cornling had called him over from New York.

Litfin put his coffee cup down and rose to leave. He was almost at the door when he turned and walked back to Marty.

"Listen," he said. He seemed uncomfortable. "I didn't take your job away. Nothing like that."

"I'm not asking you," Marty said, not even looking at him.

"It's not the way it looks. I know how it looks, but I didn't go out to get your job. Lucy Roche came to me and said there was a spot in the act. She told me to go see Roche. He had a place for me. So I went. I didn't know you'd have to go. I just thought Roche wanted a new man."

Marty glanced up at him. "You cut me out," he said quietly. "You took half my price. That's all there is to it."

"Listen, if you want to get sore, don't get sore at me. I haven't even got your old job in the act. Ferdie got it. Roche moved him up a week ago and put me down with the bunch of monkeys he sends flying around for the preliminary stuff. So, as a matter of plain fact, you can't even say I got your job." His voice had risen but now he calmed down. He held himself stiff, in control. "Not that it makes any difference to me what you think. Not that I care if you're sore. I just wanted to say it, so you'd know."

"All right. You said it. I know. Goodby."

The boy halted a moment longer.

"You want money? Twenty bucks? Thirty? I could help you out. I—"

Marty cut him short. "No!" he said. "No! Get the hell off me. Beat it."

Litfin smiled. His whole manner changed, becoming easy and contemptuous. He wasn't trying to make it up to Marty any longer.

"Okay," he said. "Any way you want to have it. I don't care." He hitched his pants up, smiled again and then started for the door. He kept his shoulders high and there was something of a cocky swagger to his walk.

SARTO came up, his face showing relief that nothing had happened. He scolded Marty in the good-natured, fatherly way he had with the gymnasts who ate at his place.

"What's the matter with you, Georgie?" he said. "What do you want to get mad at Nick Litfin for? He don't know what it's all about. He's just a fresh rooster, a kid first starting out. Don't be that way, Georgie. Don't get sore at the whole world."

"Maybe I feel like getting sore," Marty said.

"Ah, shut up, shut up," Sarto said, poking him in the ribs, but then his tone changed. He knew it was almost a month that Marty had been out of the job with Roche and before that, before the summer season began, he had had little or no work at all that year. "You wait it out, feller," Sarto said earnestly. "You'll get a break. Sure thing."

"All right, I'm waiting," Marty said.

The café proprietor switched on the radio as he went back to work, and somebody with an accordion filled the room with a tune by Victor Herbert.

Marty looked around at the men sitting under the wall calendars which showed pictures of ladies with big bosoms, half uncovered. Most of the aerialists here were out of work and they read the tabloids or foreign-language newspapers or else they just stared at the bright sidewalk outside. The thing about them was their pride, in themselves and in their work, and that was funny because nobody wanted them or what they could do. There were no jobs. Nobody came to see skill on the trapeze any longer. It was a dying trade or art, whichever you wanted to call it, but maybe that was why these men were so proud and stubborn.

(Continued on page 42)

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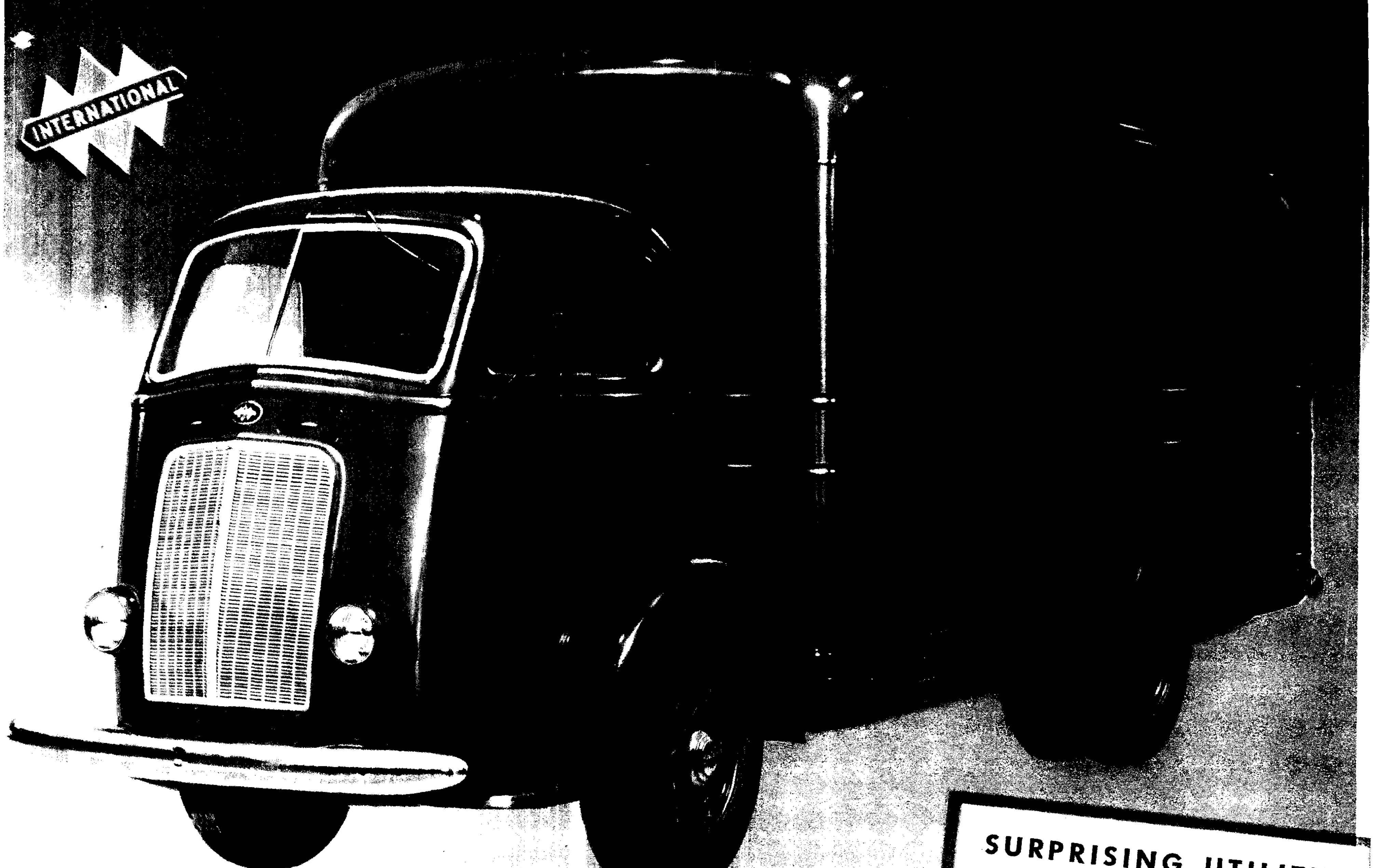

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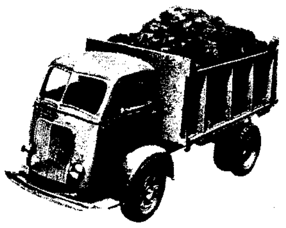

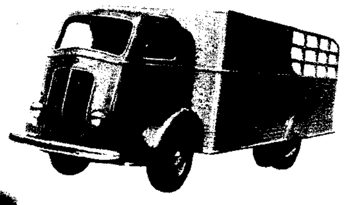

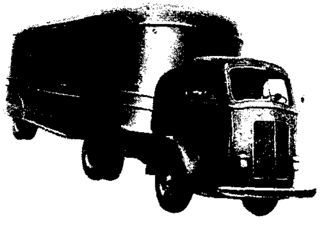

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

CAROLA DIRLING, a singer, marries Paul Lesser, part owner with Rolf Blaerchen, a Nazi, of the night club at which she works in Berlin. A short time later, her young husband is killed in a mysterious "accident"—which she strongly suspects had been planned by Blaerchen!

Three years later, while she is in Rome, Blaerchen (who has become a power in the Foreign Office) forces her to return to Berlin and become a Foreign Office spy. She has one trusted friend—Karl Dietrich, with whom she presently falls in love. Working with Franz Ranke, Hans Klauss, Schebeler and others, Dietrich is plotting against the Hitler regime. Blaerchen (who professes to love Carola) loathes him.

Shocked by Blaerchen's brutalities, Carola finally rebels. Dietrich's employer, Franz Wagner, is opening a night club, Sans Souci. To his delight, she accepts an offer he has made her; then, "resigning" her espionage job, she begins rehearsing for her Sans Souci debut. . . . Karl Dietrich is arrested. Carola implores Blaerchen to order his release. And Blaerchen does so—but only after she has promised to make an engagement with Herr Praut, an important Nazi official.

By this time, Dietrich knows that Blaerchen is thoroughly dishonest—a conscienceless scoundrel. Working with von Maurer, a loyal Nazi; Froscetti, a member of the Italian embassy; Schebeler (who works at the Foreign Office) and others, he sets a trap for the crook. Knowing that Blaerchen will be at the Sans Souci opening, he tells Carola to sing one of her favorite songs that evening: The Handsome Widow. Then he sends an unsigned letter to Blaerchen—a letter in which he hints at a money-making possibility for the Nazi. He suggests that Blaerchen reply in a small newspaper advertisement reading, "Handsome widow, with brown hair and eyes," and give a box number.

His cupidity aroused, Blaerchen replies as directed. And von Maurer (whom he has never seen) meets him and, on the day of the night-club opening, offers to purchase important secret Foreign Office data from him. To von Maurer's horror, Blaerchen leaps at the bait—says he will be glad to co-operate! . . .

The great night arrives. A brilliant crowd gathers at Sans Souci. Carola, nervous, excited, waits in her dressing room. A call boy enters. "Five minutes, Fräulein Dirling!"

VIII

KARL could not take his glance from Carola.

She smiled at him, for him. "I wish you were going on with me."

"I wish I were!"

"Wish me good luck, Karl!"

"The best of luck," he said.

"Stand near me, stand near," she said. She held fast to his arm as they stood for a moment in the wings. She seemed happy now, unconcerned, humming a song that Karl recognized very well. Then she kissed him again, lightly. "Remember, stand where I can see you!"

The curtain was up. Ritter, the master of ceremonies, said, "And now—!" He got no further. The audience knew what was coming and applause began at fortissimo. Carola smiled again and walked slowly to the stage. Now she was smiling for the audience.

The applause was louder, almost painful in the low-ceilinged room.

Karl looked at the audience. As if it were a planned entrance, carefully timed, Blaerchen and Praut, in green-gray Foreign Office uniforms, came to their front-row table. If Carola saw them she paid no attention. Karl chose a place behind the curtain, not fifteen feet from Carola, where she could see him and, more important, where he could watch Blaerchen, where he could search that face for some sign when Carola sang of the handsome widow.

As the applause quieted, Karl looked at Carola, expecting some sign of nervousness. He saw none. In her simplicity there was no place for fear. That beautiful simplicity was her strength and the audience saw it now and remembered. There was no need to be afraid for her. Not even the presence of Blaerchen and Praut a dozen feet away, where Carola had to see them, affected her. Blaerchen was smiling, laughing, turning to his friends with an air of proprietorship. The little, ugly fat man by his side did not smile. He just stared at Carola.

Then there was quiet, complete quiet, broken by a first chord from the piano. Looking into the room, Karl could see every face set, expectant, waiting. Carola began her first song, an old Austrian folk tune and the audience noticeably relaxed, settling back contentedly. Carola's voice did not waver once. Not once did she move or gesture or change the expression on her face, using so perfectly her gift of making her audience think of the song and not the singer. The audience knew what she sang and Karl could see the happy smiles on their faces.

When she finished, she glanced at him, to smile warmly, confidently.

Then Carola sang of the wife of the Hamburg fisherman. That had been the popular song of Berlin in 1934 and the audience cheered as if to entice back some small part of the past. Carola had to repeat the song. Then she passed on to Berlin songs, in the street dialect. Her smile was laughter now. Now she sang of a saucy street girl talking back to a cab driver, now a tired housewife arguing over a place at a bargain counter, now a perplexed mother with a string of small children, trying to shepherd them through a picnic at Wandsee. With these songs she was more than a singer. She was the saucy street girl, the tired housewife, the perplexed mother, one completely with the songs she sang.

SHE had only one more programmed song to sing, the story of a provincial and his wife in Berlin for a February holiday, of the husband's attempt to get off by himself for a little unchaperoned tour. Half the women in the audience looked at their own husbands.

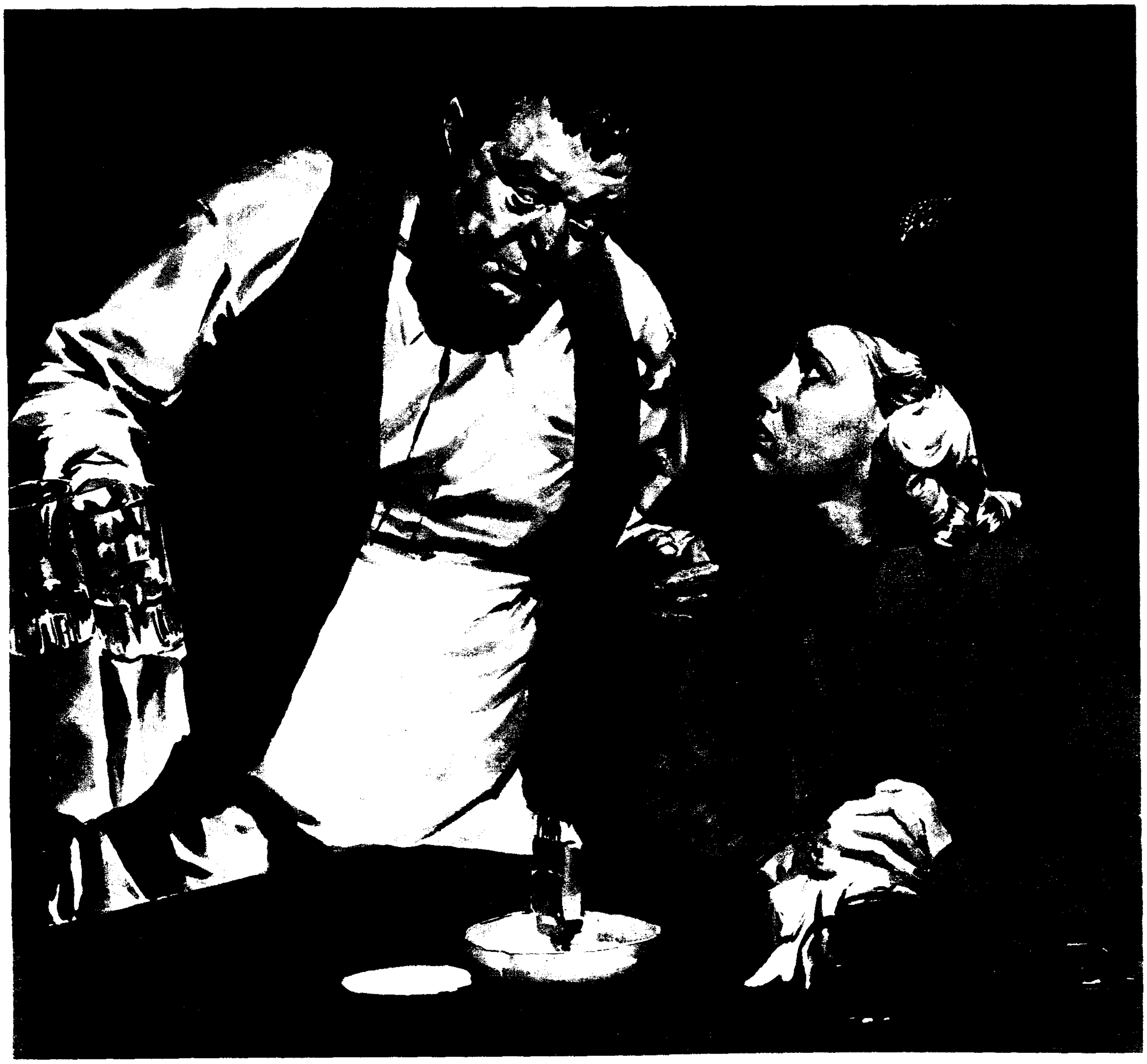
Karl caught sight of Blaerchen, laughing. He could laugh now. He would not laugh long.

Carola began the last verse and finished it. Then the piano's last chord sounded and Carola held a note over it as soft and as fleeting as bird-flight.

Voices crying "Bravo" were louder than handclapping.

She had three encores to sing and she did them, coming to the wings between each song. When she returned after the last one, Karl took her hand, held it for a moment, and said, "Now, sing The Widow."

Carola moved toward the footlights as if to come closer to something she was going to enjoy. Karl did not watch her now; he was concentrated on Blaerchen. As the piano began an introduc-



"You must not be worried," he said. "Other ladies have gone alone and gotten through." "Alone?" she cried

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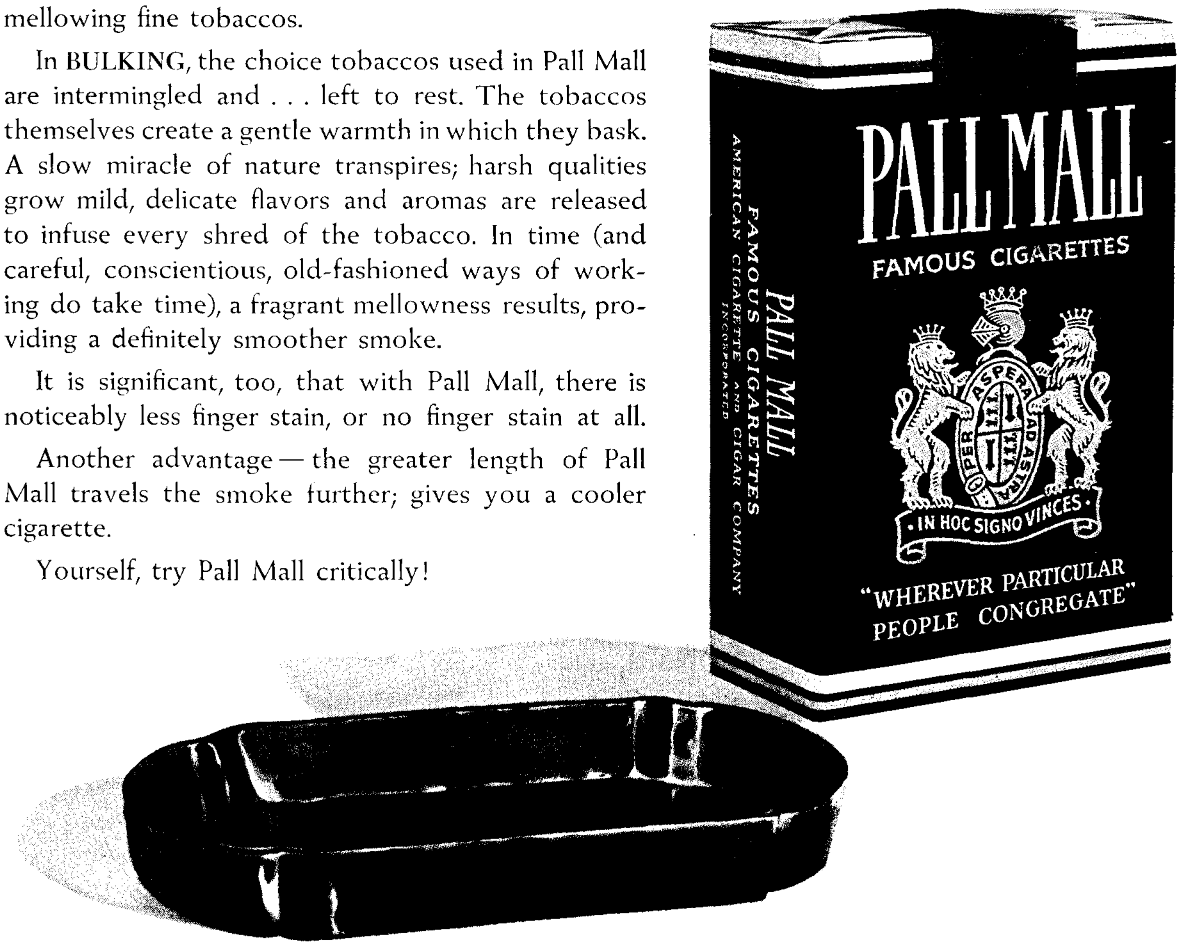
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

tion Carola focused her attention somewhere out in the audience. She sang one verse. Then the chorus:

> "*Handsome widow,*
> *Hair and eyes of brown,*
> *Only twenty,*
> *House in town—!*"

To Karl, intent on watching Blaerchen's face, the song was far away. As the chorus began, Blaerchen was whispering to Praut. If he heard the words, they meant nothing. His face did not change expression.

> "*Seeks life's comrade,*
> *Loyal, true.*
> *Please send photo,*
> *No postage due!*"

The audience laughed and Karl frowned in annoyance. More verses and more choruses would follow.

Carola finished the second verse. Again the chorus. Blaerchen was smiling as if he were enjoying this song more than any other.

Then, at the third line of the chorus Karl saw him jolt back in his chair. The smile was on his face but it was dried, like a withered remnant. Karl could smile now. Now Blaerchen was on the edge of his chair, not missing a word that Carola sang.

When the chorus was finished he glanced from side to side, looking quickly at his neighbors.

Karl did smile now almost sure that Blaerchen caught all that that chorus implied!

Without concern, Carola went into the third verse, the third and last chorus. There was no doubt about Blaerchen understanding now. He sat motionless, staring at Carola. And there was no trace of smile on his face.

Guards were put at the doors to keep the crowd backstage from getting any larger. Karl helped Carola find a way through and for a brief moment they were together in the dressing room. "Did you see Blaerchen?" she asked delightedly. "He knew, Karl, he knew!"

Wagner came in, followed by a dozen other people. In a moment the dressing room was as crowded as the rest of backstage. Karl could draw to one side contentedly. The next move was Blaerchen's but the song should have him checkmated.

After a little while the room cleared and Carola was ready to dress. "I'm tired now," she said simply. "I'd like to go and get a bite to eat. Then I want to sleep for a whole day!" She frowned. "What shall I tell Praut when he comes?"

"Tell him you aren't going with him!" He started to the door. "I'll wait for you outside." But before he could leave there was a little knock and the door opened without waiting for an answer. Blaerchen came in. He nodded to Karl then to Carola and said, "May I have a word alone with you?"

"Certainly."

Karl withdrew, and Carola sent the maid out. Blaerchen seemed cool, unconcerned, determined on something.

Blaerchen lit a cigarette and said carelessly, "You never sang more beautifully."

"Thank you!" Carola had not expected to have to face him alone.

She could not anticipate what he would say but she expected a storm of questions.

Instead Blaerchen said pleasantly, "I never heard such an audience reception!"

"Thank you!" Perhaps, in spite of everything, the implications of that song had passed him by. In that case she had reason to be afraid. But something searching in his glance made her sure he knew what that song meant. Something studied in his manner made her certain that he was here to ask about it.

"You are just as lovely as you used to be at the Krokodil," he continued, while she tried to weigh each word he said. Then, too sudden to be as casual as it sounded, he said, "You sang a song tonight I never heard you sing before!"

Carola nodded.

"What was it called?"

"The Handsome Widow."

"I never heard it before." His glance never left her face. "Where did you find it?"

"It's an old street song, like the others I sang."

"Interesting that you should sing it! How did the chorus go?"

That was unexpected! She could not repeat those words with that unwavering glance on her. "Don't you think I've sung enough tonight?" She tried to sound as if it were a totally unimportant matter.

His glance sharpened, then wavered. In the uncertainty of his glance she lost all fear. He did not know what else to ask! Unsure of himself, he did not know what to say, to do, and he could not conceal his dilemma. He began to pace the room, like an animal wanting a way to attack but not sure where to find it, not sure how it would be resisted.

Uncertainty was what Karl's scheme was planned to create. Its success was in Blaerchen's face, in his manner, even in his walk up and down the narrow dressing room.

"You were very kind to come back to see me," Carola said sweetly. She had to hold back a smile. "You'll excuse me now?" For the first time in their relationship Blaerchen was no longer the master, the man who could say, "Do this," or "Don't do that!"

A knock at the door interrupted them, a loud, demanding knock. Carola answered it and let in Herr Praut. He looked puffy in his Foreign Office uniform. Mopping the perspiration from his forehead and grinning at the same time he said, "You were wonderful! *Wunderbar! Wunderbar!*" He glanced knowingly at Blaerchen. Then, coming closer to Carola, "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed this evening. You'll be ready soon? I have the nicest party arranged."

Blaerchen was no longer the master and here was a chance to show it! Carola folded her hands like an obedient child, stepped back slightly, to face both men and said quietly, "I'm sorry, Herr Praut, but I'm not going."

"*Wie?*" Praut looked astonished. "But—!" He sounded astonished. "Herr Blaerchen—!" His face was red and perspiration broke on his forehead.

"I'm not going," Carola repeated, more clearly. "Now, if you gentlemen will excuse me, I must dress."

"Not going?" Praut reacted slowly. Then he turned from Carola to Blaerchen: "But Herr Blaerchen assured me—!"

"Herr Blaerchen does not make my engagements!"

"But before this evening began you said you were eager—!" Then, as if he had reached a sudden conclusion: "Why have you changed your mind?"

"I see no reason why I should explain that," Carola answered with a sharp glance at Blaerchen.

He was trying to appear unconcerned.

Praut rather swelled than straightened up. He clicked his heels. "Very well. Shall we go, Herr Blaerchen?"

Blaerchen started to say something, and checked himself. He followed Praut from the room.

Carola called back her maid and closed the door. She began to dance around. "Hurry, hurry," she said to the maid.

"Tonight was a great success, *nicht wahr?*" The maid beamed. "You were magnificent."

"It was an astounding success," Carola laughed. "And I was terrific!"

An hour later, alone with Karl in a little restaurant, she was jubilant. "It worked, Karl, it worked!" She laughed. "He was afraid of me!" Then she asked, "Is there nothing he can do to us?"

"What can he do? Arrest you? Arrest me? Then he has to risk having you tell the police what your song hints at."

"I wish you could have seen Praut's face!"

"I was outside waiting when they left your room," Karl said. "I saw his face, and Blaerchen's too. I'm sure Praut will demand some explanation from Blaerchen."

She sighed deeply. "It's unbelievable—no more threats!"

Karl smiled at her. There were other threats, from von Maurer, and, indirectly from Ranke. They were for another day. All that mattered tonight was that Carola was happy. . . .

Carola woke the next morning, to find sunlight and a pleasant day. It was luxury to lie abed, not to have to worry, and to remember every detail of the opening. She had Karl and they were in love and that would work out, somehow. Ahead was the success she had hoped for, ahead was a little more certainty about life, even in a cold, grim Berlin.

The telephone rang sharply. It was Wagner. He said gruffly, "Please come to my office at once."

"What's the matter?"

"Hurry! Please come!"

She had to make herself believe that nothing had happened to Karl. She hurried into her clothes, angry at herself for even thinking that a moment in this city would be free from worry.

She was relieved to see Karl waiting in Wagner's office. He said, "Hello," quietly. Wagner was pacing the floor.

"What's the matter?"

Wagner turned almost brutally. "We have an order from the police this morning to close the Sans Souci at once!"

For a moment she did not understand. Then she looked at Karl and saw the answer on his face. This was Blaerchen, doing something that could not be traced directly to him, an indirect hurt but a telling one.

Before she could say anything Wagner continued. "And I have an order to take all the artists I have on contract to Warsaw tomorrow."

"Why Warsaw?"

"To entertain the army of occupation there."

She heard it, understood it, but she was too confused to think clearly now.

"You see, Carola," Karl said gently, coming to her, "Warsaw is closed to the private German citizen. No one can go there without army permission."

"I don't understand!" She looked at him helplessly.

He explained for her: "I will not be permitted to go! You must go alone!"

"But I can't, I can't! I won't go!"

"You have no choice," Wagner said. "It's army orders." He began to pace nervously. "Everything is ruined! I'm going out for headache medicine!"

To be separated from Karl, in a strange city—! Carola asked simply, "Blaerchen?"

Karl nodded.

"Why can't we use what we know against him?"

"Blaerchen is clever," Karl said. "He gambles that we won't use it because the police would question us too. To have a threat over him is one thing, to have to use that threat—well, that makes it difficult for us."

Carola understood.

"I never expected we'd have to use what we know," Karl added.

"There must be something we can do. I can't go to Warsaw—!"

"There is one way we can be together, one way you'll be safe."

"I'll do anything," she said desperately.

"I know that." Then, slowly: "We must try to get out of Germany at once, today!"

Karl had to walk some distance until he found a public telephone and a chance to call Klauss. When he called, a woman answered in an old cracked voice, "Herr Klauss is not well."

"May I speak to him?" It was hard not to sound desperate.

"Herr Klauss is not well." The connection was broken off.

He did not hesitate for a moment in a decision. He had to go to Klauss' apartment, no matter what he might find there. Minutes were valuable; no matter how dangerous it might be, he and Carola had to arrange to flee Germany at once.

He found Klauss' apartment, in an old house by the Spree. No one answered the knock. Usually Klauss was prompt and the silence now inflamed Karl's nerves.

He had always taken Klauss for granted; it was unbelievable that anything should happen to him. He had courage, tenacity, the ability to turn fear aside, knowing that it did no good in tight circumstances.

Again Karl knocked, and again he waited. Then the door opened and an old woman looked out suspiciously.

"Who do you want?"

"Herr Klauss, *bitte*."

"He is not in."

"I must see him," Karl said desperately. Every minute counted. "Where is he?"

The woman was about to shut the door without answering when Karl heard Klauss call from a room, "It's all right, Berthe. Let the young man in."

Karl followed her into the study. A few minutes later Klauss came in and as he walked into the light Karl saw a different man. Once he had been strong, unaging, as impervious to emotion as a slide rule. Now, in old slippers, his shirt open at the collar, he looked like a bent old man, his face deeply lined, aged years in the passing of hours.

"You'll excuse my coming," Karl began. Then he forgot why he had come. "What's the matter? Is something wrong?"

Before Klauss could answer another man came into the room, a young, attractive man. It was Kuhlmann, who had met him at the railroad station.

"You've met," Klauss said wearily. "Herr Kuhlmann is from the Gestapo!"

The room whirled about.

"He is in the Gestapo," Klauss continued, "but he has been one of my most loyal assistants, an invaluable source of information."

Karl felt steadier. He managed to smile at Kuhlmann.

In a monotone Klauss continued: "He just brought me news. Dr. Ranke, my son-in-law—!"

"What about him?" Karl could feel a catch in his throat.

"He is dead!"

Karl fumbled for something to say and said nothing.

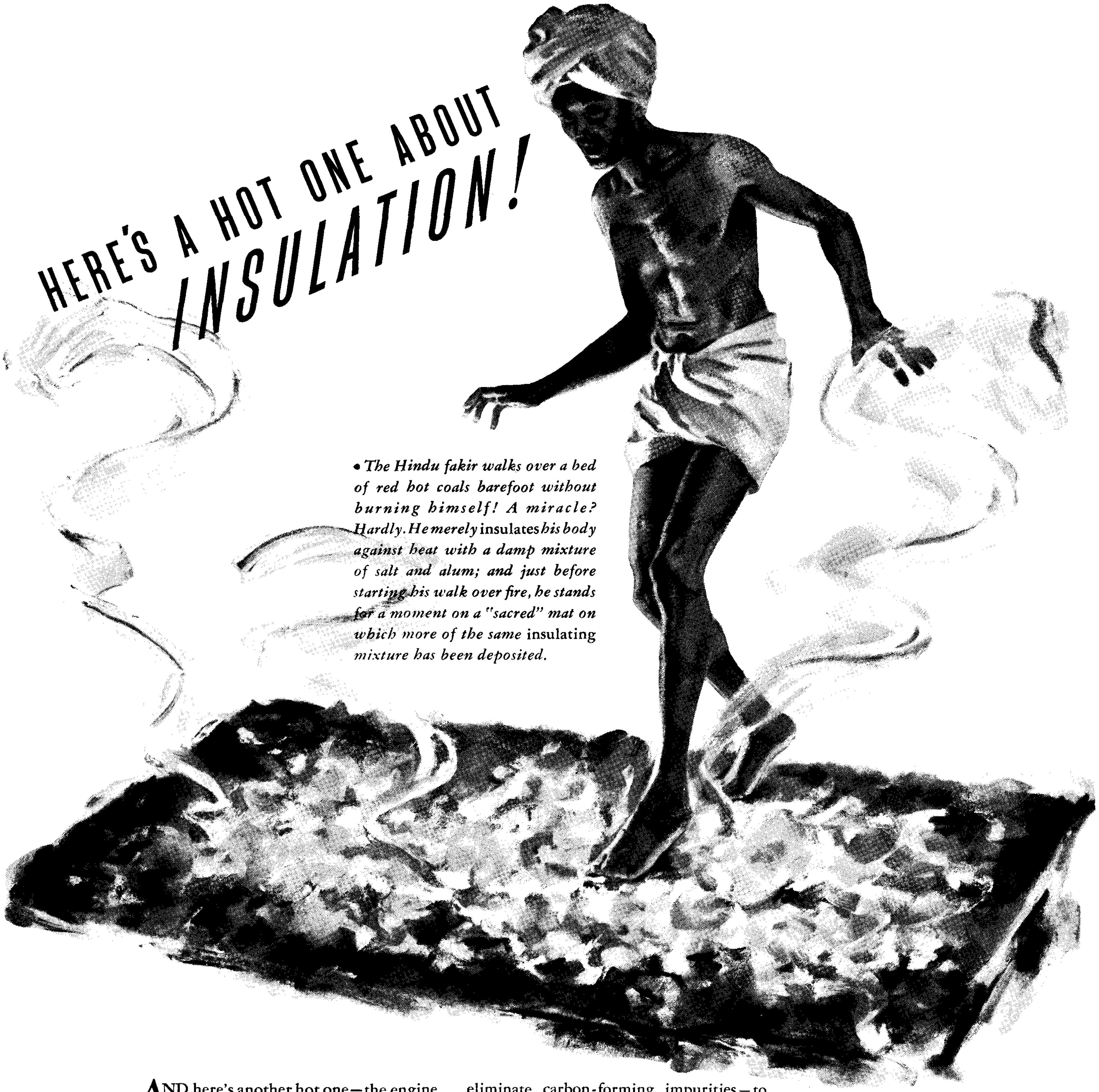
"He killed himself." In a colorless voice Klauss continued, "Some of his friends set fire to a munitions factory in Treptow on Sunday. My son-in-law was not caught and Herr Kuhlmann says he was not even suspected but he felt that he might be cornered and he killed himself, to avoid being forced to give information." Klauss wavered a little under the strain. "Thanks to him, the Gestapo has not got our trail, this time."

The old man could be proud and there was pride in his grief.

Kuhlmann excused himself.

"Let me know what you can," Klauss said gravely. "And thank you!"

When Kuhlmann had gone Karl stood



HERE'S A HOT ONE ABOUT *INSULATION!*

• *The Hindu fakir walks over a bed of red hot coals barefoot without burning himself! A miracle? Hardly. He merely* insulates *his body against heat with a damp mixture of salt and alum; and just before starting his walk over fire, he stands for a moment on a "sacred" mat on which more of the same* insulating *mixture has been deposited.*

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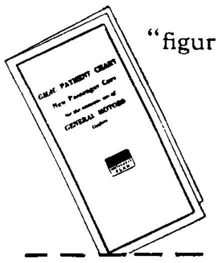


silent, remembering the man's kindness to him, angry at having nothing to say that could soothe or comfort. This was the morning that he had to come, to discuss plans for going abroad.

Klauss sat up a little straighter. "Thanks to what my son-in-law did, the police have gotten no trail to me. But I feel like an old man now and this is work for younger men. If younger men do not do it, then, when we old men go, the work will stop. And for Germany and, perhaps, for the world, too, there will be no hope."

In a moment Karl would have to ask about arrangements for going abroad!

He walked to the window and looked down on the little Spree River. The world outside was washed clean by a blowing cold rain, as clean as if a thousand *Hausfrauen* had scrubbed since dawn.

Not far away Carola was waiting nervously. Here, in a book-lined room, an old man sat mutely with his grief. And in two or three days, with luck, Karl and Carola, too, might be abroad, free from the pressures of German life. He had a right to that. He had had three years in concentration camp, he had to think of Carola, facing something worse than concentration camp.

Klauss broke the silence: "I didn't expect you, Karl. Is there something I can do for you?"

He had to risk the old man's reproof. "I asked you some time ago about arrangements for getting abroad. Things have happened to us very fast. We must risk the journey."

"Certainly." The old man answered without reproof. "I can help you. At once?"

"At once." It was hard to answer his questions, harder to expect some rebuke, some criticism, and not to hear it.

"Very well." Klauss said firmly, "Take the train to Stettin. At eight o'clock tonight go into Schwartz's bar, near the waterfront. After a short time the proprietor will come to you; ask about 'Cousin Heinrich.' Fishing boats leave each night and he will get you on one of them and out past Wollen Island to the Baltic. Then, if they can make any contact with Swedish fishing boats, they will transfer you. Take nothing with you, no baggage at all, but take money. It will cost you about a thousand marks."

Karl looked for something in Klauss' voice but it was not there. If Klauss felt that this was desertion, he gave no sign.

"Good luck, my boy," Klauss added. He stood up. "You will excuse me now, Karl. I must lie down and sleep for a little while. Later I have much work to do. *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

Not one word of criticism, of complaint, of disappointment!

THEN Karl understood. There was no place in the Underground for those who had to be asked to do its work. Those people were valueless. "Take no baggage," Klauss had said, but Karl knew he would have to take something else abroad, something heavy and not as easily put aside as a valise. He would remember on quiet nights, in a foreign land, the old man who said simply, "I have much work to do." With that memory and the memory of flight there would be no peace in those quiet nights, with or without Carola. There would be quiet and safety, but there would be no peace.

"I shall telegraph my friends in Stettin to expect two people tonight," Klauss concluded.

Karl hesitated for a moment. Then he shook his head. "No! Just one person!"

Klauss looked up. His sad eyes showed that he understood. . . .

Karl pushed through the blowing rain on his way to Carola's. She could get along in Stockholm without him; she could find work in a night club there and, some day, in some happier time, they could meet again. She might not understand now; she might even refuse to go by herself. He was sure that if he told her the truth she would say, "If you stay, I shall stay, too."

The fine rain beat like netting on his face.

He could not tell her the truth. She had to go or be hounded by Blaerchen by Praut. It was difficult to plan just what to say to her but he would think of something.

CAROLA was eager but not impatient. "Have you made the arrangements?"

"Yes." It would be hard to lie to her but it had to be done and it would take acting. He told her all that Klauss had said about what to do in Stettin. He did not mention Ranke.

She did not ask one word about danger. "We had better go at once," she said. "Blaerchen called me a little while ago. He wants to see me this afternoon. He sounded angry."

Karl agreed. "Have you money?"

"Wagner has been generous. I have several thousand marks."

"Good! There is a train for Stettin in an hour or so." He paused. He had to sound truthful, yet without any sign of effort. "Take that train. I will follow this afternoon."

"Shan't we go together?" She seemed to have missed the implication.

"We may attract attention if we go together, if anyone is watching us."

"When will you come?"

"I shall arrive in Stettin before eight o'clock tonight, my dearest."

Carola rose from her chair and went to the window. Karl watched, feeling like an inexperienced actor alone on a large stage, his lines lost. Not for a long minute did she say anything. Then: "I don't like that. I hate to be separated from you!"

"We must do it."

"But if something should happen to you in the next few hours and I wait in Stettin and you do not come? I don't know what I shall do!"

"Nothing can happen." He was sure that she was grasping at any excuse to hide her uneasiness. "Let's be realistic! If I should be delayed, you must go through with all plans. Promise me that! I'll come and meet you at the Angleterre in Stockholm."

She turned around quickly and ran to him. "I can't go alone!"

"You must, dearest. Believe me, it's best!"

She looked at him with a look that went through him. "And you will follow this afternoon?"

"I will follow." He kept a straight, set face.

"I don't think I have the courage to go, Karl. I'm so afraid, I don't want to go alone." She clung to him, without any suspicion that he was deceiving her, but feeling something unusual in his insistence.

"There's little time," Karl said mechanically. "You must not pack anything. Just leave things as they are."

"I can't take anything?" She looked around the apartment, at the piles of music, the clothes in the closets, the little ornaments on the dressing table.

"Nothing but money and whatever jewels you have."

"I have no jewels." Her voice broke and she began to cry. "I can't go without you, Karl, I can't!"

He had not anticipated this and he felt helpless as he held her close to him.

The telephone bell startled her. Karl watched as she went to answer, mechanically, her face pale, her eyes reddened.

She said nothing but, "Yes, yes, yes," giving Karl no clue to the conversation. Then, before putting down the receiver, he heard one phrase. "Yes, Herr Praut," she said. "Yes!"

"That was—!"

Carola nodded. "He is outraged at the order to send me to Warsaw. He will have it countermanded at once." Her voice was dry.

It was impossible that Praut could be a friend!

"He insists on seeing me immediately."

"Why?"

"To discuss my going with him to Prague next week!" She looked determined now. "I am going, Karl."

"Going?"

"To Stettin! If you say I must go alone, I shall go. Praut's voice reminded me of things I had forgotten. You'll take the afternoon train?"

"Yes." Each repeated falsehood was more difficult.

"Then we shall only be separated for a few hours. Tell me again the name of that bar in Stettin and what I am to do!"

She was ready in five minutes. "Are you going with me to the station?"

"It will be best for you to go alone. And be sure you aren't followed." To say farewell would be hard, to know that it might be farewell forever, but to give no sign of that. He had to force himself to be as casual as if they were separating for a half-hour.

"I'll go now," she said, still under control. Then she broke. "I feel that we're separating for all time!"

"For only a few hours, sweetheart!" He tried to be cheerful and it was a dismal attempt. "I'll meet you at eight, tonight!"

"I shall be frantic until I see you."

"Don't worry. I love you, Carola."

"I love you." She held to him. Her hair was soft against his cheek and the odor of her flesh was fresh and sweet.

That was their parting.

RAIN throughout the day increased at nightfall. Just before eight, Carola walked toward the harbor at Stettin. She was alert and awake now, conscious of the cold, of the wind from the north. Time had passed in dazed uneasiness but she would be with Karl soon and worried no more.

She had arrived in Stettin in the late afternoon and had walked the streets. Going to a hotel might attract attention to her; the Gestapo flourished in the provincial cities. Twice she walked down to the harbor. The gray water looked hostile but it was a road to freedom and a happier world. She found Schwartz's bar, a little place, with empty, dirty bottles in an unwashed window. She did not enter, but as night came quickly and the black-out seemed more dense than in Berlin she was glad she had learned the way.

The thought of leaving Germany forever, in a few hours, was of no importance to her. Her return from Rome had brought her close to Karl and she was glad for that. It had brought proof for herself that Blaerchen knew about Paul's murder but that knowledge was in no form to be used against him. She had never felt any desire for revenge. The best possible revenge would be to escape from his hold on her and forever. More fervent than any thought of revenge was her hatred of him, at what he had just done to her, because he prevented her and Karl from living quietly, because he had forced them to this dangerous flight.

It was a moment before eight. Somewhere, through this same blackness Karl would be hurrying toward her.

She went into Schwartz's, half expecting to find him there waiting. The only person in the place was the proprietor who stood behind a small bar. He was a short, fat man, wearing a vest over an old shirt and a dirty apron. He nodded as she came in and followed her to a table. She sat facing the door, to see Karl as he came in sight.

"Good evening, Fräulein," Schwartz said.

She remembered what she had been told to say, "How is Cousin Heinrich?"

Schwartz smiled. "I expected you. I have something hot for you to drink and something to eat. You must be hungry."

"I am." She watched the door, not Schwartz. It was a few minutes after eight.

"Don't be uneasy," Schwartz said. "An old friend of mine will be here shortly to take you to his boat. You must not be worried." He was about to go to the kitchen. "Other ladies have gone alone and gotten through."

"Alone?"

Schwartz looked surprised. "Is some-one with you?"

"Someone is coming!"

"*Aber*—Fräulein is surely mistaken! No one else is coming."

Carola jumped up. "What do you mean?"

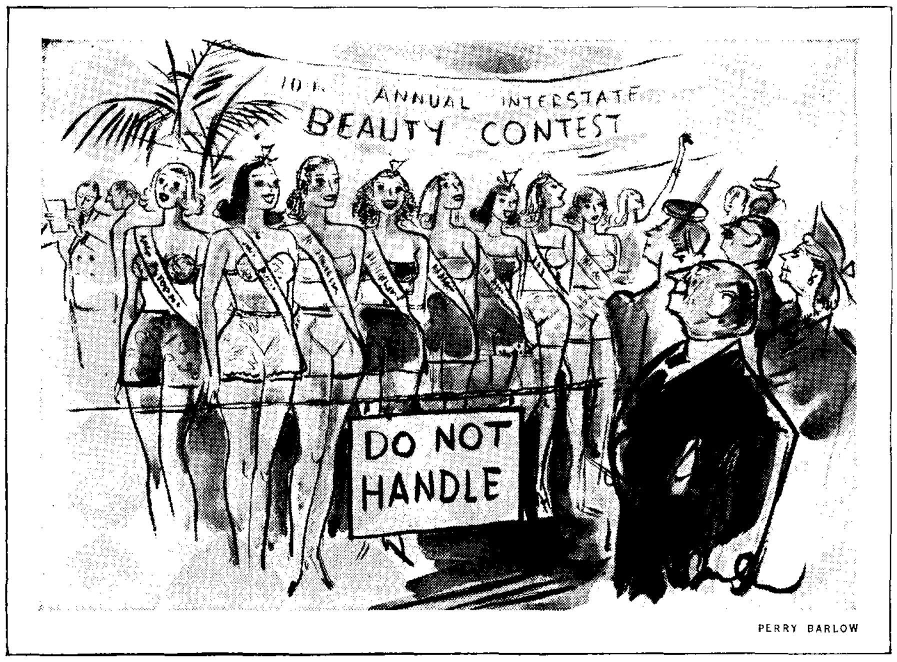
"I beg pardon, Fräulein." Schwartz was confused. "I had a telegram. It said just one person—!"

"Are you sure?" Carola's voice was hollow.

"Certain!" In a second everything was clear. That explained Karl's insistence on her coming alone.

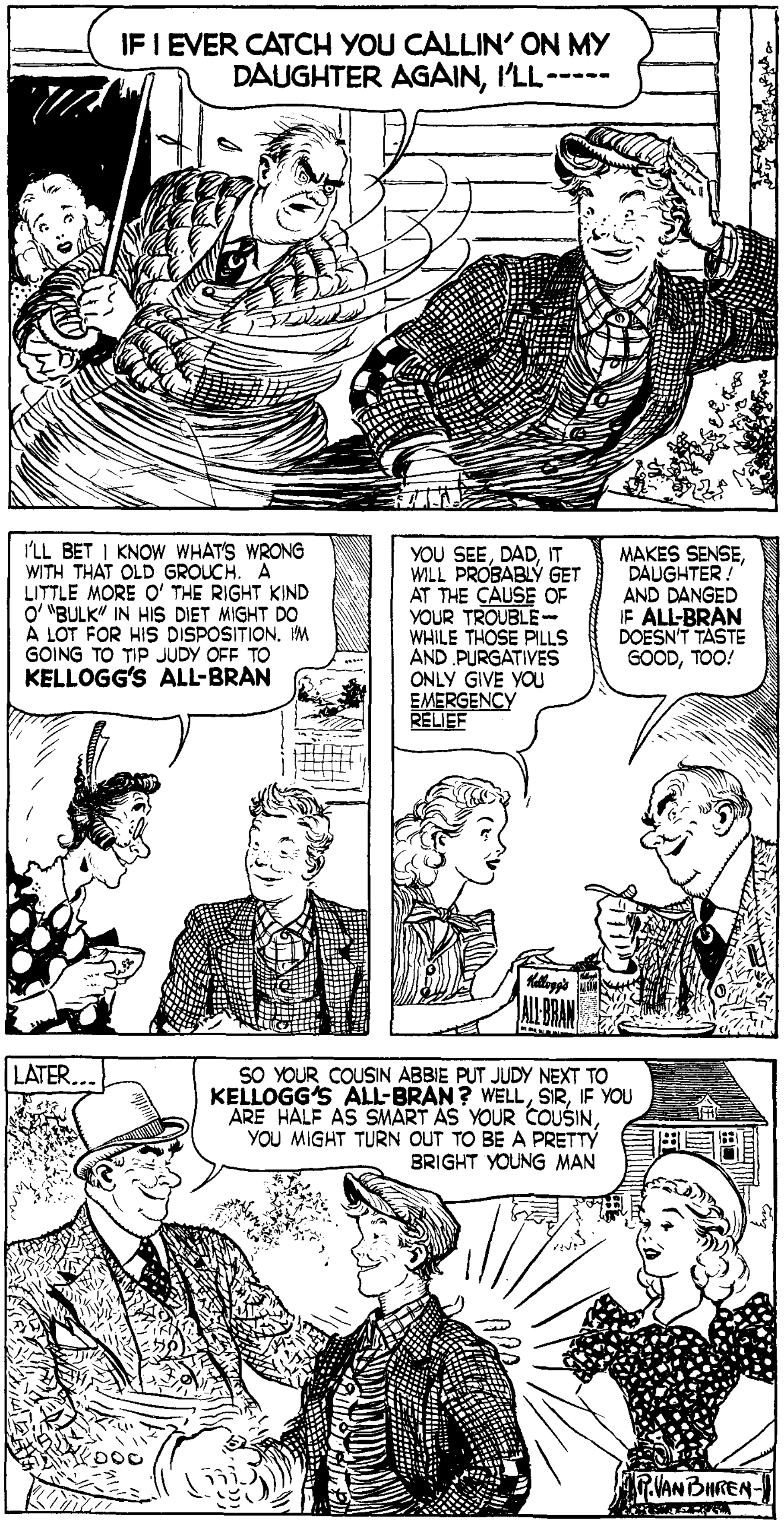
Without a word, while Schwartz stood helplessly tugging at his vest, Carola wrapped her coat around her and ran out into the rain, into the street now filling with fog.

(To be concluded next week)


10th ANNUAL INTERSTATE
BEAUTY CONTEST
DO NOT
HANDLE

PERRY BARLOW

ABBIE AN'SLATS —by Raeburn Van Buren


IF I EVER CATCH YOU CALLIN' ON MY DAUGHTER AGAIN, I'LL-----
I'LL BET I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT OLD GROUCH. A LITTLE MORE O' THE RIGHT KIND O' "BULK" IN HIS DIET MIGHT DO A LOT FOR HIS DISPOSITION. I'M GOING TO TIP JUDY OFF TO KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
YOU SEE, DAD, IT WILL PROBABLY GET AT THE CAUSE OF YOUR TROUBLE— WHILE THOSE PILLS AND PURGATIVES ONLY GIVE YOU EMERGENCY RELIEF
MAKES SENSE, DAUGHTER! AND DANGED IF ALL-BRAN DOESN'T TASTE GOOD, TOO!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
LATER...
SO YOUR COUSIN ABBIE PUT JUDY NEXT TO KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN? WELL, SIR, IF YOU ARE HALF AS SMART AS YOUR COUSIN, YOU MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE A PRETTY BRIGHT YOUNG MAN
R. VAN BUREN

WHY let yourself suffer those dull days due to constipation? Why bring on the need for emergency medicines, when there may be a far better way? That way is to KEEP regular by getting at the *cause* of the trouble. If it's common constipation, due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet, a crisp crunchy cereal —KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN—will supply just what you need. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and "Join the *Regulars*"! ALL-BRAN is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

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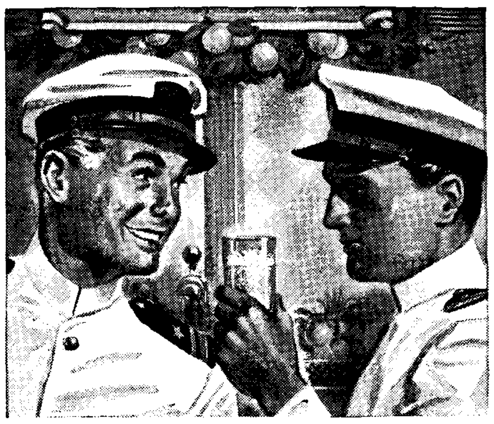
Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Shore leave—and all was not well...

The second day ashore—the day of the Admiral's Ball—I developed a headache and a logy, sick feeling. I knew I needed a laxative. "There goes today's fun," I grumbled: "a laxative won't clear up this trouble for hours." "Take Sal Hepatica," advised my pal: "that'll help fix you up in a hurry."



So into the drugstore he piloted me and while the clerk mixed up a fizzy, sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica, my friend explained. "Sal Hepatica helps you fast two ways. First, it acts fast as a laxative—usually within an hour. Second, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, sweetens a sour stomach. You just try it." I did and...

Soon, my head clearer, my pep returning, I danced every dance at the Ball. And when I headed for the ship again, what do you think I had for cargo? A bottle of Sal Hepatica! "Why waste a whole day—on shore or at sea, feeling bad," opined I, "when Sal Hepatica can have you ship-shape in no time?"

SAL HEPATICA

for a faster come-back

TUNE IN! Abbott and Costello—laughs, music—Wed. at 9 P.M., E.D.S.T.

Blow by Blow

Continued from page 21

Terre Haute and Trenton. Cheers of local pride from all sides."

Finally, as was inevitable, he wound up at the Palace in New York, the ragged-newsboy harmonica player in a Gus Edwards unit. This would have meant nothing except that somebody told Eddie Cantor there was a kid down at the Palace imitating him and he came down on the run to tell the thief to lay off. After catching the act, Cantor installed himself in young Larry's life as a sort of Dutch uncle, which he remains to this day.

Cantor got him a job in Ziegfeld's Smiles, with the Astaires and Marilyn Miller, and this was a considerable step upward because it gave him a chance to get rid of the newsboy costume and also of the harmonica technique which was making the nights horrid in American variety houses. Instead of fox chases and imitations of birds and locomotives, he started to concentrate on making music. He went into a Lou Holtz revue and then into Flying Colors and then night descended upon Mr. Adler, vaudeville, stage and America. In short, the depression.

Stranded in Chicago, Larry had another inspiration: He wired Sid Grauman in Hollywood: "Larry Adler is great stop sign him without further delay. Signed Lou Lipstone." Next morning he went into Lipstone's office to submit to arrest; but Lipstone was no dope. He answered a phone call from Grauman and said the telegram meant just what it said. Larry Adler was great; sign him without further delay; get him out of Cook County. Larry went out to Hollywood, appeared in the Grauman stage show and was a riot.

The English Fell Hard

But it was when C. B. Cochran took him over to London to star in Streamline that his fame really spread. The English went completely off their tops about him. In addition to the show, he did four club engagements a night, playing at the Embassy Club, the Trocadero, the Savoy Hotel and the Berkeley Hotel. His recording of Smoke Gets in Your Eyes sold 200,000 copies. The Larry Adler harmonica sold 360,000 instruments through advance advertising before the first mouth organ rolled out of the factory. He put on his own revue, backed by his own money, and played forty-four weeks to tremendous business. His recordings of classical music by Kreisler, de Falla and Ravel sold as well as his popular numbers.

At twenty-three the kid from Bryant Avenue, Baltimore, was famous and wealthy. To settle the standing of the harmonica once and for all, he gave a concert in Grotian Hall, featuring the music of Vivaldi, Frank Bridge (English modernist), Kreisler and improvisations on three themes by Duke Ellington. And, finally, with the composer Cyril Scott at the piano, he gave the première performance of Scott's Serenade for harmonica and piano. He played his recital in tails, like Heifetz.

William Walton, the noted English composer, was moved to declare: "There are only two great instrumentalists in the world—Yehudi Menuhin and Larry Adler." Larry bowed his head in humility and thought of Gus Edwards and Baltimore. He toured the Continent and was a sensation in Paris. Albert Coates began writing a concerto for harmonica and orchestra for him. His empire tour was a series of triumphs, ending with his appearance with the Sydney Symphony, playing selected arrangements of the Brahms, Vivaldi and Bach concertos.

Adler is no longer a cherub but he is an extremely young-looking man, very thin, very large-eyed and very dark, looking somewhat like an attenuated Arab. He is accounted sharp of wit, and is married to an English girl who is a looker. They have a five-month-old baby and the family have no definite plans for the little one.

But it is about the harmonica that the man has views.

"Anybody can learn it," he says, being a magnanimous liar. In truth, it is a complicated instrument. In addition to breathing both ways almost simultaneously, the operator has to work a gadget at the side which regulates the sharps and flats. For any decent results the player must be able to cover three holes of the instrument with his mouth but manipulate the tongue so that air may come through one of the apertures. Simple indeed!

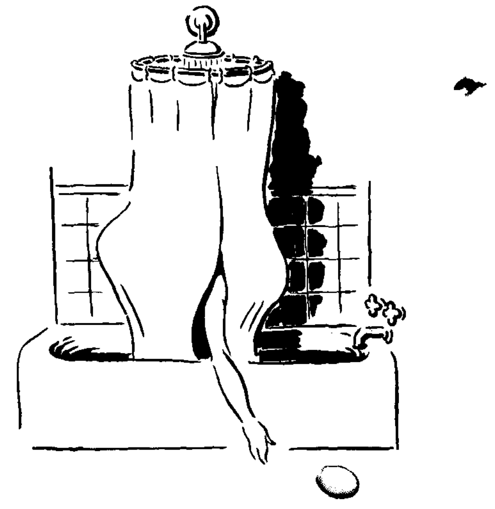
An Expert in One Key

Larry can make your hair stand edgewise with the Bolero or with Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. When he isn't harmonicaing, he plays the piano under a method acquired almost by instinct. He can't read a note and his fingering is much like Harpo Marx's harp technique but the proper tunes come forth. That is to say, they come forth if he can keep it in the key of C. He once had a controversy with Fred Astaire, another fine self-made pianist who keeps strictly within the limits of mediocrity. Larry was to accompany sister Adele Astaire on Alexander Woollcott's radio program and she showed up with a demand that the number should not be done in C but one-half tone higher.

"Seven sharps!" moaned Larry. "Nothing but the black keys."

Nevertheless Adele insisted, the program was about to go on the air and he was stuck. It was much like asking him to run out and complete the Beethoven Cycle. Experts say this will probably go down as the only time in history when an accompanist finished a program without hitting a single right note.

Mr. Adler, complete with tails, will be exhibiting his art at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria for the rest of the summer. After that he plans to start on a concert tour with Paul Draper. Draper will dance, Larry will harmonica and they will both be dressed to the eaves. Draper is a great one for doing tap steps to the fugues of Bach and the madrigals of Purcell. Larry can play anything ever set down on a piece of music—provided it is played over enough times beforehand on the phonograph until he gets the hang of it. They will be very surprised if people are not overwhelmed.



The Patriotic Murders

Continued from page 20

for men like Blunt—men who hark back to the past—men who want to live as their fathers lived or even as their grandfathers lived! You've got a lot of them here in England—crusted old die-hards—useless, worn-out symbols of a decayed era. And they've got to go! There's got to be a new world. Do you get me—a new world, see?"

Poirot sighed and rose. He said, "I see, Mr. Raikes, that you are an idealist."

"What if I am?"

"Too much of an idealist to care about the death of a dentist."

Mr. Raikes said scornfully, "What does the death of one miserable dentist matter?"

Hercule Poirot said, "It does not matter to you. It matters to me. That is the difference between us."

POIROT arrived home to be informed by George that a lady was waiting to see him.

"She is—ahem—a little nervous, sir," said George.

Since the lady had given no name, Poirot was at liberty to guess. He guessed wrong, for the young woman who rose agitatedly from the sofa as he entered was the late Mr. Morley's secretary, Miss Gladys Nevill.

"Oh, dear, M. Poirot. I am *so* sorry to worry you like this—and really I don't know how I had the courage to come—I'm afraid you'll think it very bold of me—and I'm sure I don't want to take up your time—I know what time means to a busy professional man—but really I have been so unhappy—only I dare say you will think it all a waste of time—"

Profiting by a long experience of the English people, Poirot suggested a cup of tea. Miss Nevill's reaction was all that could be hoped for.

"Well, really, M. Poirot, that's *very* kind of you. Not that it's so very long since breakfast, but one can always do with a cup of tea, can't one?"

Poirot, who could always do without one, assented mendaciously. George was instructed to this effect and in a miraculously short time Poirot and his visitor faced each other across a tea tray.

"I must apologize to you," said Miss Nevill, regaining her usual aplomb under the influence of the beverage, "but as a matter of fact the inquest yesterday upset me a good deal."

"I'm sure it must have," said Poirot kindly.

"There was no question of my giving evidence, or anything like *that*. But I felt somebody *ought* to go with Miss Morley. Mr. Reilly was there, of course—but I meant a *woman*. Besides, Miss Morley doesn't *like* Mr. Reilly. So I thought it was my duty to go."

"That was very kind of you," said Poirot, encouragingly.

"Oh, no, I just felt I *had* to. You see, I have worked for Mr. Morley for quite a number of years now—and the whole thing was a great shock to me—and, of course, the inquest made it worse—"

"I'm afraid it must have."

Miss Nevill leaned forward earnestly. "*But it's all wrong, M. Poirot.* It really is all wrong."

"What is wrong, Mademoiselle?"

"Well, it just couldn't have happened—not the way they make out—giving a patient an overdose in injecting the gum, I mean."

"You think not?"

"I'm sure about it. Occasionally patients do suffer ill effects, but that is because they are physiologically unfit subjects—their heart action isn't normal. But I'm sure that an overdose is a very rare thing. You see practitioners get so into the habit of giving the regulation amount that it is absolutely mechanical—they'd give the right dose automatically."

Poirot nodded approvingly. He said, "That is what I thought myself, yes."

"It's so standardized, you see. It's not like a chemist who is making up different amounts the whole time, or multiplying dosage where an error might creep in through inattention. Or a doctor who writes a great many different prescriptions. But a dentist isn't like that at all."

"You did not ask to be allowed to make these observations in the coroner's court?"

Gladys Nevill shook her head. She twisted her fingers uncertainly.

"You see," she broke out at last, "I was afraid of—of making things worse. Of course *I* know that Mr. Morley wouldn't do such a thing—but it might make people think that he—that he had done it deliberately."

Poirot nodded.

"That's why I came to you, M. Poirot. Because with you it—it wouldn't be *official* in any way. But I do think *somebody* ought to know how—how *unconvincing* the whole thing is!"

"Nobody wants to know," said Poirot.

She stared at him, puzzled.

Poirot said, "I should like to know a little more about that telegram you received summoning you away that day."

"Honestly, I don't know what to think about that, M. Poirot. It does seem so queer. You see, it must have been sent by someone who knew all about me—and Aunt—where she lived and everything."

"Yes, it would seem as though it must have been sent by one of your intimate friends, or by someone who lived in the house and knew all about you."

"None of my friends would do such a thing, M. Poirot."

"You have no ideas yourself on the subject?"

The girl hesitated. She said slowly, "Just at first, when I realized that Mr. Morley had shot himself, I wondered if he could possibly have sent it."

"You mean, out of consideration for you, to get you out of the way?"

The girl nodded.

"BUT that really seemed a fantastic idea, even if he *had* got the idea of suicide in his mind that morning. It's really very odd. Frank—my friend, you know—was quite absurd at first about it. He accused me of wanting to go off for the day with somebody else—as though I would do such a thing."

"Is there a somebody else?"

Miss Nevill blushed.

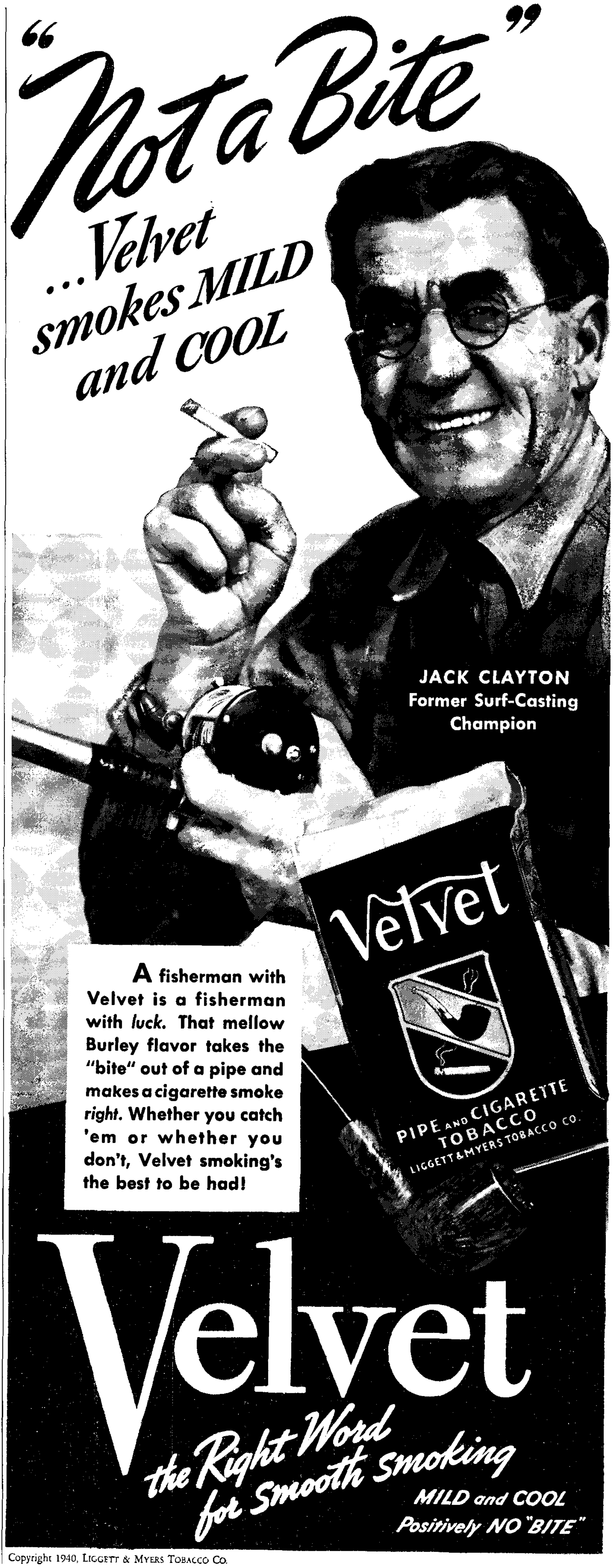
"No, of course there isn't. But Frank has been so different lately—so moody and suspicious. Really, you know, it was losing his job and not being able to get another. Just hanging about is so bad for a man. I've been very worried about Frank."

"He was upset, was he not, to find you had gone away that day?"

"Yes, you see, he came round to tell me he had got a new job—a marvelous job—ten pounds a week. And he couldn't wait. He wanted me to know right away. And I think he wanted Mr. Morley to know too, because he'd been very hurt at the way Mr. Morley didn't appreciate him, and he suspected Mr. Morley of trying to influence me against him."

"Which was true, was it not?"

"Well, yes, it was, in a *way!* Of



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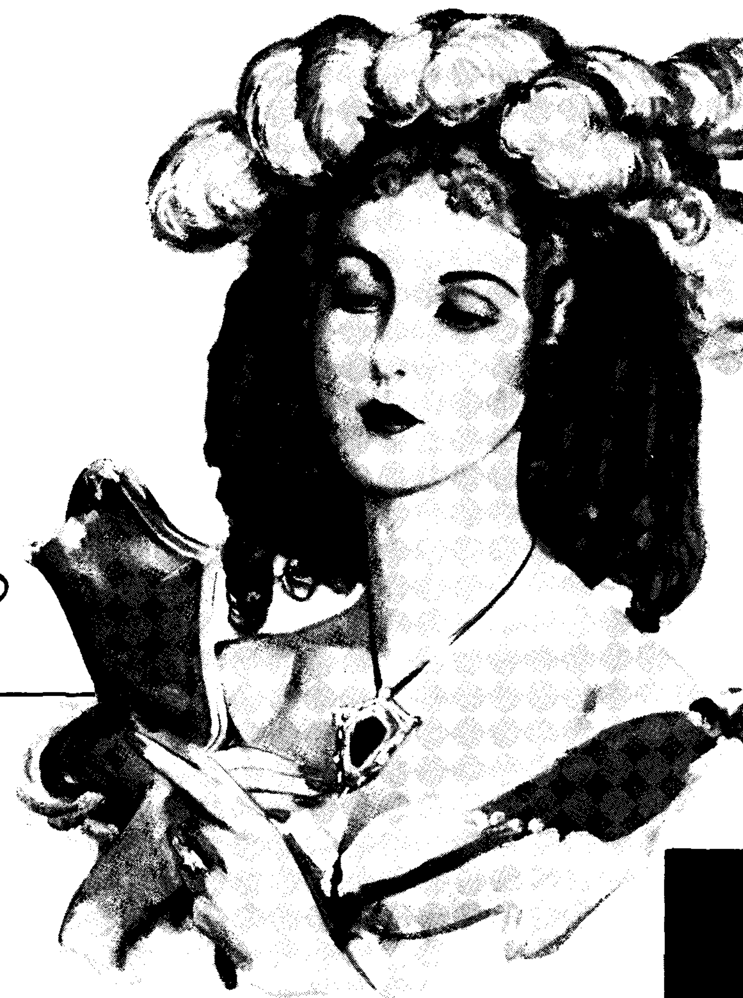
> "Names...familiar as household
> words, freshly remembered!"
> —Shakespeare (King Henry V, iv. 3)

What's in a Name?——Eve



Louise de La Vallière

By ALEXANDER McQUEEN

Many words commonly used in our everyday speech can be traced back to the names of famous men and places. Here are a few "tributes to greatness" with which the English language has been enriched. Who can tell? Your own name may become a part of the language of future generations.

SAXOPHONE

Most people don't know that the inventor of the saxophone, exactly 100 years ago, was Adolphe Sax; but they repeat his name whenever they mention that melodious instrument. So you see, its nickname of "sax" is really right after all.

LA VALLIÈRE

She flourished in the time of Louis XIV, but lives on today in the name of a type of necklace which she made famous—Louise Françoise de La Vallière, whose picture you see above.

TRUDGEN

Swimmers who use the trudgen stroke—the predecessor of the Australian crawl—might give a thought to John Trudgen, the man who devised the stroke in 1863. It is wrong to spell it "trudgeon".

BOBBY

It's the name of Sir Robert Peel, who in 1823 made a good job of reorganizing the London Police Force.

SILHOUETTE

"Etienne de Silhouette is stingy!" That's what folks said in France, two hundred years ago, about the man in charge of the nation's money-bags. Today the artist who draws a "silhouette" uses the fewest possible lines to make his picture.

CEREAL

Ceres, goddess of vegetation and grain, gave us the word for breakfast food, and supplied the name of the chief ingredient used in the beer that made Milwaukee famous.

FAHRENHEIT

Thanks to Mr. Gabriel D. Fahrenheit, born in Danzig on May 14, 1686, the freezing point for most of us is 32 degrees above zero. What *would* we talk about if we didn't know how hot it was?

BLANKET

Thomas Blanket loomed fine fabrics in Bristol, England, in the middle of the fourteenth century. His nice, warm woolly cloth became famous; some say that's where we get our word "blanket".

POINSETTIA

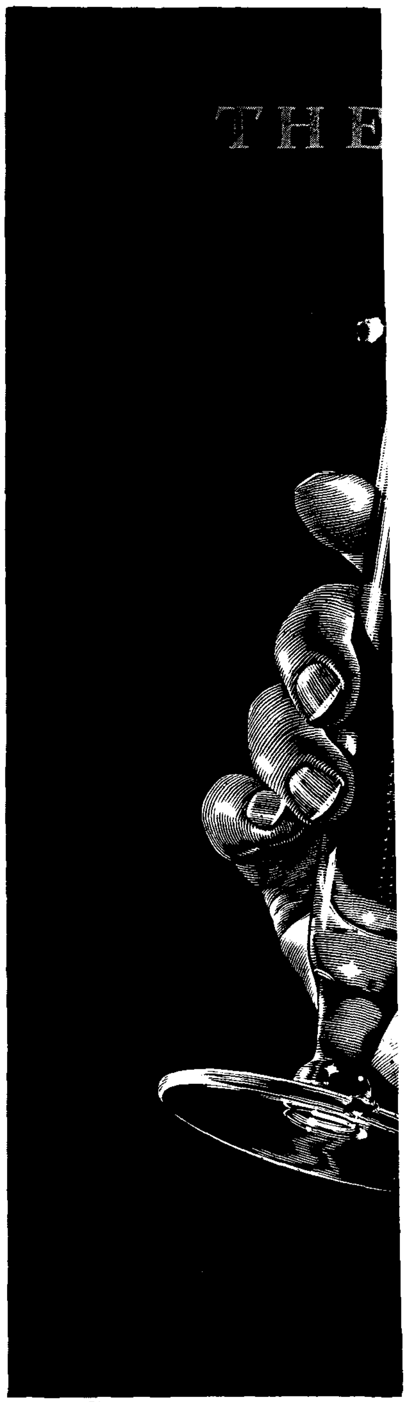
When you admire the large scarlet leaves of the poinsettia, just remember its noted sponsor, a gentleman named Joel R. Poinsett, of South Carolina. He brought it from Mexico 100 years ago.

SIDEBURNS

Time has left untouched one of the lesser monuments of General Ambrose E. Burnside—the use of his name, usually transposed as "sideburns", to denote the kind of whiskers he wore.

TARIFF

On the southernmost tip of Spain, beyond Gibraltar, there lies the town of Tariffa, where (legend tells us) a tax or toll was once collected from every ship that passed through the narrow neck of the Mediterranean. Some



THE

say the town's name was the origin of today's word, "tariff".

GUPPY

Not many years ago, a Mr. Lechmere Plantagenet Guppy, residing in the British West Indies, sent some small tropical fish to the British Museum. Today we call these poor fish Guppies.

PASTEURIZE

When you speak of a beverage as being *pasteurized*, you render tribute to Louis Pasteur, who probably contributed more to public health than any other man who ever lived.

POMPADOUR

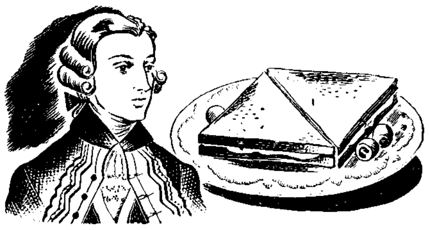
Men and women who comb their locks straight up from the forehead are following a style set and named two hundred years ago by Madame de Pompadour.

VANDYKE

A neat style of pointed beard was made popular in the seventeenth century by Anthony Van Dyck, Flemish portrait painter, whose name we still apply to a neatly trimmed "Vandyke".

SANDWICH

In 1762, John Montagu, Fourth Earl of Sandwich, sat in a card game that lasted twenty-four hours. He called for layers of beef between slices of bread. Hence the word "sandwich".



* * *

There are some words, used everywhere, which have acquired such wealth of meaning that the thought they convey can be expressed in no other way. These words are the names of great products.

So great has the name and fame of one product become that it has made a city famous.

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"Miss American Aviation" for 1940—Stewardess Margaret Mellon of Chicago & Southern Air Lines was awarded the title at this year's National Air Carnival.

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course Frank *has* lost a good many jobs and he hasn't been, perhaps, what most people would call very *steady*. But it will be different now. I think one can do so much by influence, don't you, M. Poirot? If a man feels a woman expects a lot of him, he tries to live up to her ideal of him."

Poirot sighed. But he did not argue. He had heard many hundreds of women produce that same argument, with the same blithe belief in the redeeming power of a woman's love. Once in a thousand times, he supposed, cynically, it *might* be true.

He merely said, "I should like to meet this friend of yours."

"I'd love to have you meet him, M. Poirot. But just at present Sunday is his only free day. He's away in the country all the week, you see."

"Ah, on the new job. What is the job, by the way?"

"Well, I don't exactly know, M. Poirot. Something in the secretarial line, I imagine. Some government department. Things are so hush-hush nowadays. I know I have to send letters to Frank's London address and they get forwarded."

"That is a little odd, is it not?"

"Well, I thought so—but Frank says it is often done." Her voice lowered mysteriously. "I think, you know, it may be something in the *Intelligence*."

Poirot looked at her for a moment or two without speaking.

Then he said deliberately, "Tomorrow is Sunday, is it not? Perhaps you would both give me the pleasure of lunching with me—at Logan's Corner House? I should like to discuss this sad business with you both."

"Well—thank you, M. Poirot. I—yes, I'm sure we'd like to lunch with you very much."

FRANK CARTER was a fair young man of medium height. His appearance was cheaply smart. He talked readily and fluently. His eyes were set rather close together and they had a way of shifting uneasily from side to side when he was embarrassed.

He was inclined to be suspicious and slightly hostile.

"I'd no idea we were to have the pleasure of lunching with *you*, M. Poirot. Gladys didn't tell me anything about it."

He shot her a rather annoyed glance as he spoke.

"It was only arranged yesterday," said Poirot, smiling. "Miss Nevill is very upset by the circumstances of Mr. Morley's death and I wondered if we put our heads together—"

Frank Carter interrupted him rudely:

"Morley's death? I'm sick of Morley's death! A lot of better men than he are being killed every day now. Why can't you forget him, Gladys? There wasn't anything so wonderful about him that *I* can see."

"Oh, Frank, I don't think you ought to say *that*. Why, he left me a hundred pounds. I got the letter about it last night."

"That's all right," admitted Frank grudgingly. "But after all, why shouldn't he? Look how he worked you—and who pocketed all the fat fees? Why, he did!"

"Well, of course he did—he paid me a very good salary."

"Not according to *my* ideas! You're too humble altogether, Gladys, my girl, you let yourself be put upon, you know. *I* sized Morley up all right. You know as well as I do that he tried his best to get you to give me the chuck."

"He didn't understand."

"He understood all right. The man's dead now—otherwise I can tell you I'd have given him a piece of my mind."

"You actually came around to do so on the morning of his death, did you not?" Hercule Poirot inquired gently.

Frank Carter said angrily, "Who's been saying so?"

"You did come around, did you not?"

"What if I did? I wanted to see Miss Nevill here."

"But they told you she was away."

"YES, and that made me pretty suspicious, I can tell you. I told that red-headed oaf I'd wait and see Morley myself. This business of putting Gladys against me had gone on long enough. I meant to tell Morley that instead of being a poor, unemployed rotter, I'd landed a good job and that it was about time Gladys handed in her notice and thought about her trousseau."

"But you did not actually tell him so?"

"No, I got tired of waiting in that dingy mausoleum. I went away."

"What time did you leave?"

"I can't remember."

"What time did you arrive then?"

"I don't know. Soon after twelve, I should imagine."

"And you stayed half an hour—or longer—or less than half an hour?"

"I don't know, I tell you. I'm not the sort of chap who's always looking at a clock."

"Was there anyone in the waiting room while you were there?"

"There was an oily, fat bloke when I went in, but he wasn't there long. After that I was alone."

"Then you must have left before half past twelve—for at that time a lady arrived."

"Dare say I did. The place got on my nerves, as I tell you."

Poirot eyed him thoughtfully.

The bluster was uneasy—it did not ring quite true. And yet that might be explained by mere nervousness.

Poirot's manner was simple and friendly.

"Miss Nevill tells me that you have been very fortunate and have found a very good job indeed."

"The pay's good."

"Ten pounds a week, she tells me."

"That's right. Not too dusty, is it? Shows I can pull it off when I set my mind to it."

He swaggered a little.

"Yes, indeed. And the work is not too arduous?"

Frank Carter said shortly, "Not too bad."

"And interesting?"

"Oh, yes, quite interesting. Talking of jobs, I've always been interested to know how you private detectives go about things? I suppose there's not much of the Sherlock Holmes touch really, mostly divorce nowadays?"

"I do not concern myself with divorce."

"Really? Then I don't see how you live?"

"I manage, my friend, I manage."

"But you're right at the top of the tree, aren't you, M. Poirot?" put in Gladys Nevill. "Mr. Morley used to say so. I mean you're the sort of person royalty calls in, or the Home Office or duchesses."

Poirot smiled upon her.

"You flatter me," he said.

POIROT walked home through the deserted streets in a thoughtful frame of mind.

When he got in, he rang up Japp.

"Forgive my troubling you, my friend, but did you ever do anything in the matter of tracing that telegram that was sent to Gladys Nevill?"

"Still harping on the subject? Yes, we did, as a matter of fact. There was a telegram and—rather clever—the Aunt lives at Richbourne in Somerset. The telegram was handed in at Richbarn—you know, the London suburb."

Hercule Poirot said appreciatively:

"That was clever—yes, that was

clever. If the recipient happened to glance at where the telegram was handed in, the word would look sufficiently like Richbourne to carry conviction."

He paused.

"Do you know what I think, Japp?"

"Well?"

"There are signs of brains in this business."

"Hercule Poirot wants it to be murder, so it's got to be murder."

"How do you explain that telegram?"

"Coincidence. Someone was hoaxing the girl."

"Why should they?"

"Oh, my goodness, Poirot, why do people do things? Practical jokes, hoaxes. Misplaced sense of humor, that's all."

"And somebody felt like being funny just on the day that Morley was going to make a mistake over an injection."

"There may have been a certain amount of cause and effect. Because Miss Nevill was away, Morley was more rushed than usual and consequently was more likely to make a mistake."

"I am still not satisfied."

"I dare say—but don't you see where your view is leading you? If anybody got la Nevill out of the way, it was probably Morley himself. Making his killing of Amberiotis deliberate and not an accident."

Poirot was silent. Japp said, "You see?"

Poirot said, "Amberiotis might have been killed some other way."

"Not he. Nobody came to see him at the Savoy. He lunched up in his room. And the doctors say the stuff was definitely injected, not taken by mouth—it wasn't in the stomach. So there you are. It's a clear case."

"That is what we are meant to think. And the disappearing lady?"

"The Case of the Vanishing Seale? We're still working on that. That woman's got to be somewhere. You can't just walk out into the street and disappear."

"She seems to have done so."

"For the moment. But don't worry, old boy. We'll find your missing beauty for you—woolen underwear and all."

He hung up.

George entered the room with his usual noiseless tread. He set down on a little table a steaming pot of chocolate and some sugar biscuits.

"Will there be anything else, sir?"

"I am in great perplexity of mind, George."

"Indeed, sir? I am sorry to hear it."

Hercule Poirot poured himself some chocolate and stirred his cup thoughtfully.

George stood deferentially waiting, recognizing the signs. There were moments when Hercule Poirot discussed his cases with his valet. He always said that he found George's comments singularly helpful.

"You are aware, no doubt, George, of the death of my dentist?"

"Mr. Morley, sir? Yes, sir. Very distressing, sir. He shot himself, I understand."

"That is the general understanding. If he did not shoot himself, he was murdered."

"Yes, sir."

"THE question is, if he was murdered, who murdered him?"

"Quite so, sir."

"There are only a certain number of people, George, who *could* have murdered him. That is to say the people who were actually in, or *could have been in* the house at the time."

"Quite so, sir."

"Those people are: a cook and housemaid, amiable domestics and highly unlikely to do anything of the kind. A devoted sister, also highly unlikely, but who does inherit her brother's money such as it was—and one can never entirely neglect the financial aspect. An able and efficient partner—no motive known. A somewhat boneheaded pageboy addicted to cheap crime stories. And lastly, a Greek gentleman of somewhat doubtful antecedents."

George coughed.

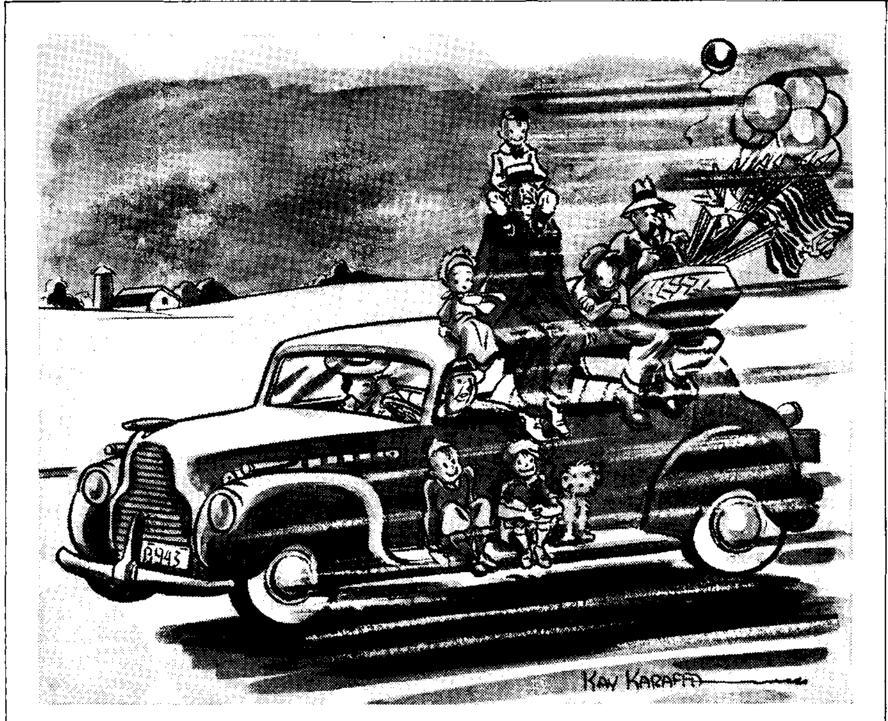
"These foreigners, sir—"

"Exactly. I agree perfectly. The Greek gentleman is decidedly indicated. But you see, George, the Greek gentleman also died and apparently it was Mr. Morley who killed him—whether by intention or as the result of an unfortunate error we cannot be sure."

"It might be, sir, that they killed each other. I mean, sir, each gentleman had formed the idea of doing the other gentleman in, though, of course, each gentleman was unaware of the other gentleman's intention."

Hercule Poirot purred approvingly.

"Very ingenious, George. The dentist murders the unfortunate gentleman who sits in the chair, not realizing that the said victim is at that moment meditating exactly at what moment to whip out his pistol. It could, of course, be so, but it seems to me, George, extremely unlikely. And we have not come to the


"We shouldn't have stopped to look at the parade" KAY KARAFFA

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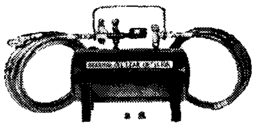

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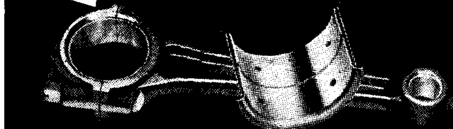

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end of our list yet. There are still two other people who might possibly have been in the house at the given moment. Every patient before Mr. Amberiotis was actually seen to leave the house with the exception of one—a young American gentleman. He left the waiting room at about twenty minutes to twelve, but no one actually saw him leave the house. We must, therefore, count him as a possibility. The other possibility is a certain Mr. Frank Carter (*not* a patient) who came to the house at a little after twelve with the intention of seeing Mr. Morley. Nobody saw *him* leave, either. Those, my good George, are the facts; what do you think of them?"

He looked encouragingly at George.

"Now, my good George, what have you to say about the matter?"

George pondered. He said, "It strikes me, sir—"

"Yes, George?"

"You will have to find another dentist to attend to your teeth in future, sir."

Hercule Poirot said, "You surpass yourself, George. That aspect of the matter had not as yet occurred to me!"

Looking gratified, George left the room.

Hercule Poirot remained sipping his chocolate and going over the facts he had just outlined. He felt satisfied that they were as he had stated them. Within that circle of persons was the hand that had actually done the deed—no matter whose the inspiration had been.

Then his eyebrows shot up as he realized that the list was incomplete. He had left out one name.

And no one must be left out—not even the most unlikely person.

There had been one other person in the house at the time of the murder.

He wrote down, "Mr. *Barnes.*"

GEORGE announced, "A lady to speak to you on the telephone, sir."

A week ago, Poirot had guessed wrongly the identity of a visitor. This time his guess was right.

He recognized the voice at once.

"M. Hercule Poirot?"

"Speaking."

"This is Jane Olivera—Mr. Alistair Blunt's niece."

"Yes, Miss Olivera."

"Could you come to the Gothic House, please? There is something I feel you ought to know."

"Certainly. What time would be convenient?"

"At six-thirty, please."

"I will be there."

For a moment the autocratic note wavered.

"I—I hope I am not interrupting your work?"

"Not at all. I was expecting you to call me."

He put down the receiver quickly. He moved away from it smiling. He wondered what excuse Jane Olivera had found for summoning him.

On arrival at the Gothic House he was shown straight into the big library overlooking the river. Alistair Blunt was sitting at the writing table playing absent-mindedly with a paper knife.

Jane Olivera was standing by the mantelpiece. A plump, middle-aged woman was speaking fretfully as Poirot entered—"and I really think *my* feelings should be considered in the matter, Alistair."

"Yes, Julia, of course, of course."

Alistair Blunt spoke soothingly as he rose to greet Poirot.

"And if you're going to talk horrors I shall leave the room," added the good lady.

"I should, Mother," said Jane Olivera.

Mrs. Olivera swept from the room without condescending to take any notice of Poirot.

Alistair Blunt said, "It's very good of you to come, M. Poirot. You've met Miss Olivera, I think? It was she who sent for you—"

Jane said abruptly, "It's about this missing woman that the papers are full of. Miss Something Seale."

"Sainsbury Seale? Yes?"

"It's such a pompous name, that's why I remember. Shall I tell him, or will you, Uncle Alistair?"

"My dear, it's your story."

Jane turned once more to Poirot:

"It mayn't be important in the least—but I thought you ought to know."

"Yes?"

"It was the last time Uncle Alistair went to the dentist's—I don't mean the other day—I mean about three months ago. I went with him to Queen Charlotte Street in the car and it was to take me on to some friends in Regents Park and come back for him. We stopped at 58, and Uncle got out, and just as he did, a woman came out of 58—a middle-aged woman with fussy hair and rather arty clothes. She made a beeline for Uncle and said"—Jane Olivera's voice rose to an affected squeak—" 'Oh, Mr. Blunt, you don't remember *me,* I'm *sure!*' Well, of course, I could see by Uncle's face that he *didn't* remember her in the slightest—"

Alistair Blunt sighed.

"I never do. People are always saying it—"

"He put on his special face," went on Jane. "I know it well. Kind of polite and make believe. It wouldn't deceive a baby. He said in a most unconvincing voice: 'Oh—er—of course.' The terrible woman went on: 'I was a *great* friend of your wife's, you know!' "

"They usually say that, too," said Alistair Blunt. "It always ends the same way! A subscription to something or other. I got off this time with five pounds to a mission or something."

"Had she really known your wife?"

"Well, her being interested in missions made me think that, if so, it would have been in India. We were there about ten years ago. But, of course, she couldn't have been a great friend or I'd have known about it."

Poirot said, "She did not try to follow it up in any way?"

Blunt shook his head.

"I never thought of her again. I'd even forgotten her name till Jane spotted it in the paper."

Jane said a little unconvincingly, "Well, *I* thought M. Poirot ought to be told!"

Poirot said politely, "Thank you, Mademoiselle."

He added: "I must not keep you, Mr. Blunt. You are a busy man."

Jane said quickly, "I'll come down with you."

Under his mustaches, Hercule Poirot smiled to himself.

ON THE ground floor, Jane paused abruptly. She said, "Come in here."

They went into a room off the hall.

She turned to face him.

"What did you mean on the telephone when you said that you had been expecting me to call you?"

Poirot smiled. He spread out his hands.

"Just that, Mademoiselle. I was expecting a call from you—and the call came."

"*You mean that you knew I'd ring up* about this Sainsbury Seale woman?"

Poirot shook his head.

"That was only the pretext. You could have found something else if necessary."

"Why the hell *should* I call you up?"

"Why should you deliver this tidbit of information about Miss Sainsbury Seale to *me* instead of giving it to Scotland Yard? That would have been the natural thing to do."

"All right, Mr. Know-All, how much exactly *do* you know?"

"I know that you are interested in me since you heard that I paid a visit to the Holborn Palace Hotel the other day."

She went so white that it startled him. He had not believed that that deep tan could change to such a greenish hue.

He went on, quietly and steadily, "You got me to come here today because you wanted to pump me—that is the expression, is it not?—yes, to *pump* me on the subject of Mr. Howard Raikes."

"Who's he, anyway?"

It was not a very successful parry.

"You do not need to pump me, Mademoiselle. I will tell you what I know—or rather what I guessed. That first day that we came here, Inspector Japp and I, you were startled to see us—alarmed. You thought something had happened to your uncle. Why?"

"Well, he's the kind of man things might happen to. He had a bomb by post one day. And he gets lots of threatening letters."

Poirot went on, "Chief Inspector Japp told you that a certain dentist, Mr. Morley, had been shot. You may recollect your answer. You said '*But that's absurd.*'"

Jane bit her lip.

"Did I? That was rather absurd of *me*, wasn't it?"

"It was a curious remark, Mademoiselle. It revealed that you knew of the existence of Mr. Morley, that you had rather expected something to happen—not to happen to him—but possibly to happen in his house."

"You do like telling yourself stories, don't you?"

Poirot paid no attention.

"You had expected—or rather you had feared—that something might happen at Mr. Morley's house. You had feared that that something would have happened to your uncle. But if so, *you must know something that we did not know.* I reflected on the people who had been in Mr. Morley's house that day, and I seized at once on the one person who might possibly have a connection with you—which was that young American, Mr. Howard Raikes."

"It's just like a serial, isn't it? What's the next thrilling installment?"

"I went to see Mr. Howard Raikes. He is a dangerous and attractive young man—"

Poirot paused expressively.

Jane said meditatively, "He is, isn't he?" She smiled. "All right! You win! I was scared stiff."

She leaned forward.

"I'm going to tell you things, M. Poirot. You're not the kind one can just string along. I'd rather tell you than have you snooping around finding out. I love that man, Howard Raikes. I'm just crazy about him. I have been for two years. My mother brought me over here just to get me away from him. Partly that and partly because she hopes Uncle Alistair might get fond enough of me to leave me his money when he dies.

"Mother is his niece by marriage. Her mother was Rebecca Arnholt's sister. He's my great-uncle-in-law. Only he hasn't got any near relatives of his own, so Mother doesn't see why we shouldn't be his residuary legatees. She cadges off him pretty freely too.

"You see, I'm being frank with you, M. Poirot. That's the kind of people we are. Actually we've got plenty of money ourselves—an indecent amount according to Howard's ideas—but we're not in Uncle Alistair's class."

SHE paused. She struck with one hand fiercely on a table.

"How can I make you understand? Everything I've been brought up to believe in Howard abominates and wants to do away with. And sometimes, you know, I feel like he does. I'm fond of Uncle Alistair, but he gets on my nerves sometimes. He's so *stodgy*—so British—so cautious and conservative. I feel sometimes that he and his kind *ought* to be swept away, that they are blocking progress—that without them we'd get things *done!*"

"You are a convert to Mr. Raikes' ideas?"

"I am—and I'm not. Howard is—is wilder than most of his crowd. There are people, you know, who—who agree with Howard up to a point. They would be willing to—to try things—if Uncle Alistair and *his* crowd would agree. But they never will! They just sit back and shake their heads and say, 'We could never risk that.' And 'It wouldn't be sound economically.' And 'We've got to consider our responsibility.' And 'Look at history.' But I think that one *mustn't* look at history. That's looking back. One must look *forward* all the time."

Poirot said gently, "It is an attractive vision."

Jane looked at him scornfully.

"You say that too!"

"Perhaps because I am old. *Their old men dream dreams*—only dreams, you see."

He paused and then asked in a matter-of-fact voice, "Why did Mr. Howard Raikes make that appointment in Queen Charlotte Street?"

"Because *I* wanted him to meet Uncle Alistair and I couldn't see otherwise how to manage it. He'd been so bitter about Uncle Alistair—so full of—of—well, of hate really, that I felt if he could only see him—see what a nice, kindly, unassuming person he was—that—that he would feel differently . . . I couldn't arrange a meeting here because of Mother—she would have spoiled everything."

"But after having made that arrangement, you were—afraid."

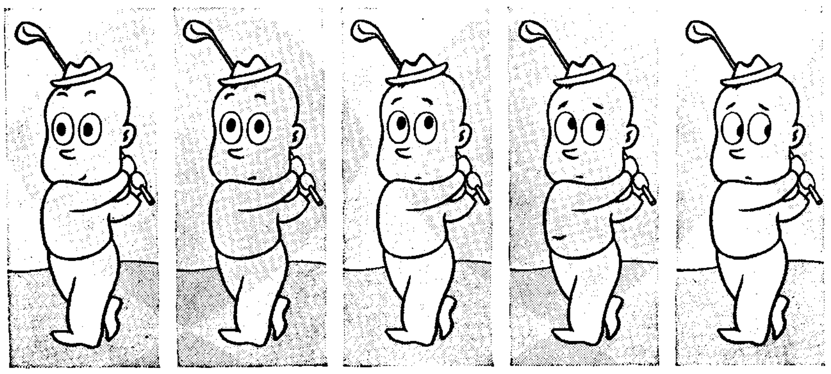
Her eyes grew wide and dark.

"Yes. Because—because—sometimes Howard gets carried away. He—he—"

"He wants to take a short cut. To exterminate—"

Jane Olivera cried, "*Don't!*"

(To be continued next week)



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DON'T MISS OPPOSITE PAGE!

Errand in Bangor

Continued from page 19

each other for so long. He said, quickly, "Lola—where can I—where do you live here in this place?"

Her eyes flashed to his. She shook her head. Her voice was urgent.

"Don't look for me, Burk. Promise me. Don't try to find me."

Burk looked at her, remembering now the thing that had driven her from home. He said, "That's all past, Lola. No one would think twice about it now. Those things are forgotten."

"I'll never go back again. Why should I? There's no one there now—no near kin. I've nothing to go home to."

He thought of her father in the pen up at Thomaston. He had heard in Upson Bay that old Mel was due out any time this month—but he felt it would be better not to say anything to Lola about it now.

She put her hand out and touched Burk's sleeve. "Don't tell anyone that I am here, Burk. I don't want them to know that I am so near home. You understand?"

"Why did you come to Bangor, Lola?"

"I don't know—I wasn't planning to, but I got here one day and then I got a job the next. So I stayed on. I've been here only three, four weeks."

"You're working?"

"Yes."

"What you doing?"

She looked at him—her eyes level, defensive. Then she shook her head. "Forget it. It's a job—a living."

For an instant her eyes held his, as if she wanted to say something more. Then, suddenly, she said, "Goodby, Burk."

She turned away and started walking rapidly down the street.

TENNANT stood there folding and unfolding his cap. He kept thinking about her as he had just seen her. She wasn't the same Lola Ward he had known in Upson Bay—the girl who liked to go out with him in his boat on fishing trips—the girl who was a part of that land—who belonged there and knew all the ways and tides of the Bay. This Lola Ward was just a swell-looking girl walking along a city street—something worth turning around for. She knew her way around, all right. She knew too much, probably. It disturbed him.

Tennant didn't go to Nate's bar that night. Instead, feeling lost, feeling unsatisfied, he drove the car back to Upson Bay.

It was dark crossing the water to his camp on the upper end of Harbor Island. He kept the engine of his converted twenty-six-foot lobsterman throttled down.

This reduced speed was not for fear—but for a mood, unconsciously acknowledged by him. Tennant was like an animal—feeling through his senses. Long before his mind knew, his body had reacted. Now that he was in his own environment, his mind had taken over this meeting with Lola Ward and was turning it about. And gradually, as he watched for the shape of an island, or a ledge, a new thought took possession of his mind. If he had seen this change in Lola Ward seven years ago, it would have hurt him like the cut of a jag-tooth knife. But now, with the years between, finding this change in Lola stirred him sensually. It was like discovering that the thing you had always taken for granted had suddenly been endowed with new and exciting possibilities.

Automatically he kicked the throttle into full speed and sent the boat through the black water with a recklessness that made him feel good. He stood up now, hand on wheel, wanting to sing. He had decided something then. He was going to get Lola Ward back to Upson Bay. He didn't know how—or for what purpose—but he knew that what had been between him and Lola Ward wasn't yet finished.

He looked across the bow of his boat toward the twin hills of Harbor Island. Then, suddenly, he saw a light near lower cove where the old Ward camp stood. Probably some boys from town, down for flounder fishing in the morning. And then, like a shock, it occurred to him that that light might mean that Mel Ward had come back home to the Bay. But the thought was short-lived—Mel would want to pass the time of day in town for a while, basking in the notoriety of his return. He shrugged his shoulders. In the morning he would know soon enough.

HE FOUND Mel Ward the next day sitting in the sun outside the old camp. Tennant felt a curious excitement knowing now that Mel was really back.

Ward was a huge shell of a man with broad shoulders without any flesh. His eyes searched Burk, waiting to see what brought him to the camp.

Burk said, "Well, well—this looks natural—seeing you here again. How're things, Mel?"

Ward looked down into the grass and poked around with long, big-jointed fingers. He said, "All right."

That was all for the moment. Then Burk said, "Don't talk so much, you old buzzard." He squatted on the edge of the path and picked up a piece of yellow grass and began chewing it. He could feel the good, hot sun working on his back and the muscles of his arms warmed up and slackened after the hard morning haul.

He glanced at the broken shack. No one had lived in that camp for seven years.

Burk remembered it as it had been—a well-built two-room house when Mel Ward and his family lived there in the summer months before Mel got caught running rum. They had had a fine house uptown, too, with a radio and an electric refrigerator and a complete bathroom, and Mel had had the fastest boat on the Bay. The Wards had had everything in those days—everybody in town looked up to them and envied them. That was why it hurt so much when people found out where their money came from. Mrs. Ward and Lola left town one night soon after the federal men sent Mel up to Thomaston. They weren't the kind that could stay and take the pity and patronage of the people of Upson Bay.

Mrs. Ward hadn't lived long after that—they said the shock brought on her death. Most everybody knew why Mel had fallen for slick and easy money, and even some of the other fishermen of the Bay would have done the same if they'd had the fast boat Mel had. Winters were hard and lean, and lobstering, never a fortune-making way of living, was bad then—and Lola, the best-looking girl in high school, should have everything a girl could want. What Mel himself felt, no one could guess. It was just as hard to know what the old man was feeling now that he was home again. Burk had a restless urge to shake him out of his obstinate silence. He said, suddenly:

"How did you like jail, Mel? Did they treat you good?"

Ward looked startled.

"You want to know, or are you just making talk?"

Burk laughed. "I don't give a hoot. You're here now with us again and I just want you to know that I'm glad to see you back."

Mel said, "Took you a long time to get around to it."

Burk was shocked at the way Ward was living. The old man had moved into the camp without making any effort to clean out the place. He had brought down-river all his worldly goods—a box of tools, a few fathoms of line, some mangy blankets, a little food and a dory rented from Ira Walters.

He asked Burk to have a cup of coffee with him. "If you can take my cookin'." The coffee was terrible. The pot Mel boiled it in was rusted and there wasn't enough coffee to darken it. Burk had seen the bumbling way Mel hovered over the stove, fussing without getting anywhere.

Burk was sitting on the bench along the lower bunk. He said, "How many traps you fishing, Mel?"

"Eight, nine."

Burk picked up a piece of soft pine and began whittling. "Nine traps," he said. "Can't do much with that kind of gear."

"Do fine," Mel said.

"Sure, talk that way all you want—but it won't catch enough lobsters to pay for your bait."

Ward turned to him. He didn't say anything, but he looked carefully at Burk's face. Then he went back to knitting the head for a lobster trap.

Burk was silent, for a time. Then he said: "I got a lot of extra gear, Mel. Glad to let you have the loan of it."

Ward turned quickly, his fingers stopping at a knot. He held the shuttle in his other hand. "Thank you just the same, but I don't need 'em."

"All right," Burk said, "suit yourself."

"I'll do just that," Ward said.

AFTER a minute or so Burk said, "No use letting it rot on the bank. About forty-five traps, twelve to fifteen fathoms of warp to each trap—everything. Might as well use them, Mel. I'll give you a hand with them this evening after we haul from my boat. No use in your pushing around that ornery critter of Ira Walters'. My boat's working like a top."

Ward kept on working on the trap head, his back to Burk.

Burk said, "You need some paint in here. And five, six panes of glass. There's a good stove I know about, up to Lord's Point, we can load it into my scow and tow her down. I got some boards for the floor and four squares of new spruce shingles kicking around up to Aunt Millie's. Patch this shack up and she'll do. You'll be all set except for one thing, Mel. What this place will need is a woman."

Ward said, turning smartly, dropping the heading twine, "I wasn't figuring on talking about it, but you've pushed me into it. I'm going to speak, now. I got into trouble once. That mess cost me my wife, my daughter, all I owned and seven years. What I aim to do now is to keep myself to myself. I don't know why you're fishing around in my business. It's going to get you nowheres."

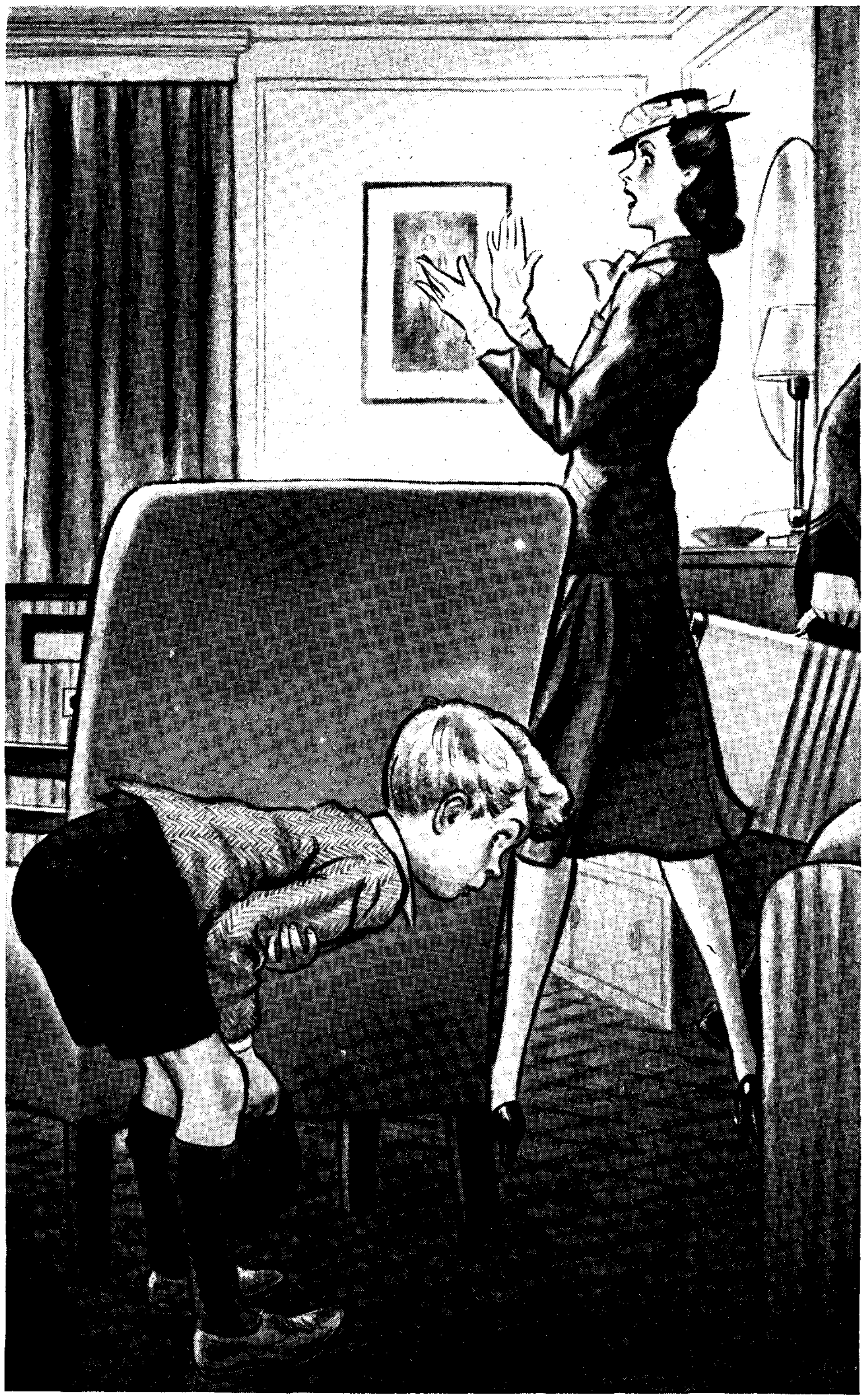
"Maybe I have a reason." Burk was silent for a moment. Then: "I saw Lola yesterday in Bangor."

"Lola!" Ward eased himself into the backless chair. He drew his big hand slowly across his face, as if he were coming out of a dream. "Lola?" he repeated. "In Bangor?"

"What did you think happened to her, Mel?"

"I dunno. I thought she was gone for

The child who wouldn't go home



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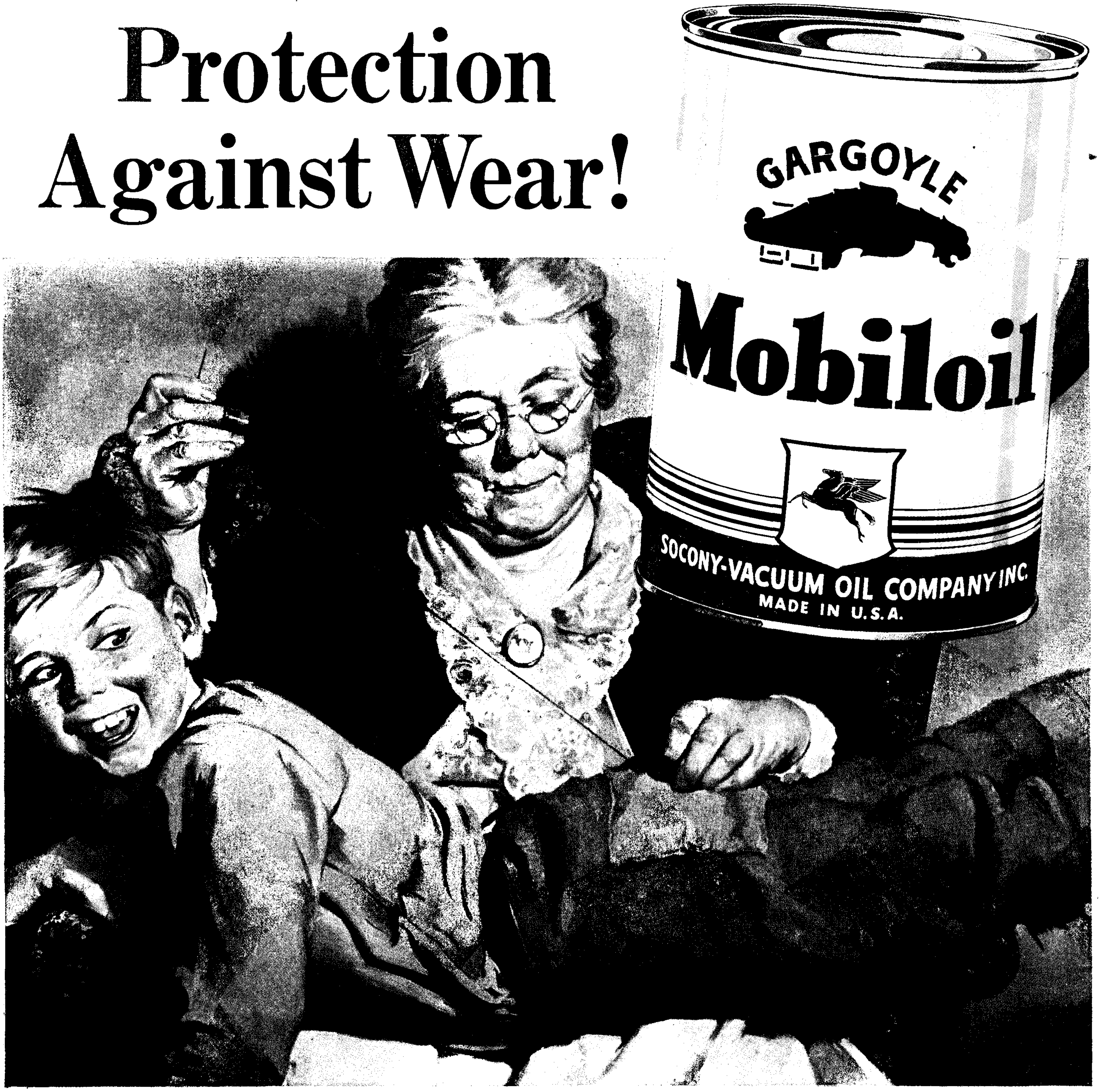
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good. Last I heard she was in New York. I thought I'd never see her again." He looked at Burk—his eyes focusing again. "What's she doing in Bangor?"

"Working, I guess. She wouldn't say what it was. She'll never come back to Upson Bay again—she's got too much of your darned stubborn pride in her."

"Guess I spoiled things for her here," the old man said, with a kind of gloomy satisfaction.

Burk said, "I've been thinking, Mel. There is a way of getting her back here. If she thought you were needing her, she'd come."

"I don't need nobody." Ward stopped short. His straw brows came together and he studied Burk. "You thinking of yourself, Burk Tennant? You wanted to marry her once—you still thinking about it?"

"Sure," Burk said, "I wanted to marry her once—but you see, I don't know's Lola's the marrying kind any more."

Ward lurched up and stood over Burk. His face was dark and his pride marked strength and character across it. He said, angrily, "What do you mean by that?" He turned away and stalked up and down the camp, knocking his black-bowled pipe against the stove, working up his anger. "She's in Bangor, is she?" He didn't wait for Burk to speak. "Looky here!" he shouted. "You go to Bangor and fetch her back home." He stopped and pointed a finger at Burk. "I'm not worried about her—Lola's got good stuff in her. But she'd be better off home. Tell her I can't even cook a pot of coffee without messing up the whole darn' place. Tell her my pants need patching—tell her anything you want but get her back here where she belongs."

Burk threw the stub of his cigarette into the stove. He said, feeling a surge of emotion run through him, "Sure, I'll go. I'll go tomorrow. I don't know where she is, but I'll find her. And I'll bring her back. She's got something to come home to now."

A MAN accustomed to the ways of the city would have used the facilities of the city—the telephone, the police, the newspapers, the employment bureaus. These things did not occur to Tennant. All his life he had lived by another system—a system of landmarks, of buoys, of compass points.

As soon as he had parked his car in the station plaza he went directly to the spot where he had first seen Lola that Saturday evening. From there he worked his way to the place where he had seen her last, as he might head for some familiar harbor.

But nothing was familiar to him in that part of the city. He cruised up and down the streets, inquiring in stores, offices and restaurants. At noon the sun beat down on the pavement and the air was heavy with heat. He had covered Franklin, Main, Hammond, Broad and State streets—the very heart of the city. He had tried beauty parlors, millinery shops, five and tens. Some people told him to use the telephone book—he did. Some told him to go to an employment agency—he did. At six in the evening he quit and went to Nate's bar on Hancock Street. All along he had the feeling that he wouldn't find her in the right part of town—but he didn't even want to admit that to himself.

And now, with the sweat beading on his forehead, he drank a glass of ale and, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, walked out of Nate's and turned into that part of the city he knew best.

It was long past midnight, and the thunderstorm which had cooled the city had gone on, leaving a fine rain that made the pavements smell good. Burk found himself in his car outside a place called Straub Miller's. He had gone to the plaza to get his car when it began to rain. He parked now and went in. He made for the bar on the right. This place had more light and gilt and noise than those others he knew in Bangor. It made him uneasy. He ordered whisky—he had shifted to whisky when the rain came. He cupped the squat glass in his hand and turned to look through the smoke and shifting haze.

He saw Lola. She was standing at a table at the other side of the room. He had seen her so often in his mind's eye that day that at first he thought he had gone nuts seeing her now. She was wearing a gray skirt and a snug-fitting yellow sweater and no hat. A blond man was sitting at the table, talking to her. As Burk watched, she turned away and started across the dance floor.

FOR one moment he felt deep anger swell up in him at seeing Lola in this place. The liquor of the day pounded against his temples. He left the bar and walked toward her through the dancers, a solid force moving in a straight line. The surroundings, the confusion of the lights and voices and music faded away, and he saw only Lola and knew only one thing. This time he wasn't going to lose her.

She hadn't seen him yet. He took her arm and said, "Lola."

"Burk Tennant!"

They were standing in the current of dancers. He said, "Where can we talk?"

She looked around apprehensively. "I can't talk. I work here. What do you want?"

"I've got to talk to you."

"Please, Burk. Everybody is looking at us. Let go of me."

He took away his hand. But he said, close to her, "I've looked all over hell for you, and nothing's going to stop me from talking to you now."

"I can't here, Burk."

"My car's outside," he said. "You can get out for five minutes."

She said desperately, "All right. There's a side door over there—they won't see me go out."

It had stopped raining. They walked through the alley to the street and got into the car.

Lola sat on the edge of the seat. She said, "All right, Burk. What is it? What did you come for?"

He took out two cigarettes, lit both and handed one to her.

"Your father is back home."

"Father!—back in Upson Bay? Oh, no, Burk, how could he?"

"Things have changed," Burk said. "Folks don't hold it against a man because he was caught rumrunning seven years ago. He needs you, Lola."

She turned sharply. "Why should I care? I never want to see him again!" After a moment she said in a lower voice, "What's he doing, Burk?"

Burk looked at her through the dark. He couldn't make out her expression. He said, "Mel's down to the camp on the island. He doesn't know any more about taking care of himself than a baby. You and your Ma spoiled him, I guess."

He heard a short laugh from Lola. "So he wants you to fetch me home, is that it? Well, Burk, I'll never, never go back to Upson Bay."

"Forget it, Lola. Nobody cares what happened now."

"I care. I've built up a life for myself here now."

"What do you do in that place, Lola?"

"I'm sort of a cashier."

"Do you like this kind of life—do you, Lola?"

"What's the difference whether I like it or not? It's all I've got now, and I'm sticking to it."

"That's your answer?"

"Yes—that's my answer."

She threw away her cigarette and put her hand on the door. Burk saw her hesitate. Then suddenly, without thinking, seeing only that she would leave in a moment, he reached down, turned the key and started the motor.

The car jerked forward. Lola made a small, muffled sound, and he said loudly, "Go ahead—yell if you want to. Maybe somebody'll stop me." He was heading down Spruce Street now toward the bridge, going as fast as he dared.

But she didn't yell. She sat there, crouched, motionless, on the edge of the seat. "Where are you taking me?"

"Home."

"You've got a nerve!"

He said, not looking at her, keeping his eyes on the street crossings, "Sure. I keep my promises, too. I told your father I'd bring you back, and I will."

"Why don't you tell the truth, Burk? Father's not the reason and you know it!"

"It's a good enough reason now," Burk said.

THE Bay was a ruffled dark blue under the fresh northwest breeze, and the early morning light sparkled on the wet spruce trees along the shore. Lola hesitated before she got out of the car and Burk waited, holding the door for her. He saw her look around, her eyes moving very slowly from one familiar landmark to another. He said nothing, feeling that whatever she was thinking he might spoil by speaking.

The silence lasted as they walked down the path to the shore. They rowed out to his boat and he made the skiff fast to a buoy. He removed the housing over the engine, pumped out the rain water from the bilge and primed with gasoline the four cups in the engine's head. He felt Lola watching him, watching every move he made. He felt that she was remembering every move—sometimes anticipating it.

"There," he said, "she's ready to go. You going to be warm enough?"

"Yes, Burk, I'm all right."

He stood there looking at her. He said slowly, thoughtfully, "Lola—you're here. I got you back." Then, satisfied, he started the engine, swung forward and cast off the mooring buoy.

He set the boat's bow for the distant twin hills of Harbor Island—six miles across the bay. Out of the corners of his eyes he saw her standing there beside him, the morning wind lifting her black, shoulder-length hair and he saw her hand go up to sweep back a long curl of it. In a way it was as though this were the first time he was seeing her after seven years—as though those meetings in Bangor didn't count. He felt a slow-growing change taking place within him.

"There's Gull Rock!" she cried, pointing with her free hand. "And the old Pineo place. It hasn't changed at all."

She looked for everything in the bay. She spoke of the people who lived in the low, white houses scattered along the green hills. Her breath came faster and her eyes were alive.

"Oh, Burk! I feel so queer! It's as if I am not big enough inside for all my feelings. I keep trying to take it in—that you've been here in this place all the days I've been gone—and the houses and the ledges—every rock, just the same."

SHE pointed ahead. "There—look! That's the camp. See the sun in the window pane. It's like a fire inside."

He saw the play of memory in her face.

"I've never forgotten," she said, "I know everything—as if I had never gone away. The tide, the wind—I can even tell what the weather will be like tomorrow. Do you remember that day all of us went fishing outside and it stormed up and we had to land on Flint Island?"

"Yeah—sure."

"Yes—and you said to me that night in the shack there, no matter what happened I'd always be the same to you." She laughed then—a quick, brittle little laugh—"I wonder." She turned to him. "Burk, I know why you brought me here. I knew you saw the change in me and when you came for me at Straub Miller's last night—I knew why you'd come."

"To bring you home."

"Yes—to bring me home. For what? Because you wanted . . ."

Burk caught her against him so hard her words were muffled in his shoulder. He said, "Stop. You don't need to say it." He heard his own voice, now strong, sure. "It's right what I said to you out there on Flint Island. You are the same to me, Lola."

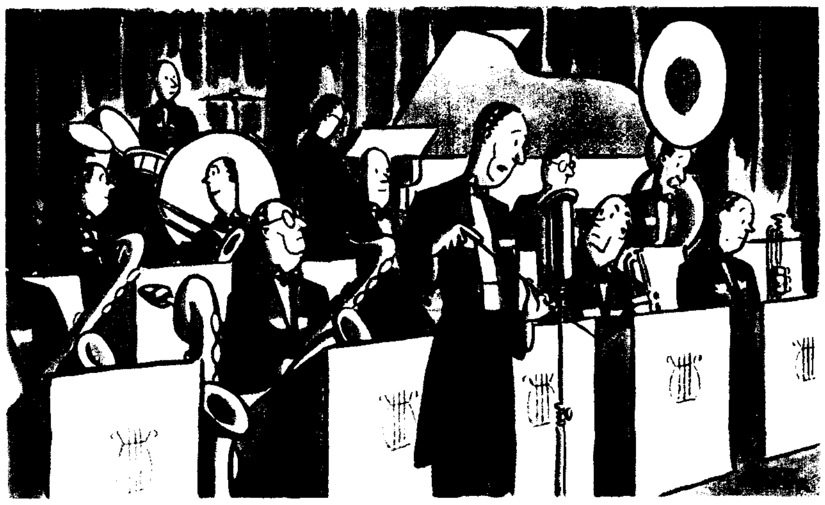
She leaned back from his arm so that she could look into his face. "Are you saying that because I made you feel sorry for me?"

"Hell no! It's just, well—you're here—home. And because you're here, you are what you always were. See—it's the place. Nothing is changed." He paused, and as he held her, he felt a deep quiet inside him. For a moment he watched the circle the boat was making, with the helm safely to port. Then: "Lola, can I tell Mel that you said 'yes?' It would make him feel good about us."

She looked over his shoulder. Suddenly she said, "Look—there he is, now. Down at the haul out. He must think we're crazy going around in circles this way."

She stood on tiptoe, her left hand on Burk's chest steadying her, and waved.

"You can tell him I said yes, Burk." She pressed her hand against him. "But don't tell him, Burk, that I said, 'thanks.' "



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(*from a letter by* M. J. W., Gary, Ind.)

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IT WAS A DAMP SHAME

OH, THOSE TERRIBLE MONDAYS WITH DOZENS OF HANDKERCHIEFS TO WASH! BUT SINCE MY FAMILY USE KLEENEX FOR HAY FEVER AND COLDS THERE'S *NO MORE MONDAY MOURNING!*

(*from a letter by* E. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.)

SHE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

SMART GIRL! CARRIES *KLEENEX* TO THE BEACH... USES IT TO WIPE OFF HER HANDS AFTER APPLYING SUN-TAN OIL... TO WIPE THE BOTTLE... TO REMOVE THE OIL BEFORE PUTTING HER SWANKY ROBE BACK ON.

(*from a letter by* B. M., Glencoe, Ill.)

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KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

BRINGING UP BABY!

IT'S LOTS LESS WORK SINCE I STARTED USING WONDROUS SOFT *KLEENEX* FOR WIPING BABY'S SMEARED FACE. NO MORE UNSIGHTLY STAINS TO SCRUB OUT OF MY LINENS!

(*from a letter by* M. B., Logansport, Ind.)

Adopt the Kleenex *Habit*

* Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Daring Young Man

Continued from page 22

Marty thought of the cheap, cut-throat tactics people used nowadays to get what jobs there were. He thought of the lunatic stunt acts good men were making themselves do—shooting themselves out of cannons, running motorcycles around circular tracks seventy feet in the air, standing on their heads without nets below them to make the thrill better. The music rasped. "Hey, Sarto, shut the damn' thing off," Marty said. The accordion stopped. His lips felt dry and he licked them with his tongue.

CORNLING didn't come in for another half-hour. He was a short, square man and he ran the amusement park up the Hudson where Roche worked his trapeze act. Cornling squinted around until he found Marty and then told him at once, even as he sat down, that there might be a job for him. He was too abrupt. Marty resented it. Roche hired the men he wanted but it was Cornling who signed the pay roll. Marty made a point of refusing to let the fat man get away with anything because of it. He called him down for being late.

"Don't get fancy," Cornling said. "Roche held me up an hour. I said I think there's a job for you, didn't I?"

"The hell with you and your job," Marty told him. "You said twelve o'clock. It's past one."

"I apologize," Cornling said, bitterly. "I get down on my knees and beg your pardon." He scowled and took his hat off. "I never saw people like that any place. All you guys ever do is stand up on your dignity and yap." He waved his hand at the men in the café. "Everybody sits around with a private gripe. Everybody waits for the lucky break, for a phone call or telegram telling them, hey, hurry up, there's a million dollars waiting for you, come get it quick. They lay around all day and do nothing, and if somebody offers them a job, they get insulted."

He spoke with the quick anger of a man who was losing money every week and couldn't help himself. He went on and on. Marty let him talk. Cornling had thought up some kind of stunt he called The Leap of Death. It would be a financial lifesaver for him, he said, but he couldn't find anyone willing to do it. It involved the heavy tape piano-movers used, and the idea was to pack the tape away so that it wouldn't open for a second or two while the aerialist seemed to go spinning out without support. As the fat man described the stunt, he lost himself and forgot to complain. He spoke eagerly, apparently hoping Marty might consider doing it.

"See, you swing out thirty, forty feet. The impression is maybe here is a guy who's going to get his neck broken. But, of course, you don't."

"That's nice. Thanks."

"What do you say, Marty? It's a million-dollar thrill. It ought to go over big."

"Nut stuff. It isn't my line. You know that. Is this the job you called me over for?"

"It would be a feature act all by itself," Cornling said, persisting. "Good dough goes with it. How about it?"

"If this is the job," Marty said, and began to get up, but Cornling put his hand out to stop him.

"Sit down," he said. The sour scowl went back on his face. "It's not that. Roche sent me. He wants you back in the act."

"Roche sent you?"

"Yes."

Marty couldn't understand it. Cornling clearly enough hated to deal with him, and if he was here it was only because Roche must have insisted strongly. But there wasn't much sense in Roche firing him and then asking him back. It was queer.

"I didn't think I stood in so good with Lucy," he said. "I didn't know she'd take the trouble to fix a spot for me."

"It's not Lucy," Cornling said impatiently. "This is an idea of my own, a new idea, but Roche says he wants you with him for it. If you're reasonable I can put you on."

"Who's getting fired this time? Litfin? Ferdie?"

"Nobody's getting fired. This is a four-man act—you, Ferdie, Lucy—with Roche doing the catching. That's why you have to be reasonable about it," Cornling said. He blinked his eyes unhappily and spoke slowly, carefully: "It's a new man on the pay roll, an extra load. You'll have to take less." He waited.

"Eighty bucks a week," Marty said.

"Nuts!" The fat man stood up and grabbed his hat. "You'll starve to death before I pay you eighty. I—" he started to say something, thought better, and hurried out.

"Ah, you crazy Georgie," Sarto said, coming up as soon as Cornling was gone. The café man had been listening to it all. Now he shook his head as he reproached Marty. He wouldn't let him leave the place.

"Hang around," he said. "Wait till he goes back and sees Roche. Cornling pays but Roche does the hiring up there and it looks like he really wants you. Maybe he'll call up looking for you. Maybe it's not all over."

Marty realized there was something in what Sarto said. He kept sitting at the table and twenty minutes later the phone rang. It was Roche, asking if Marty was still there. Sarto did the talking.

"Yes, yes," he said over the phone. "I'll tell him right away." He hung up and ran over to Marty. "Roche wants to see you. Now be sensible, Georgie. Don't get chesty. It don't pay. You need money for the winter. You need a job." He shoved Marty up out of the chair. "Hurry up there!"

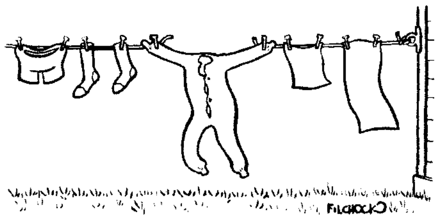
HE FOUND Roche in his dressing room under the outdoor stage. The big man was ready to go out for the afternoon show and there wasn't much time.

"We'll see Cornling after the show," he said as he went to the door. "He still wants me to use Litfin but the four of us will be there in his office and we'll have it out all together. Maybe I can fix it for you. You wait."

"Sure," Marty said, nodding. "How's Lucy?"

He asked only out of politeness but Roche looked at him, a puzzling kind of glance, and then waved his hand without answering. It was a gesture of disgust more than anything else. Marty knew enough to keep silent.

Outside Roche had a half-dozen of his young ones already flying in the air, Litfin among them. Marty stood off a few yards and watched. They worked on low bars and didn't have a good deal more



to them than their gay spirits and a lot of life. Litfin was a born gymnast but it didn't take Marty long to understand why Roche wouldn't use him in the main act or in the four-man combination the way Cornling wanted it. It was no wonder Roche didn't like the boy.

Lucy was standing on the platform of the stage, waiting in her wrap to go on, and every time Litfin finished a trick, the first thing he did was to look down to see how she had liked it. It was a show for her he was putting on, not for the audience. Roche was standing by all the time, his face clouding and getting bitter as he took it all in, but Litfin either didn't see him or else just didn't care.

The kids swarmed down and then Lucy, Ferdie and Roche climbed up the rope ladders to the higher trapezes they used.

"Nice stuff," Marty said as Litfin came by on his way to the dressing rooms. "I have to hand it to you."

"Don't break your heart," Litfin said.

Marty had to smile. "But why don't you keep your mind on your work? You ought to think of what you're doing."

"I don't think. I just do it. I don't have to think."

He rapped out the words and then moved along.

Roche picked up Marty as soon as the performance was over and the two went walking to the office. Litfin was already there, standing straight with his hands in his pockets.

"No use bringing him around," Cornling snapped out as soon as they came in. "He's too swell. You got to get a license just to talk to him."

Marty didn't say anything, deciding to leave it all to Roche.

"He wants his regular price, that's all," the big man said. "I told you that when you went to see him."

"Use Litfin!" Cornling was shouting, too mad and helpless to know how to handle himself. "Litfin's good enough!"

"Listen," Roche said quietly, reasonably. "This was your idea—this Duel of the Air stuff. Not mine. You want something showy, a thrill. Two guys matching tricks up there like it's a fight or something. Well, they got to be two good men, Cornling. I won't have it unless they're both good."

"What about me?" Litfin said, stepping forward.

Roche turned smiling to him. He was gentle, kindly, but Marty didn't miss the way his eyes suddenly seemed to light up. It was as though the big man was beginning to enjoy himself.

"You're good, sonny," Roche said. "You got it, don't worry. But you'll be a whole lot better four, five years from now. See, that's why I asked Cornling to have you here now. So you'd understand and no hard feelings. It's just that Marty's been around longer than you. A good ten years longer. You can't take a thing like that personally."

"I DON'T get it at all," Litfin cried. "First you knock me down for Ferdie. Now a new chance turns up, Cornling wants me, and you bring in a guy from the outside—"

"Take it easy," Roche said, still patient. "Marty's really not from the outside. He was here before you and he's good. He can do things you know nothing about. Full twisting somersaults, single and double. On a good day, if he feels like it, he can do a triple."

Litfin had to pause. "A full, twisting, triple somersault?" he said. He didn't believe it.

"He can do it, sonny."

It was the biggest thing on the trapeze. Nobody anywhere could top it. There weren't many men who could do it and they didn't try it often.

"Wait a minute," Cornling spoke up, getting interested. His anger was gone. "Will he do it?" he asked Roche. "Will he guarantee it?"

Roche looked at Marty, waiting for him to answer.

"You think I'm crazy?" Marty said. "I'm not breaking my head for nothing. If I feel like it, maybe I'll do it, some time. If not, not."

Litfin laughed out sharply at once. "If he feels like it," he crowed. "Maybe. Some time. He can do it, yes, sure, but he won't." He faced Marty. "Four-flusher!" he said.

Marty raised his eyebrows. "Pip, pip," he said. "Look at the kid go."

"Listen!" The boy seemed to go blind with fury. He planted himself on the floor, legs apart. "Anything you can do, I can do it better. Anything! On the bar, on the ground."

"You like yourself," Marty said.

"I'm not bragging. I'm just saying it as a plain fact."

ROCHE had been listening to the two of them, liking it, but now he brought the talk to a close. He went up to Cornling's desk.

"Yes or no," he said, as quietly as ever. "You want this Duel of the Air or you don't. It's all the same to me. But we don't go up without Marty."

Cornling took a moment longer. He frowned and looked worried and weak as he thought it over.

"All right," he said. "You can have him. I'll put him on. . . ."

Roche didn't wait to hear more. He led Marty outside.

"When do you want to start?" he asked as they went down the steps.

"Tonight," Marty said. "I practice every day whether I'm working or not. I'm always ready."

"All right." The big man told him to find some work clothes and go down to the barn where the aerialists drilled. "You limber up," he said. "I'll come down later and catch you for a while, so we can get to working together again. And I'll be able to see what you've got." He went off.

He was taking pains. Marty didn't understand it but it was clear enough at least why he had his job back. Roche was using him, keeping him around because it annoyed Litfin. He had probably fixed it for Marty to meet the boy at Sarto's, knowing there'd be bad feeling. Certainly he had arranged the mix-up at Cornling's office. He had really worked the whole thing, egging Litfin on.

Roche was a peculiar sort of man. Even when you were with him, you had the feeling that he kept to himself. He didn't talk much if he didn't have to, and you could never tell exactly what was going on in his mind.

Roche came into the barn and worked Marty forty minutes before he was satisfied.

"Okay," he said finally and prepared to leave. "You'll do for tonight."

"Hey, Roche, what's going on?" Marty asked.

The big man was some distance from him but he stopped. "Nothing," he said, annoyance in his voice. "You just got your job back, didn't you? Then what the hell are you asking questions for?"

He walked out of the place without another word. He'd get the boy, Marty knew. He'd hurt him bad, in his own time and way, but Marty told himself that wasn't his worry. He still had an hour's practicing to get through and he swung out on the bar.

But later, when he started out for the bus to New York to get his stuff, he had to pass Lucy and Litfin outside the dressing rooms. Lucy was talking along glibly, details out of her past life, and the boy listened eagerly, believing everything she told him.

"Yes," she went on. "I am really trained for the ballet. I was entered in

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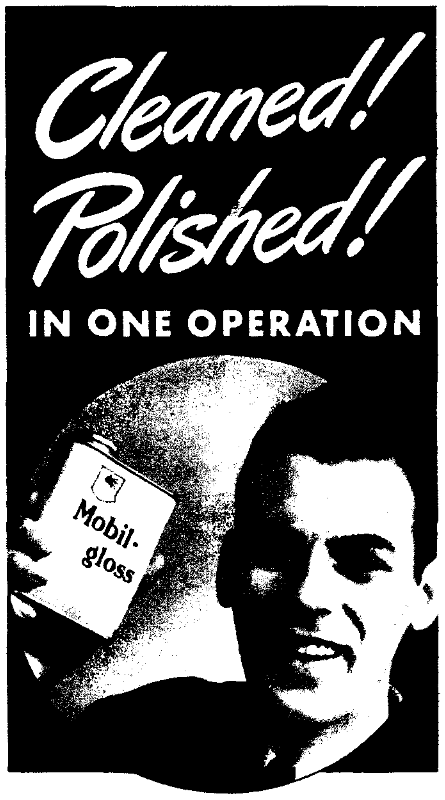

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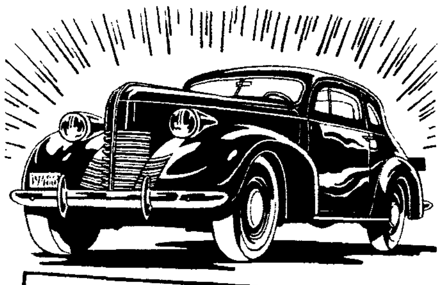

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the Imperial school when I was five years old. . . ." She stopped. She had seen the smile on Marty's face. "Isn't it all true, Georgie?" she asked him, her eyes shining. She could be sly, coquettish, perverse. "Wasn't I supposed to be a prima ballerina?"

"Anything you want to say," Marty said. "Any kind of baloney you feel like telling the kid."

Litfin went black and started forward but Lucy held him back. "Oh, goodby, goodby, you," she called out and Marty kept on going.

He was halfway down the road to the bus station when Litfin caught up with him. The boy grabbed his shoulder and turned him around.

"I took enough," he said. "I got all I want out of you. Sarto's, the office before, now when I'm talking to Lucy Roche . . ."

Marty brushed the boy's hand off his shoulder without getting mad about it. "You want to watch your step, kid," he said. "That girl's got a lot of serious trouble in her."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. She's Roche's baby."

"That's what you think," Litfin snapped. "It's not true. She told me."

"Told you what?"

"They're not married. He's her father. He don't want people to know he's so old, so they keep it a secret like that. Professional reasons."

Marty laughed. He couldn't help it. "Did you ever hear him tell you himself he's her father?"

"No!" the boy said. "Naturally!"

"Well, she gave you a bum steer, kid. She lied."

LITFIN'S face was nasty, threatening. "You think they're married?"

"I don't say they're married, but she's not his daughter." He paused. "If you want the real truth, kid, she's his mother."

The boy cursed, blazing. "You've been looking to louse me up from the start," he shouted. "You're riding me and you don't care what you say or do. That's the only reason you make up this bunk now about Lucy and Roche. You found out I'm going up in the main act tonight and you're sore!"

"What?" Marty stared at him. "You mean to say you're working the main act? You're going up with Roche?"

"You knew it before you started this! You knew Ferdie got boils on his wrists and I was taking his place. That's why you came looking for me again."

Marty whistled. "You certainly picked yourself a beautiful spot to get a guy sore at you," he said.

The boy went wild, still thinking Marty was riding him. He lunged in, punching. Marty tied his arms up and shoved him to the ground, but the boy got up and flailed away again, crying out crazily. Marty had to hit him. The boy kept coming in for more, kicking himself up off the ground each time Marty knocked him down, and he didn't stop until the strength was all gone out of him.

Marty told himself he wasn't going to trouble his head over Litfin, but when he finished packing his valise, he found himself going up to the hotel on Seventieth Street where Ferdie lived. He walked into the room, dropped his bag, and took hold of the other gymnast's wrists. If he really had boils, he would have cried out in pain, but all he did was stand there and wonder what Marty was doing.

"What's the matter?" Marty said. "Why can't you work tonight?"

"Ask Roche," Ferdie said. "I got bad boils."

"What happened?"

"What happened?" The man snickered. "A guy, a big guy, comes in and tells me my boils are getting worse by the minute. I can't work and I have to rest and lay low. I go to the phone and get Roche. That's right, he says, you need a rest. Better do everything just like the guy tells you, he says. So I got boils," Ferdie said. "I lay low."

Marty sat down on the bed, thinking. Cornling's screwy stunt fitted in perfectly. It was all clear now. That was why Roche had been so anxious to make sure Marty had his stuff. Roche knew Litfin couldn't match it but he also knew the boy would eat his heart out trying, out of pride, because of his grudge against Marty.

HE'D take chances until he slipped and missed for a bad, jarring fall into the net. Or, more probably, Roche would wait until he had a good excuse for juggling him on the catch. He'd pull crosswise so that the boy in falling would hit the edge of the net and bounce off altogether. That was better, surer. It might mean weeks in the hospital, months out of work. It might mean worse. Roche would make it look good. Marty could see it. After the fall, the big man would pull himself up, sitting on the bar and swinging with it, sad but helpless. He had done his best, he would seem to say. Nobody could really blame him. It was all the boy's fault.

Ferdie was standing at the window, watching Marty.

"You going to tell the boy?" he asked. "You're going to tip him off?"

"No," Marty said, wondering. "Why should I tip him off?"

Ferdie pursed his lips, blowing air cheerfully. "Maybe it'll rain," he said, glancing out the window. "Maybe they'll call the show off tonight."

"It won't rain," Marty said.

Ferdie started to grin, showing his teeth. "Some fun," he said.

Marty didn't feel like going outside in the cool evening air and he waited alone in the dressing room for the youngsters to get through with their preliminary fireworks. A man stuck his head inside the door to yell it was time, but when Marty reached the alley outside he saw Roche coming to him.

"Ferdie's not working. We go up with Litfin."

"I know," Marty said, and a flicker of irritation passed over the big man's face. Apparently the less Marty knew, the better Roche liked it.

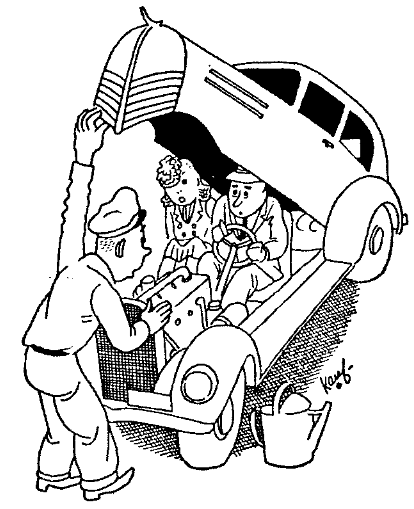
"Come on," he said, and they went ahead to join Lucy and Litfin.

The first thing Marty noticed was that men were dismantling the nets. They were kicking out the rigging underneath and lowering the drops at the sides, hauling the whole business over the far edge of the stage platform. Marty turned to Roche.

"Hey?"

The big man smiled. "Cornling's idea again, not mine. He wants it dramatic, a regular duel to the death. I had no part in it, naturally."

"Well, I don't like it," Marty said.



Roche shrugged his shoulders. "The net's down. How about you?" he asked Litfin. "You got objections? Are you afraid too?"

The boy had been standing silent, his head straight. He was serious-faced and determined. He hadn't looked at Marty once. Now he wouldn't even answer Roche's question. "What do we do?" he asked.

"The regular first part of the routine. The double passes ending up with Lucy's one and a half when I catch her. Then Cornling's Duel stuff." Roche's voice turned oddly lazy. "You two do anything you like, the second trick always topping the first, of course. Whoever has enough first, he quits and the game's over. It's entirely up to you. Now it's just a stunt, an act," he said quietly. "You boys don't want to take it too serious, you know."

He stopped talking and studied their faces. He seemed happy, grimly relishing every moment, and Marty couldn't be surprised by it. The whole setup was beautifully neat. The way Roche had it worked out, it was automatic. The big man didn't even have to juggle Litfin on the catch to make him miss the net. There was no net.

Marty climbed the ladder, going up with them. The show began and there was no way of stopping it now. They breezed through the old routine in silence except for a brief signal or a word or two when they had to speak. They moved along as though they were all impatient to get this part of it out of the way.

LUCY knew what was happening. Marty could tell. Her eyes darted nervously from Litfin to Roche over at the other side. She was excited, frightened, but at the same time Marty didn't know whether she wasn't enjoying it too. Then she swung out for her final somersault. Roche caught her by the legs, helped her to the ladder and the three men were up there by themselves. The spotlight picked up Litfin for the first jump. The white glare lingered some moments, was abruptly turned off, and the boy reached out for the bar.

They started with the simpler turns, working slowly into fancy stuff. Sometimes they used Roche to catch them at his end or else they waved him off, calling for him to send the bar out to meet them as they came in. Litfin had his jaws set. His eyes didn't flinch. Whatever he felt, he didn't show the smallest trace of fear or indecision.

The people below soon became only a vague spread of red dots created by the cigarettes they smoked. Little, sudden flashes of yellow sprung up all around among them as they constantly struck matches to light new ones. Cornling had it figured out well. The act was certainly holding them. Marty felt the tenseness in the audience but each time he followed the boy, he told himself he only had to do his trick as perfectly as he knew how. It was his job, he was getting paid for it, and that was all. He didn't have to know anything else.

But once or twice, when Litfin went in at the other end for the finish of his trick, Marty caught himself bellying out as he watched, praying the boy in to a safe landing. It was a habit a good many aerialists had while their partners were in the air. It was almost instinctive but Marty had to realize that he did it.

"Quit, kid, quit," he told him as they stood together. He spoke impulsively. They had been at it eight or ten minutes now, beginning to reach stunts a youngster with Litfin's lack of experience had no right to try, even with a net under him.

Another two or three minutes and the boy would be shooting hopelessly over his head. "You've gone far

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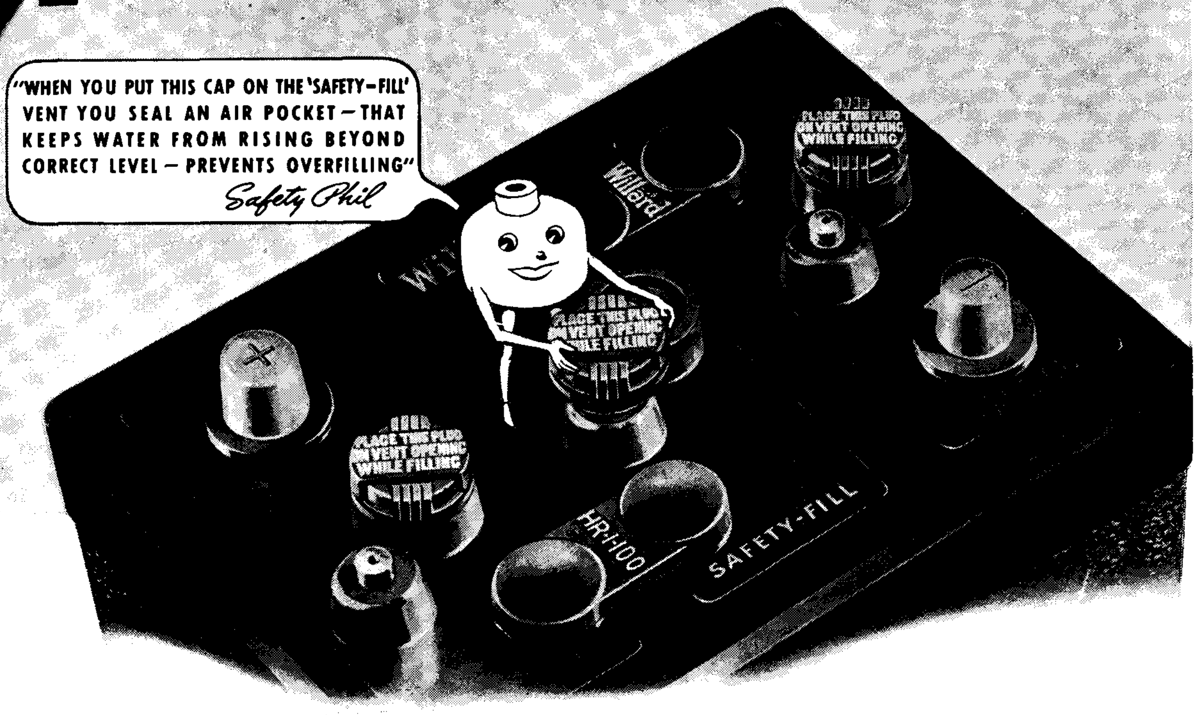
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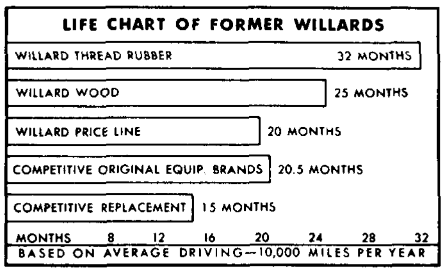

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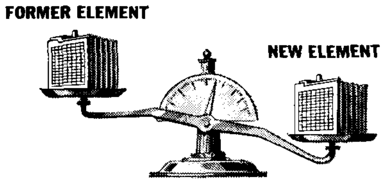
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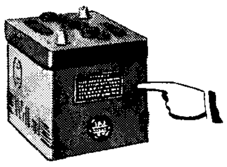

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enough," Marty said. "Climb down after I get through this one. Quit!"

"Nice for you if I did," Litfin said. He was sneering, all confidence and contempt. "Quit if you want to. After me."

"You dumb idiot! Don't you see it? Roche worked this specially to get you. The whole thing's a fake, a trap!"

"Bunk," the boy said. "You're supposed to be a big shot. Do you need this kind of baloney to beat me?"

It was a waste of time. Litfin was altogether too sure of himself to listen to reason. The boy was asking for it. Marty told himself he had done all he could and more, and he pulled in the bar. Nettled, angry, he changed his mind as he swung out. Instead of the trick he had planned to do, he went over for a full twisting single somersault. Roche let the trapeze slip out to him.

"You hurried it with that one," he said as Marty came up. "You passed up a couple of them, didn't you?"

"What about it?"

"Oh, nothing," Roche said. "I don't mind, not at all." He was elaborately innocent, but the strange satisfaction in his eyes was dirty, obscene.

Marty crossed back so that Litfin could go out if he was insane enough to try it again. The boy couldn't expect to top a full twisting single without trouble and even if he managed to get away with it, he'd surely fall on the next one or the one after that.

"Get down!" Marty said, speaking in spite of himself. "Quit! You'll break your neck."

Litfin glanced carelessly over his shoulder at him and then faced the bar again. He was smiling, easy and calm. He'd go through with it, Marty knew. So long as there was a trick in existence to beat the one Marty had done, the boy would try it, every time. He'd never stop until he fell and smashed himself. Marty watched helplessly. Litfin set himself to draw in the trapeze, ready to go out again.

And then, suddenly, almost without realizing what he was doing, Marty had stepped close and elbowed him aside. It all came so quickly that the boy was caught off guard. Before Litfin knew exactly what was happening, Marty had taken the bar himself.

IT WAS a dumb, crazy chance to take but it was the only thing he could do now. Litfin was one of them, a true workman with all the stiff-necked pride and stubbornness that went with it, and the only possible way of making him stop was to do something absolutely unbeatable—something the boy would have to admit couldn't be topped, whether he wanted to admit it or not. Marty swung out to attempt a full twisting triple somersault and all he could do now was to hope he'd finish it.

A startled murmur went up from the audience but he didn't care what they thought. He didn't care what Roche thought. Hanging on the bar, he worked back and forth, taking his time until he had built up all the momentum he wanted. He released his hold and flew up into the air. Bundled up tightly, he went over and over, and then he straightened himself out, twisting desperately to meet the trapeze.

ROCHE had to send it out but he must have hated Marty fiercely. He knew what the full twisting triple meant. A triple had to end any show.

"What's the idea?" he ground out furiously as he saw Marty hook up the trapeze to the stand rope. Marty was hooking it up for good that night.

"It's all over," he said. "It's the last trick. Litfin can't beat it. No one can. You know that."

"Who the hell asked you?" He had been cheated at the last moment and now his face was distorted with cold rage.

"You didn't really want to do that to the kid," Marty said softly. "Not to a nifty little worker like him."

"Get out," Roche said. "Pack up. You're through!"

Marty brought his finger tips to his forehead, a wry salute. He went down.

It didn't take long to shower, change into street clothes and get his things together. He started out for the bus. The winter was ahead of him. He had no job and now he'd have to go hunting for one by himself again, waiting until a call might come in for an extra man to replace some aerialist working in a team.

He was moving along down the road when he noticed a man behind him. He stopped and waited. It was Litfin.

"What are you following me for?" Marty said.

The boy seemed clumsy. The words came hard. "I guess I was a sap—everything you said. I see it now." He paused. "You got fired. I just found out."

"So what?"

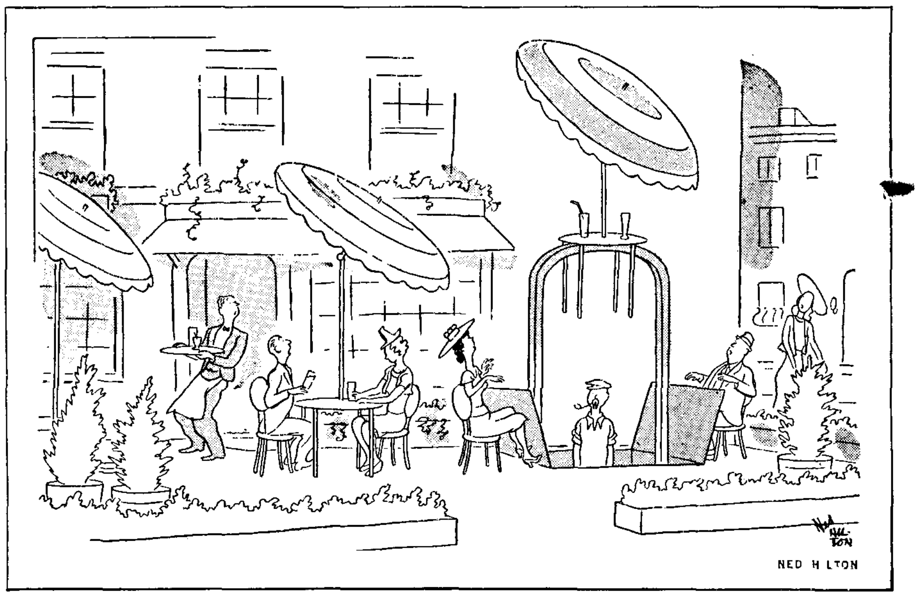
"Well . . ." He faltered again. "We'd work in good together. A good team, you and me. We could find a catcher easy. That is, if you want it. . . ."

Marty looked at him without speaking. "All right," he said finally and turned his face away as he started walking again. "Stick around, then. We'll make out."

The two men walked together in silence for a time until Litfin suddenly spoke.

"You might have killed yourself," he blurted out. "There was no net. You could've broken your own neck."

Marty grinned. "Who, me?" He felt good. "I never miss, kid," he said. "Not me. I never fall."


NED HILTON

What Good is West Point?

Continued from page 17

given a stated number of times each semester. Of the total of 131 during four years hardly a third are courses directly related to being an officer in the Army. The rest are "cultural subjects," science and engineering.

In the summer months, it is true, classes are suspended and the cadets learn something, at least, about work in the field. They go out on what are called "cavalry hikes," expeditions of twenty to twenty-five miles a day on which cavalry problems are studied. They study such engineering problems as the building of pontoon bridges and they get some practical field-artillery training. Infantry maneuvers are also staged. A West Point cadet knows how to deploy troops. He knows the rudiments of infantry tactics.

In the summer months the young men of West Point grow hard and brown and fit. It cannot be overemphasized, I think, that an Academy graduate is a tough, well-co-ordinated physical specimen in addition to being a well-educated, disciplined, honorable man. That the outdoor summer work at West Point is not more immediately related to modern war is not entirely the fault of the Academy authorities. For decades the practical work has been limited by the small size of the reservation. Now this is being expanded. For the field work to be of very great value, aside from physical training, however, such equipment as tanks, motorized units and additional modern guns must be supplied. There must also be a change of viewpoint as to the true function of West Point.

A few West Pointers have, themselves, recently suggested some changes, and have been brushed aside on the ground that they are not familiar with the West Point of today. Occasional outsiders have had the temerity to suggest that radical changes should be made. Would it not be wise, they have asked, to make West Point a graduate school with enrollment limited to men with college degrees? Then the academic work could be curtailed, a thorough military education substituted and commissions as second lieutenants awarded after two years. Twice as many cadets could thereby be graduated into the Army.

Wars Spoil the Routine

The United States Military Academy is a friendly, gracious and hospitable place. All questions are frankly answered. But complacency and self-satisfaction are not absent. West Point as an institution was not greatly disturbed by the Civil War, although the prewar years were marked by heartache and bitterness between Northern and Southern cadets and although West Point officers fought bravely and with distinction on both sides, the four-year course was maintained. The war with Spain, too, hardly disturbed the tranquillity of the Academy, although two classes were graduated ahead of time. But the World War, in the words of an analysis by the Academy's department of economics, government and history, "caused an upheaval."

Indeed, "every war in which the United States has been involved . . . has brought some disturbance to the normal tenor of the Military Academy's activities." The Academy does not like upheavals; a normal tenor is vastly preferable.

The "upheaval" of the World War was particularly severe. Memory of it will stiffen resistance of the older officers at West Point to similar changes now that the nation is again confronted with danger. The class of 1917 was graduated two months ahead of time—which was regarded as proper enough. But the other three classes were also assigned to active duty in short order; the class of 1921 was graduated thirty-two months ahead. The distress of the Academy administration was not that these young men were sent to fight, some to die. What bothered them was the disorganization of West Point when the war ended.

"No second- or first-year men were on hand to teach the plebes the tradition of the Academy," I was solemnly told.

All of which is partly sound and partly bunk. The upper classmen, it might be noted, take a vast amount of work off the shoulders of the regularly assigned tactical and military officers at West Point. They get, themselves, some training in teaching close-order drill. But a degree, at least, of the work of the upper classmen is about as vital as that of a sophomore hazing a freshman at any college. He sees to it that the plebes ascend and descend stairs two steps at a time without touching the banister. He keeps the plebes from speaking unless spoken to.

Outside Criticism Might Help

West Point might benefit from outside inspection. The United States Naval Academy at Annapolis is inspected annually by a Board of Visitors on which habitually serve such distinguished men as the presidents of Northwestern University, the University of California, the University of Wisconsin and of Lafayette College. Also on the Board of Visitors are members of the House and Senate. To Annapolis journeys this distinguished body of men each year. It spends about a week in exhaustive inquiry and drafts a comprehensive report.

West Point, too, has a Board of Visitors; made up of a dozen or more members of the Senate and House Military Affairs committees. Two years ago three members of the Senate appeared for the annual inspection and last year three members of the House! They were tendered a luncheon by the superintendent, watched the glamorous dress parade and went home at the end of the day. A report of a few hundred words was drafted and printed in the Congressional Record where nobody saw it. The truth is that West Point has no desire for stringent outside supervision. A proposal by Senator Sheppard of Texas to add five educators to the Board of Visitors was opposed by the then superintendent, Major General William D. Connor. Brig. Gen. Jay L. Benedict, now the superintendent, has said he would welcome investigation by any specially drafted commission, but that he has small faith in routine boards. Anyway, nothing is done. West Point still runs itself.

In theory, the Academy is run by the superintendent and his staff under the supervision of the War Department. Actually, I am convinced, it is run by a permanent group of officers called the Academic Board. This is composed of the heads of the various collegiate departments, the superintendent and two or three other officers. Their devotion to West Point is sincere and complete So, I suspect, is their control. I don't think any superintendent, whose assignment to the institution is normally for four years, would cross swords with the Academic Board. I doubt that the

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War Department would oppose its will.

A brief historical note will throw some light on today's West Point. As far back as 1777 Congress authorized the establishment of a military school for "young gentlemen." George Washington energetically supported the plan, but it was not until 1802 that the Academy became a permanent institution. The United States, needless to say, was a far different nation in 1802 than today. No college of first rank existed west of the Allegheny Mountains and there were few in the East. High schools were almost as rare. It was essential that a military school for "young gentlemen" provide for their higher education in cultural subjects, and this was done. Today there are colleges throughout the land, yet at West Point, save in the summer months when the cadets are sent on maneuvers or to camp, collegiate subjects take up most of the time. During the academic year, military drill is limited to two hours per week! It is not unusual for men with two and three years of college to be admitted to West Point. College graduates sometimes become cadets. But so rigid is the Academy system that men with degrees are forced to take the identical courses with boys who have just left high school. They must go back over all their French, their Spanish, their elementary English composition and their mathematics.

German, incidentally, is not taught at West Point. Its authorities admit, somewhat lugubriously, that instruction in German might be a good idea and it is being "considered."

An Expert Speaks

I have encountered no West Point graduate, nor any outsider familiar with the Academy, who casts the slightest doubt on the sincerity of its administrative officers.

The criticism of West Point rises from its distaste for change when warfare has changed. Modern warfare demands in young officers the highest development of personal initiative and resourcefulness. A method of training the cadets in excessive accuracy in shoulder-to-shoulder marching is not conducive to developing the type of officer now demanded.

Among the leading critics of some features of West Point's elementary training in discipline and in military affairs is Major General William C. Rivers, now retired, who graduated with the class of 1887. General Rivers fought in the later Indian wars, at Santiago and in the Philippines, and in France had a line-of-battle command in all our major combats.

When the name of General Rivers was mentioned at West Point there was a discernable tendency to belittle his knowledge of the Academy and to discount his suggestions for change. But it seems to me, on the contrary, that the general has made a thorough and intelligent study of the institution and that he is scrupulously fair. Before making any of his suggestions for changes at the Military Academy, General Rivers spent ten days at West Point, in a quiet season, in order to freshen his knowledge of the school. He then went to Annapolis and spent a fortnight in detailed and careful study of the Naval Academy. General Rivers had the unusual privilege of being, as a young officer, twice ordered from the Indian country for duty at West Point. He has, therefore, passed ten years of his life at his Alma Mater.

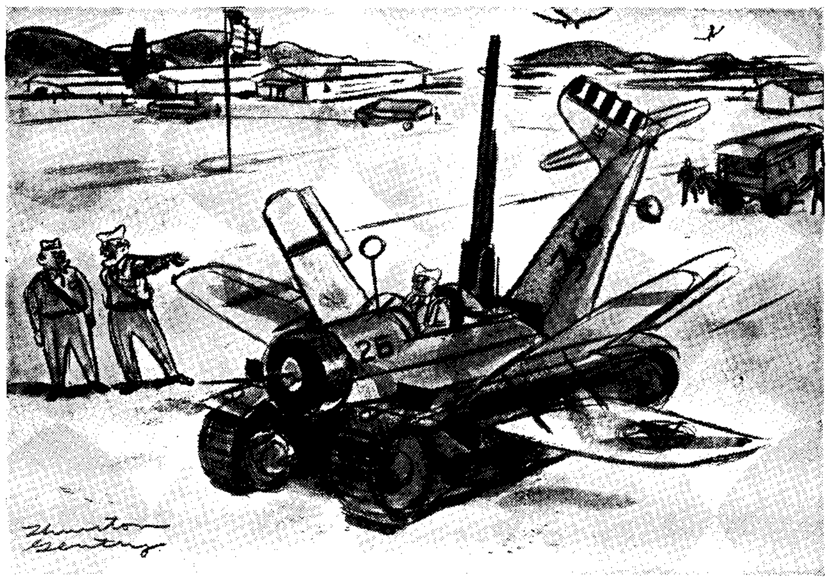
"Some things about West Point I believe we all agree on," he told the House Committee on Military Affairs a few years ago. "Among these are that it is one of the noblest and most valuable assets of America. . . ."

But General Rivers believes, as he told the House Committee, that the cadets "are too closely confined." He thinks they are not given enough vacations. The midshipmen at Annapolis "have perhaps double the vacation time in four years—aside from the cruises." Greater freedom "would result in better work and in better physical and general development.

"Too much segregation and too many rules and regulations," General Rivers added, "do not aid the development of character, in my opinion. These merely add unnecessarily to the nervous strain and to the minor frictions of cadet life. The best means for developing personal initiative and personal resourcefulness are of paramount importance since the World War."

In short, war had changed even in 1918 and West Point had not—or too little. General Rivers went on:

"Many of us graduates—who have had extended battle work in war—believe that it is important gradually to modify and rationalize West Point's method of elementary disciplinary training in order to meet the modern demand for officers possessing the highest degree of personal initiative."



"I knew something like this would happen the way Congress is rushing things!" THURSTON GENTRY

It was "disturbing," he said, to see that none of the graduating cadets could execute "simple maneuvers with a training airplane, and that the chief daily military exhibition in June week remains the formal dress parade. Why not release the seniors from the ranks after two years shoulder-to-shoulder training, some of which is suited for mass maneuvers and for attacking hollow squares at close quarters?"

Even more drastic criticism has been offered by Colonel T. Bentley Mott, who graduated from West Point in 1886, served as an instructor in tactics from 1890 to 1894, was on General Pershing's staff in France and then military attaché at the American Embassy in Paris. Colonel Mott, too, is severely condemned at the Academy on the ground that he is not familiar with the West Point of today. He insists, however, that he has repeatedly interviewed recent graduates, young instructors and officers whose sons are at the Academy.

"From this examination," Colonel Mott wrote in his book, Twenty Years as Military Attaché, "there comes out the uncomfortable fact that West Point has not adapted its conception of military discipline to the conditions which have existed in our country since the Spanish War period. In the next great conflict its graduates of today will have to unlearn much of what they are absorbing, just as those of yesterday had to discard the same baggage when training and commanding the conscripts of 1917, 1918."

Colonel Mott thinks that "discipline is not really taught at West Point; it is merely enforced." He does not think the second lieutenants who emerge from the Academy can deal out any such discipline to free Americans in an army. Colonel Mott disagrees, too, with the educational system at West Point, where the vast majority of the teachers —even those who teach "cultural subjects"—are Army officers. But his main objection is that so little military knowledge is imparted. Says Colonel Mott:

Anyway, They're Educated

"Boys are accepted at West Point and are educated there for the simple purpose of making them useful soldiers, and yet during the first three years hardly one military subject is taught in the classroom. Intellectually they are, during those years, as little in contact with military ideas as the girls in Miss Spence's School."

That crack seems a little unfair. I don't wonder that mention of Colonel Mott arouses no enthusiasm at West Point. My own guess would be that West Point's system of instruction is better than at the majority of colleges. The classes are small, only fourteen men. Each cadet recites every day. The relationship between the students and teachers seems close and harmonious. But sharp criticism of West Point's educational system has been made, too. Professor Leroy T. Patton of Texas Technical College wrote in the Journal of Higher Education that West Point officers, in his judgment, did not make adequate professors. Too few had proper training in the subjects they taught. A minority held advanced degrees. There was small incentive for an officer, holding a teaching post for only four years and then returning to active duty, to exert himself.

But West Point men are brave. West Point men tell the truth. West Point men are gentlemen. To suggestions that the Academy be made a graduate school, the authorities answer that it takes four years to instill these qualities. To suggestions that less English literature be taught and more military science, it is answered that an officer must be an informed and intelligent man.

Abroad, the military schools are far more closely geared to the art of war. At England's Royal Military College (Sandhurst) and Royal Military Academy (Woolwich) the course is only eighteen months and the education is strictly military and professional. It is idle, naturally, to speak of French schools today. They are doubtless what the Nazis have ordered. But until the collapse of France the cadets spent only two years at the famous L'Ecole Spéciale Militaire at St. Cyr or at L'Ecole Polytechnique in Paris. Germany had five academies just before the war. Candidates for admission had to show, besides "proof of Aryan descent," that they had the equivalent of two years of college. The courses at all of them last about a year and a quarter. Italy has a two-year course. West Point, as far as I can learn, is the only military school except the Royal Military College of Canada which gives a full collegiate education. At Sandhurst, indeed, the desperate exigencies of war have forced a reduction of the normal eighteen-months course to sixteen weeks.

It was late afternoon as we prepared to leave West Point after our final visit and crowds were gathering to watch the dress parade, famous throughout the world. The sun was still hot. It was a warm day. I wondered, as the magnificent parade began, how the cadets could stand it in their high, tight collars and stiff uniforms. These, too, were a symbol of a day that has passed. They are fit young men, however. They gave no sign of discomfort or fatigue. Their ranks were mathematically precise. Near me stood an elderly couple who had obviously driven in from their farm to see the spectacle.

"How do they ever learn to do it so well?" I asked the man.

"I dunno," he answered. "The Rockettes at the Music Hall in New York are just as good, though."

It Depends on What You Want

That, too, was an unfair crack. The Rockettes' precision dancing may be as accurate, in its way, as the dress parade at West Point. But the dress parade is only an outward symbol of what is wrong at the United States Military Academy. Is West Point any good? That depends on what you want. If it is an institution which turns out men of honor, men of intelligence, men who believe in tradition, men with cultural background, men who will do their duty, men who are brave—why then, West Point is very good indeed. West Point doesn't pretend to train for today's war. Possibly it doesn't even build men for tomorrow's war. It sends out men who, in the course of further training and years of service, will become competent officers.

"Every war," to quote again the official history of the institution, "has brought some disturbance to the normal tenor of the Military Academy's activities." If you want a West Point tuned up to immediate combat, to tanks and parachute troops and totalitarian efficiency and lightning thrusts and mechanization and horror and death—why then, West Point is not much good.

Some statistics: The total number of the graduates of West Point from 1802 to date is 12,238. From 1802 until the Civil War the Academy turned out but 1,887 graduates. About 1,250 of these, of all ages, were living in 1861. There were about 100,000 officers on both sides in the Civil War. However, during the four years of conflict there were 445 general officers—on both sides—from the small number of West Pointers living in 1861. At the close of the Civil War all the armies on both sides were commanded by graduates of West Point. Also, the commanders of nearly all the corps and divisions in the Union army and in the Confederate army were West Point graduates. The above is a truly remarkable record of men who had no sort of political influence or prestige to aid them in being given army commands.

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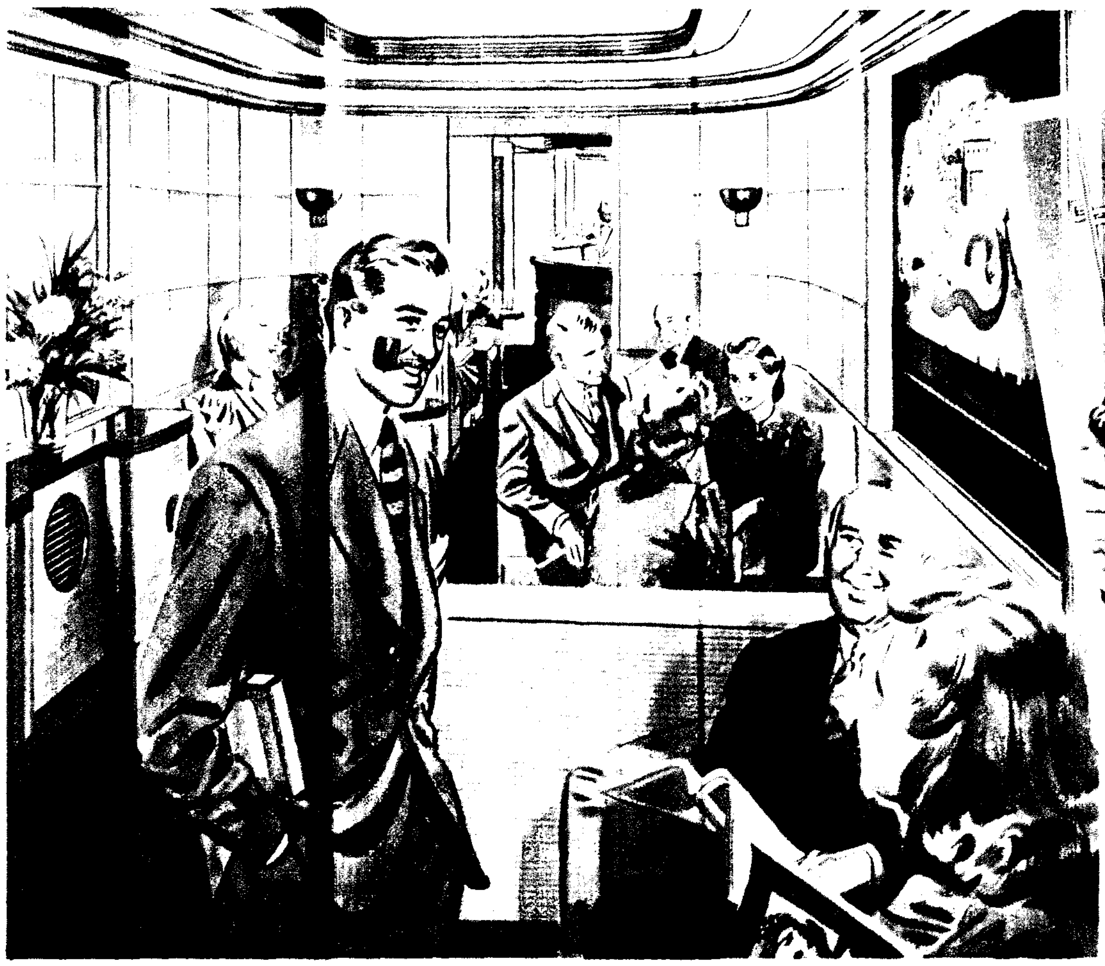

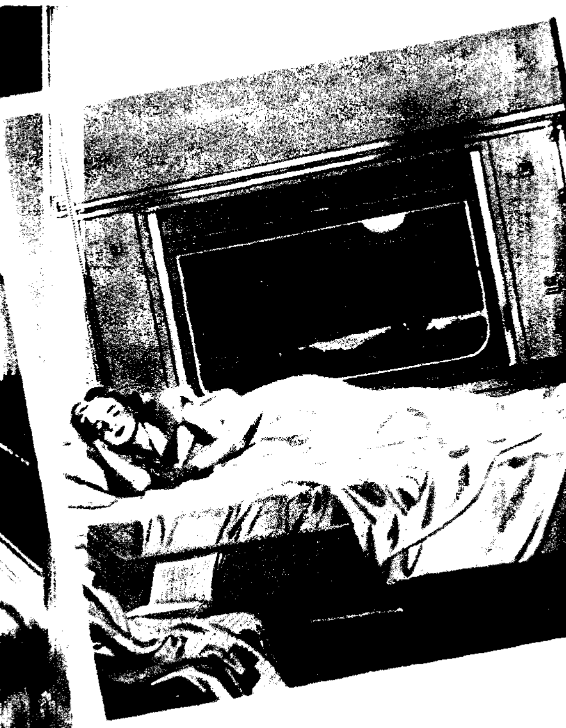

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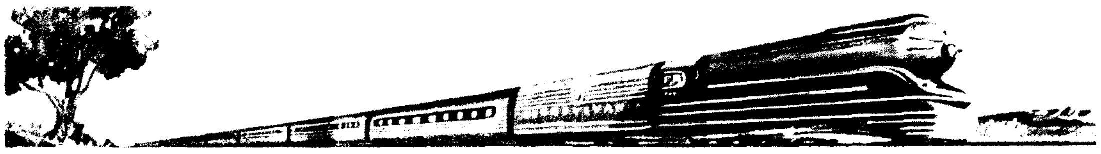

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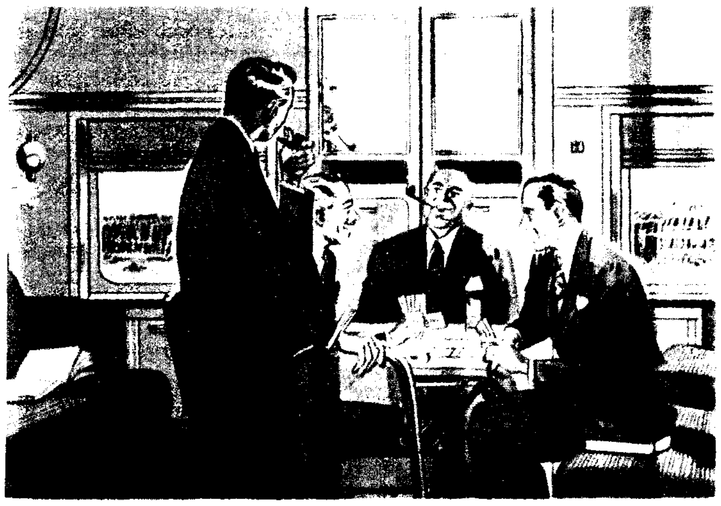

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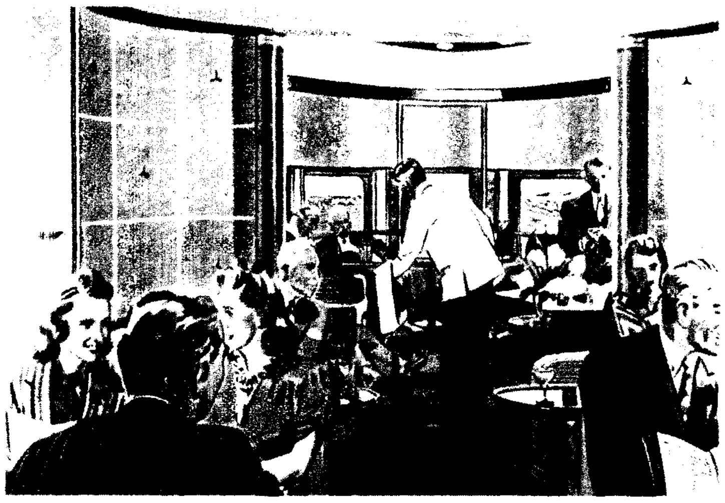

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The Big Mistake

Continued from page 15

Ronnie was on the point of refusal. But just as she started to shake her head Mrs. Peter Jeffries pulled her blue sedan out of the space in front and Dick Hendricks promptly pulled in his old jallopy.

Ronnie stared. Frieda Lewis was Dick's companion. But now Dick was jumping out. He was rushing around to open the door for Frieda and to help her to the curb. Not until he was assured of Frieda's complete safety did he send an inclusive glance toward Ronnie and Roger, and it was a pretty satirical glance.

Roger was amused.

"Well, Frieda!" he said. "You don't seem any too particular what you ride in, these days!"

Frieda put her hand over Dick's arm and hung on him.

"Why!" she said, "I'm simply crazy about that little old car!"

"Some girls," Dick explained, "happen to be a lot more particular about the company they're with than the car they're in. *If* you know what I mean."

That was final. A few minutes later Ronnie and Roger seated themselves at the soda fountain where Dick and Frieda were perched side by side. Dick, Ronnie noticed, was talking a lot and Frieda was laughing.

"Look—" Roger was saying. "You know that dance on the sixteenth—the one for the senior class—"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "how about going with me?"

Ronnie hesitated. She glanced at Dick, but Dick was still making Frieda Lewis laugh.

"The only thing is," Roger went on, "I hope you wouldn't mind if—well, it's a kind of a long run for a taxi. . . ."

"Oh, well—" Ronnie told him, "we could go in my car as far as that's concerned. . . . But I don't know. I had a sort of a date—"

Roger looked at her possessively.

"Forget it," he said.

It was at that very moment that Dick leaned toward Frieda Lewis and asked her if she wouldn't like another root beer. Ronnie actually heard him. She turned back to Roger.

"Maybe I will forget it!"

"Sure you will," he said, picking up the check in a lordly way. "But now maybe you'd like me to drive you home."

And he did drive her—in her car. He was, it seemed, a fool about driving. . . .

SO IT was that Roger Perry came into her life. Ronnie herself was a little surprised and not too pleased to find him there. But Roger was putting himself out to be pleasant—making a point, too, of being almost sensationally polite to Ronnie's parents.

He came over late one afternoon to find John Ferguson perfecting his putting on the newly clipped lawn.

"That's form, sir!" he cried enthusiastically. "That's what I call *form!*"

John Ferguson straightened his back and stared at the young man.

"There's one thing about that opinion," he admitted. "It's unique."

But Ronnie's mother turned, smiling, from her precious rose bushes.

"Don't let him tease you, Roger!"

She need not have bothered. Roger had a great deal of aplomb for one of his tender years. He smiled benevolently at Ronnie's parents and then he turned to Ronnie:

"I'm supposed to go over to Helm City this afternoon—pick up some fool package for my mother at the railway express. I sort of thought you might like to come along."

"No," Ronnie said. "Helm City is no particular thrill for me."

He hesitated a second.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I'd be speaking out of turn if I—well, Ronnie, you wouldn't really mind lending me the car, would you?"

Ronnie looked a bit startled. Then she took the keys out of her pocket.

"Of course not!" she said. "Take it away!"

So Roger took the car away, turning very sedately around the corner of Wynperle Avenue. Marcia Ferguson smiled.

"That boy," she said, "has delightful manners!"

John Ferguson tapped his golf ball into the sunken cup.

"Well—yes," he agreed. "He's a regular Chesterfield. But what's happened to the Hendricks kid, Ronnie? I kind of miss falling over his feet every time I come up on the porch."

"Well, I don't!" cried Ronnie, with vehemence. "Because if a person doesn't care enough about another person than to mind the person having a darned old 1937 *automobile*—"

"Oh! I see. But this young Perry is being pretty big about it."

"Well, yes—he is."

"Just the same, I'd rather you didn't lend him your car, Ronnie."

"Well, all right," mumbled Ronnie, "but what are you supposed to say when people want to borrow your car?"

"Say no."

"Well, all right," Ronnie said again, disconsolately, "but I don't see why a car has to *complicate* a person's life the way it does!"

The beautiful summer afternoon continued to drag along in a dreadful, leaden way. Ronnie dispiritedly thumbed her way through several magazines—until the telephone rang.

She ran into the house and listened, her face gone very white, to the incoherent outburst at the other end of the line. She turned helplessly to her father, standing in the doorway.

"It's Roger—" she stammered. "It's the car—"

He took the telephone away from her. A few seconds later he put it down. He stared at Ronnie.

"He's got a few cuts around his face. And he's skinned his knee, he says. His knee!"

Marcia Ferguson's eyes were frightened over an armful of red roses.

"What—" she faltered. "Oh, *what,* John—"

"His knee! His knee! His knee!" shouted John Ferguson. "The fool kid runs into a coal truck—wrecks the car—and gets out of it with a skinned *knee!*"

He stalked into the living room and his wife and daughter trailed after him.

"Roger said," Ronnie put in timidly, "the coal truck ran into *him.*"

"Of course—" John Ferguson said, choking. "Oh, of course! . . . I suppose I'd better get hold of that confounded insurance agent—"

"Yes," Ronnie's mother said. "It's too bad—this whole thing— But, oh, John, isn't it a wonderful thing that the boy didn't really hurt himself!"

ROGER himself concurred most heartily in this opinion. He was, in fact, none the worse for his experience. His knee was not bothering him at all, and the neat little white strips over his nose and cheekbones merely gave him a mildly adventurous look. He sat on the top step of the front porch and told Ronnie how quick-witted he had been.

"The thing I don't get," he added, "is this attitude your father seems to take. Anybody would almost think he was kind of annoyed about it! As if it was my fault! And besides, the old hack was practically covered, wasn't it?"

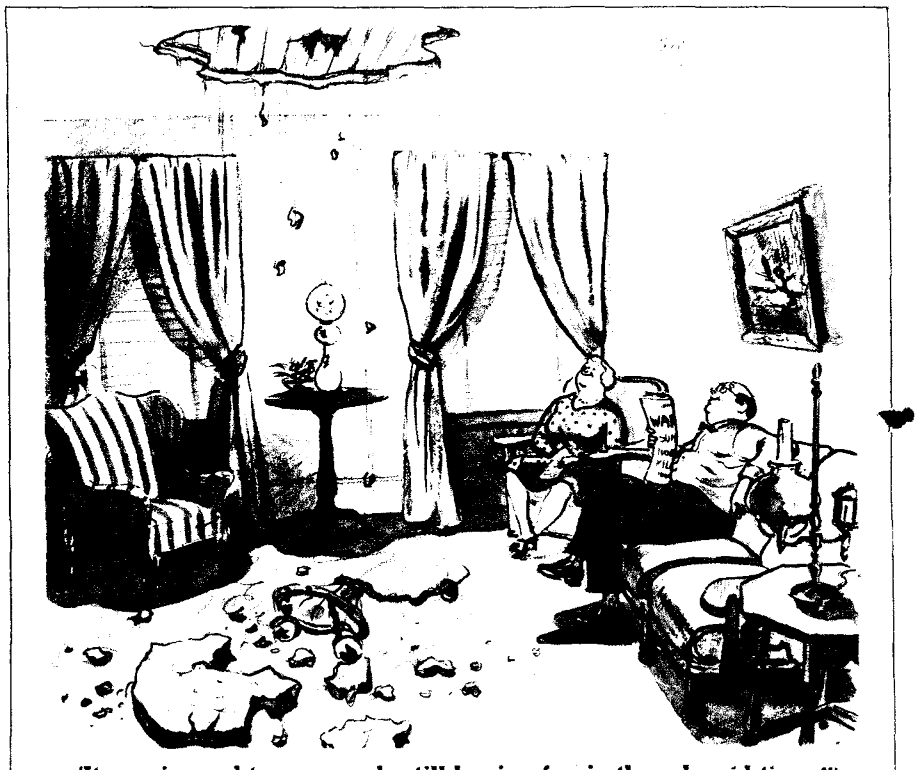
"Oh, I don't know," Ronnie said wearily. "My father says it's not the same thing. He says he just isn't exactly crazy about a thing like that happening to my car."

"Anyhow," Roger said, "your mother's been swell about it."

"Well, but my mother seems to be awfully glad you're still alive."

"I should think anybody would be!" he assented warmly. "But, look—what are they doing to that car?"

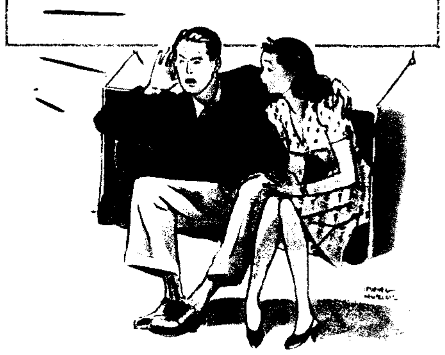
"Oh! The insurance company is sell-



'It sure is good to see people still having fun in these horrid times!"

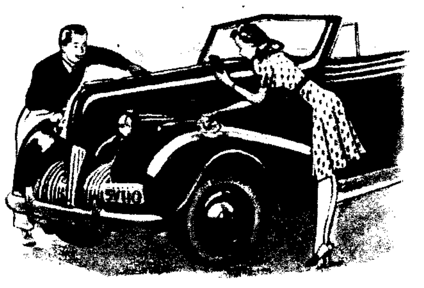
A. ROSS

"Does he mean ME?"



The Heart Throb was helping me plot how to pop the question to the old folks . . . when this floated out the window: "A rather untidy, careless young man, I'd say, Martha. Look at his car, for instance"

The H. T. nudged me. "Come on out to the garage," she whispered. "I've an idea." She rummaged a bit, then handed me a can. "This is Pa's private Du Pont No. 7 Polish," she said. "Let's change his ideas right now!"



Well, I never dreamed polishing could be that easy! In no time at all my old car was outshining the moon! Then we parked her out front, where her Pa just happened to see it a little later. One surprised look at the dazzling car, and he said, "Har-rumph! Er—how are you getting along at the office, Jim?"

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ing it to the junk yard—Andy's place. And they're giving me cash."

"Well, that's swell! I'll help you pick out a new one."

"A new what?"

"A new car!"

Ronnie looked vague.

"I'll let you know about that," she said.

But when her father was ready to broach the same subject, Ronnie was no longer in the least vague. Her mind was made up. She faced him resolutely:

"I don't want another car, Dad! Honestly, I don't! But look—more than anything in the whole world I want a new evening dress and new shoes with wedges—and if you *knew* how I hate going to parties in that old blue coat with the fur collar trying to kid myself it's an evening coat when it *isn't*! Oh, Dad! Please do you suppose I could have a real evening coat with just a little bit of that money?"

Her father smiled at her.

"Why not?" he said.

SO IT was that Ronnie, with full parental approval, made ready for the dance on the long-awaited night of Saturday the sixteenth.

She could hardly believe her own eyes as she stood in her simple little room and stared at the woman of destiny confronting her in the mirror. Her eyes, marveling, traveled from the long, ruffled dress of cream-colored net to the high-wedged golden sandals. And then, with hands that shook a little, she brought the evening coat about her shoulders. The coat was a shimmering gold, sheer and frivolous, and it had a collar of the softest satin. Ronnie's radiant eyes went back to the mirror—her lips parting in naïve amazement and delight. She saw herself coming into the clubhouse with Roger Perry at her side. She saw Dick Hendricks turning from Frieda Lewis to stare at her, Ronnie, in hopeless longing and shame and regret. Ronnie was slipping into his arms with a smile, when her mother came in, to say the nice Perry boy was down on the porch.

Ronnie closed the door and turned to Roger a bit shyly—expecting, if the truth must be told, that Roger would be all but stricken dumb. It was a rude shock to discover that Roger was not even noticing the ruffled dress and the golden coat. He was obviously agitated about something else.

"Look—!" he said. "They've got a car at the Elite Garage that's just come in. A '39. Convertible. A little honey! So I told 'em to hold it."

"You told them *what?*"

"To hold it! For you. I thought we might even get it tonight—drive over to the dance in it. I'm sure they'd let you if they knew you were buying it. Ronnie, I tell you frankly I don't think you could do better. What they're asking and what we could get 'em to come down—why, you'd come out ahead on this deal! You'd thank me for smashing up that bus!"

Ronnie smiled at him.

"Maybe I do. I won't be buying any car, though. I got tired spending all my allowance for gasoline and—"

"Gasoline!" he yelled, in anguished protest. "*Gasoline!* Why, don't *be* that way! Why, we could even go fifty-fifty on the gas! *I'll* pay for half of everything you—"

"No," Ronnie said. "No, Roger. Because I've bought clothes." Shyly she touched the cream-colored ruffles. "See?"

But he had only an angry glance for the beautiful dress.

"Well, for being dumb—!" he said. "For being dumb—!"

Ronnie stared at him.

"Why!" she said, when she could speak. "It's enough to make a person lose their faith in human nature! It absolutely is! Why! I don't believe you like me for myself at all! You like me for my car!"

Roger was sulky.

"You haven't got any car," he reminded her. "And if you wouldn't mind telling me how we're supposed to get to that fool dance tonight—"

"I'm not going," Ronnie said, edging toward the door. "Thank you just the same."

"But—"

"No," said Ronnie. "No, thank you."

It was easy to get rid of Roger. It was almost embarrassingly easy. Ronnie came back into the living room and tried to look at her parents with an amused smile.

"Well," she said, "I guess I look pretty swell for somebody who isn't going anywhere!"

But then her lips trembled and two bright tears splashed down her cheeks. Her father considered her, gently, over his evening paper.

"Ronnie," he said, "you're going to get over this."

"Yes, Dad. Sure."

"It isn't the only dance they'll ever have at the club."

"No, Dad. Of course not!"

"And the Hendricks boy," he added, "isn't the only mortal boy in the world!"

Ronnie managed a light laugh.

"Oh!" she said. "As if it mattered about *him!*"

Ronnie's mother turned from the living-room window. She was smiling a little.

"It's too bad you feel like that about it. Because here he is now," she said. "And—why, it can't be! It just can't *possibly* be! Or—do you think it could be, John?"

John Ferguson stared through the window and Ronnie peered cautiously over his shoulder. Dick Hendricks had slammed the door of his car and was coming, with a swagger, up the sidewalk. Ronnie's father fell back in his chair with a mighty shout of laughter.

"Well, sure enough! Sure enough! By golly, Ronnie, that's your car! So help me, the kid's bought it from the junk yard and made it run—!"

IT RAN all right. It was as smooth as honey on the road. Dick drove with ease and a quiet pride. He was trying to look pretty casual about the whole thing.

"It took the old hack and twenty-five bucks out of the fund," he said. "It took a lot of fast work, too—I kind of wanted it for tonight."

"Well," Ronnie said, "I thought you might be taking somebody else."

"Nope! I don't take any other dame any further'n a root beer. And you ought to know that!"

Ronnie smiled.

"What if *I'd* gone with somebody else?"

"You wouldn't," he said. "If anybody else had been around they'd just have had their ears pinned back. That's all."

Ronnie liked that. They rode along in silence for a while. Then she looked at his hands on the wheel and felt a joy almost too keen to be borne.

"Well, you're crazy!" she said, aloud. "You're absolutely crazy! Because now you're the one that'll have to buy the gasoline!"

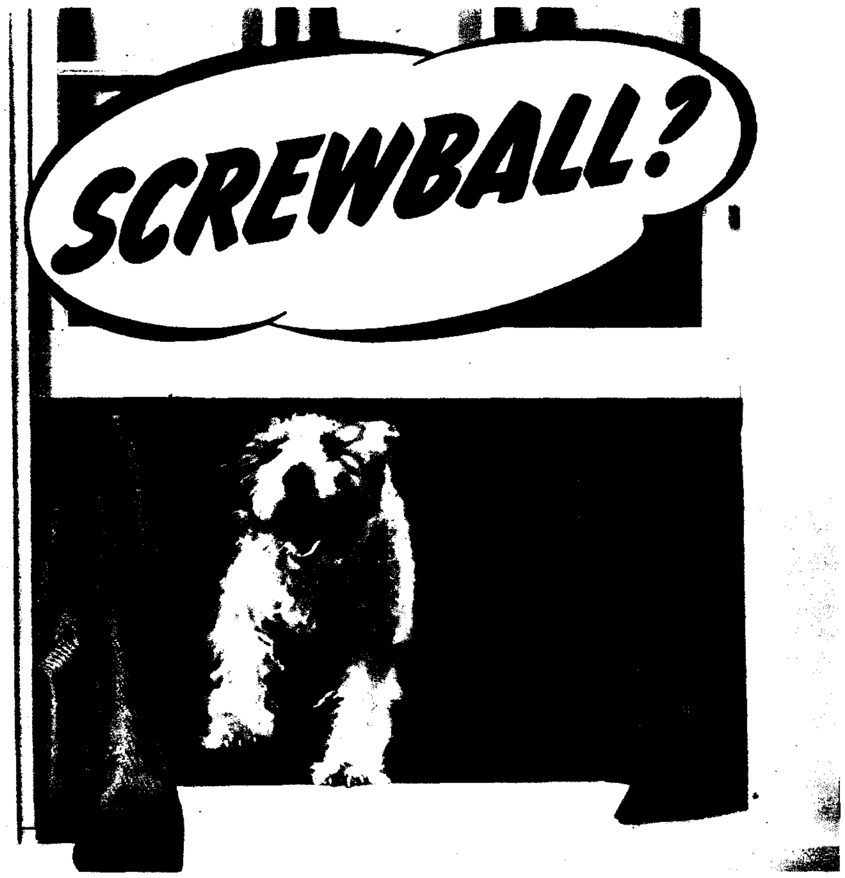
"Yeah? And what kind of a guy would want *you* buying it?" He glanced at her, his eyes more ardent than his words. "Matter of fact, you don't look so bad in that outfit—I guess I don't mind dragging you around."

They smiled at each other in a moment of pure enchantment.

"Dope," she said.

"Dope yourself," he told her.

Then he put his hand over hers. His hand was very warm and strong.



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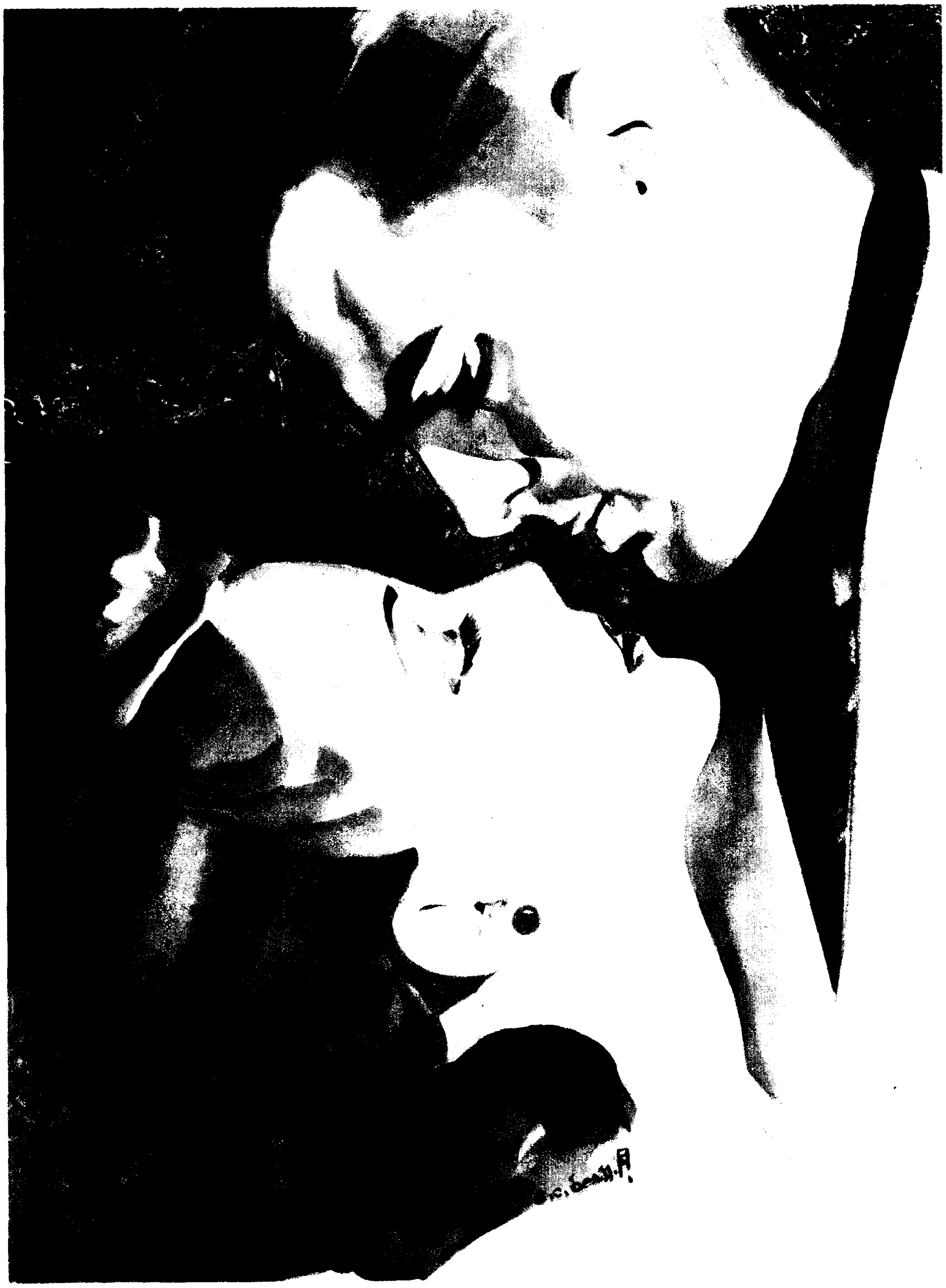
The Man She Loved

By John Cheever

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Dexters loved their daughter Lila. So did Lord Devereaux. So did Joe. And so, apparently, did a horse in the sixth at Saratoga



We said goodby. Out by the closed paddock. We kissed, but then he turned and walked off

MRS. DEXTER overheard Joe ordering a pork chop. That was the way it began. The Dexters were late in going up to the diner and all of the tables were taken. The waiter gave them the three unoccupied chairs at Joe's table. They nodded to Joe in the way strangers nod to one another in a dining car and then everybody sat down and stared at the menu. The waiter returned a few minutes later and Joe ordered the pork chop. "But, young man, you shouldn't eat pork," Mrs. Dexter told him, "you don't look at all well and you shouldn't eat pork—fried pork."

Lila broke the embarrassed silence that followed her mother's exclamation. "Tilly, darling," she said, "let the gentleman eat what he wants." She gave Joe an apologetic smile. "Yes, Tilly," Charles said, "it's really none of your business, you know." Then Joe changed his order from pork to calves' liver and that was how the Dexters met him. They spent the rest of the trip together in the club car. That was aboard the race-track special pounding through the mill towns north of Albany on its way to Saratoga.

Joe Clancy was a good-looking Irishman with the apprehensive scowl of a man watching his horse falter on the stretch. Years of gambling had drawn four deep lines in his forehead that even sleep failed to erase. Mr. and Mrs. Dexter were a well-dressed middle-aged couple. Lila, their daughter, was not quite twenty. Her fine features, her long lashes and blue eyes were less noticeable than the impression of youth and spirit she gave. They were a confused and friendly family and when the train drew into Saratoga Mrs. Dexter told Joe: "It was very nice to have met you. We'll see you at the track tomorrow, and come up to the hotel for dinner on the first evening you're free." Then she turned and began to wave at a policeman and to call: "Redcap! Redcap! Redcap!" She was quite nearsighted.

Twenty years earlier the Dexters had made the trip from the Saratoga depot to the Grand Hotel in an open carriage. It had been partly to commemorate this trip that they had returned. In the intervening years they had seen a great deal of change. On their first trip they had been people of wealth and position. Personal extravagance and reckless speculation had reduced them to living in a modest apartment off the income Charles made from selling cars.

Lila had finished secretarial school that spring and was going to work in the fall. Both her parents felt they owed her at least one glimpse of a world they had known rather well. They were giving it to her as a birthday present. It was largely for this reason that they were making a trip they could not afford into a world they had tried to forget.

"They haven't changed a thing," Mrs. Dexter said that evening, gesturing around the dining room of the Grand Hotel. Lila noticed a dark-haired man approaching their table. "The same windows," Mrs. Dexter rattled on, "the same decorations—"

SHE stopped speaking when she became conscious of someone standing at their table. It was the man Lila had noticed. Mrs. Dexter gave him the rude stare of those who are very nearsighted. Then her face lighted. "Lord Devereaux! Lord Devereaux! How young you look! Why, how young you've grown! You've grown so much younger since I saw you last. You've—" She seemed confused. Then she began again with even more enthusiasm: "But you're not Percy Devereaux, are you? You're Napier Devereaux! Little Napier Devereaux! For a minute I thought you were your dear father. How you've grown! Napier, how you've grown! Charles! Charles this is Napier Devereaux. My daughter, Lila."

The Englishman sat down at their table. He was a man in his thirties with a sharp, aristocratic face, a cleft chin and dark, wet hair. He waited for the Dexters to finish their coffee and he joined them after dinner on the veranda. "Isn't it extraordinary, meeting you up here?" Mrs. Dexter was saying. "Of all the places in the world, of all the people! You're here for the races of course."

"No," Napier said quietly. "I abominate horse races. I'm up here to take the cure. To drink the waters. My physician recommends them. I've been out to India y'know. Joined the Ragi cult. Done me worlds of good. Made a new man out of me."

"That sounds wonderful," Mrs. Dexter said. "Doesn't that sound wonderful, Charles? Ragi. Mysterious."

"Mysterious in a way," Napier went on. "Based on a series of sound hygienic *(Continued on page 58)*

How to get rid of an Inferiority Complex

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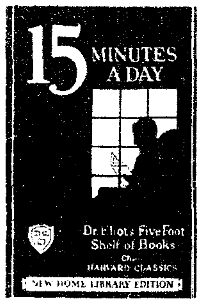

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Part-Time Baseball

Continued from page 18

sand lots everywhere, from factories and corporations with sponsored teams, from playground outfits, athletic clubs, and neighborhood groups. The first "national championship" in 1935 was a bit on the makeshift side, but in early 1936 Dumont had obtained sixteen responsible commissioners to supervise state and regional tournaments and, in Cleveland, he organized the National Semipro Baseball Congress.

There was devised a system of national semipro player contracts to prevent team-jumping and proselyting. This was followed by the formation of leagues to be self-supporting by a strict apportioning of gate receipts from regular playing schedules. He arranged state championships, regional title tournaments. He regimented umpiring ability by instituting a local training system. The best of these officials are rewarded annually with a trip to Wichita to work the tournament games under the appraising eye of Ernest Quigley, supervisor of umpires for the National League.

Dumont's rules for membership were so simple and costs so low that no one could step in and make a racket of any branch of the organization. State commissioners from the beginning were beyond reproach, and he points with pride to factors like Arthur B. Corey, Massachusetts commissioner, who is sheriff of the city of Concord; E. T. Williams, of Greenville, Arkansas, a medical doctor who finds time to act as semipro commissioner for the state; and Honorable Earl Welch, Oklahoma commissioner, who is also a judge in the Oklahoma Supreme Court.

Professional Semipros

The free-for-all quality of the Dumont setup was particularly welcome because of the stranglehold on independent baseball in the big cities The mere mention of semiprofessional baseball around New York City means Brooklyn's famed and prosperous Bushwicks and their limited number of opponents in the Metropolitan Baseball League; or the colored Pittsburgh Crawfords with their memorable battery of Satchel Paige and Josh Gibson; and the many bewhiskered House of David outfits.

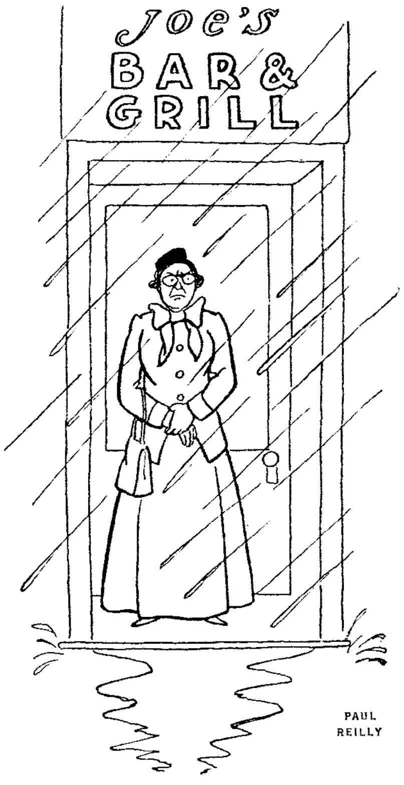
The semipro booking situation in Metropolitan New York approximates a territorial monopoly. Most independent bookings must be made through the office of the late Nat Strong, and Max Rosner, two pioneers who grew wealthy by controlling semiprofessional baseball in the East for almost thirty years. They book traveling dates for the Cuban Stars, of Havana, and the Puerto Rico Stars, and collect booking fees from teams of the Metropolitan Baseball League.

Chicago's counterpart of the Strong-Rosner office is the A. M. Spaperstein's Sports Enterprises, which books for the Chicago American Giants, Cleveland Bears, Jacksonville Red Caps, Mohawk Giants of Schenectady, New Orleans Crescent Stars, Norfolk Virginia Grays, the bearded Davidites, the Puerto Rico Botafogos, and several nontraveling Chicago units.

These bottlenecks at Chicago and New York made the semiprofessional situation ripe for combat, because thousands of other strong teams went begging for dates in territories dominated by out-and-out professional players. Dazzy Vance received more from the Brooklyn Bushwicks in one season than he did for his last year with the Brooklyn Dodgers. They paid Waite Hoyt $150 a game, and not much less to George Earnshaw, another world-series hero, for two seasons after he quit big-league ball. The average salary of the line-up regulars approximates $350 a month. Genuine semipros, who work and play, point to this as professional baseball, possible only at a sacrifice of open competition.

The Semipro Congress members pass up this high finance and the opportunism of playing headline heroes. They will sign a player from organized baseball, but none after June 1st. Thus the rosters are never top-heavy with big names of ability, and no team can head for the Wichita tournament with too-recent member of the professional leagues.

While some have tried to set him up as a czar of the semipros, a sort of Landis with a final say in the destiny of sandlotters, Ray Dumont is anything but this.



"Somebody would've done it sooner or later," Dumont explains. "The country's full of baseball nuts like me—guys who either play the game or wish they could. Well, back in '31 there were too many who only wished they could. Then softball started to prove it. So now we have so many teams and leagues organized that no club anywhere in the United States or Canada goes begging for opponents, and we're only beginning.

"The program brings out all kinds of players—from the rich boys right down to the teams of CCC and WPA workers. It's loaded with color and fierce competition, because nobody's life or livelihood is at stake. Most of our players are everyday workers—earning from eighty to one-twenty-five a month steady as butchers, bakers, lumberjacks, factory hands and what not. They pick up from two to five bucks a game and play three times a week—two twilight contests and one on Sunday.

The big-league scouts are watching this baseball baby. Dumont reserves a special section for them during the Wichita tournament. Jack Ryan, of the St. Louis Cardinals, hasn't missed one since the first. Other scouts have found it an oasis of talent.

More than 200 Semipro Congress players have been spied and signed to organized-baseball contracts, but the prize pickup is Freddie Hutchinson, the big right-handed pitcher. He hurled at Wichita for a Tacoma team and then went to the Detroit Tigers via Seattle for $50,000 and $25,000 worth of players.

Joe Gordon, now with the New York Yankees, starred on two semipro teams in Portland, Oregon, the West Side Babes and then the Wolfe Federals, before Scout Joe Devine placed him in the University of Oregon for the New York Yankees.

There is one drawback here, however—the age of the players. The majority are grown men with steady jobs and families to maintain. Earning from $1,200 to $1,500 a year at work, they can pick up from $300 to $500 more playing the semipro schedule. Organized-baseball law rules that any sandlot player signed by a big-league team must be sent to a minor-league team for at least a year, and that produces a hitch.

Minor-league salary limits, set by law, can't compare with the year-round job plus the semipro pickup money, since the regular job would have to be abandoned during the summer. The smallest leagues, Class E, average $750 per season, with a $1,000 maximum. Class D pay averages $900 for five months, while Class C leagues, with a maximum of $1,800 for stars, pay an average of $1,200.

A Really National Pastime

With a full schedule extending from early May to late August and beyond, thanks to little Dumont, the semipro player of today considers himself luckier in most instances than the kids in the smaller leagues, with or without benefit of chain-store baseball. There are more than 150 member teams in the city of Baltimore alone. Down in Texas they hail the Semipro Congress for having restored life to a game that had expired as softball advanced. New York City contains more than 100 teams affiliated with the congress. Canada has entered clubs from New Brunswick, Quebec, Nova Scotia and Ontario.

The congress runs smoother than anything ever tried. There are no fights, because the rules are in black and white. Disobey and out you go, that's all. But if the players pay their quarter-a-year dues ($10 annually for a full team), carry their membership cards and play the schedule according to ordinary baseball rules—which is what has happened thus far—all goes well.

The major leagues have already blessed the idea through their presidents and by ready co-operation. Old Honus Wagner, baseball immortal, helped it at the start as a high commissioner, a post which George Sisler now holds. The top men of organized baseball watched the madhouse tournament at Wichita last year and gasped in amazement at its freshness, pace and relentless competition.

"That's because they have labored too long in the delusion that baseball was confined to their little world of major and minor leagues," Dumont explains. "They called it the national pastime, and never paused to realize that kids and grownups need organized competition, regular schedules and places to play. Well, some day I hope to see the semipros using their ball parks when their teams are on the road. Then we'll really grow. Up to now we're just a half a million baseball nuts having lots of fun. And, as president, I'm having the most fun!"

ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCHING FEET and TOES

Broken Skin, Blisters Or Itching Here May Mean You Already Have Athlete's Foot

In summer, your feet are more apt to sweat easily between the toes. In this hot, moist area the spores of Athlete's Foot Fungi thrive, burrow deeply in the tissues and spread rapidly. If itching on your feet occurs and the skin between your toes cracks, is thick and white or reveals tiny blisters, it may mean this dangerous and stubborn infection has already taken place and may spread to other parts of the feet and body.

Be on the alert—look between your toes tonight. If there are tiny blisters or the skin is broken, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX, a treatment exclusively for Athlete's Foot. Quickly relieves intense itching, kills the fungi of Athlete's Foot it contacts and helps heal the broken tissues. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX (Liquid or Ointment).50c at your Drug, Shoe or Dept. Store.

Free Booklet on Foot Care—write to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT

PREVENT ATHLETE'S FOOT

To prevent reinfection of Athlete's Foot, spray inside of shoes with Dr. Scholl's Shoe Deodorizer and Fungicide, kills the Fungi it reaches on insoles and shoe-linings; dispels odors caused by sweaty feet. Large bottle with sprayer 50c, Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores, everywhere.

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A Special Shave Cream—It's Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. With *no* soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

FREE—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-14, Glastonbury, Conn.

Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only

What Happened to France

Continued from page 10

in our provinces wrote to thank him for having saved their country from war, their homes from bombs and their children from death. Old women on French farms knitted mittens for him "so that," they said in their letters, written in a large, trembling hand, "he would not be cold in his airplane. . . ." All this appeared infinitely touching to Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, a sweet and tender-hearted woman, who encouraged her husband to persevere in the path of appeasement.

That path, after Munich, ceased to be the popular one in England. English public opinion had been forced to swallow Munich, for want of preparation in the army and the air force. But she had found that medicine very bitter and the transaction less than honorable. She was determined at once to make all the sacrifices necessary in order never again to be exposed to such humiliation. In January, 1939, I went to Great Britain for a series of conferences that took me into all corners of the country. There I found out that public opinion was now ahead of the government. The latter was hesitating to adopt conscription; the country was energetically demanding it. Everywhere English men and women of all classes said to me:

"We must not allow this man Hitler to dominate Europe; we must have a large army and a strong air force."

WHEN I returned to Paris I wrote an article in which I declared that England would institute conscription in March; at that time most of my French friends said I was crazy, that Great Britain would never impose obligatory military service because one of her most ancient traditions was against it. But in the month of March, 1939, conscription was adopted.

The entrance of the Germans into Prague was a painful blow to Neville Chamberlain and to all those who, with him, had supported a policy of appeasement. The British prime minister was sincerely and profoundly shocked. He had determinedly hoped, in the face of all probability, that Hitler would never annex non-German peoples. Now he had proof to the contrary. He became suddenly—a fact of which many people are ignorant—one of Hitler's most determined opponents in England. It was under the influence of this emotion and this anger that he unexpectedly gave Poland a guarantee. I was in America at that moment. Immediately I said to myself: "This means war." For it was certain, on the one hand, that Germany would continue her policy of expansion and would attack Poland, and, on the other, that England would remain faithful, as she always has throughout her history, to her formal, written commitment.

This abrupt return of England to the field of European political co-operation led necessarily to a closer understanding with France. In June, 1939, the Franco-British alliance gave a formal banquet in Paris at which were present Hore-Belisha, British minister of war; Georges Bonnet, French minister of foreign affairs, and General Gamelin. On that occasion Hore-Belisha announced that in time of war the British armies would be under the orders of a French commander and that he was proud to be able to say "*our* General Gamelin." The latter remained impassive through prolonged applause. After the banquet we went with Hore-Belisha to the Polish embassy, where a great ball was being given; he wished to show by his presence the new bond between England and Poland.

I retain a tragic memory of that occasion. It was a beautiful summer night. In the gardens of the embassy (formerly the de Sagan residence) the white marble sphinxes gleamed beneath the stars; an orchestra was playing Chopin waltzes and pots of red fire threw on the scene the glow of a conflagration. On the lawn beautiful women in crinolines (among them the two lovely daughters of the German ambassador) were dancing with Polish and French officers. We all thought the war was near, that Poland would be the first to be attacked and that this ball resembled the one given by Wellington in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Negligently sipping champagne, members of society discussed trifling subjects. There was talk of the maiden voyage of the Pasteur, and some of the persons present spoke of trips they were planning to South America.

A few days later Hore-Belisha returned, with Winston Churchill, for the review of July 14th. It was a magnificent occasion—Paris' last happy day. Never had the French army been more magnificent. We had assembled in that parade everything that constituted our glory; the chasseurs, the zouaves, the marines, the Foreign Legion and the regular infantry. Winston Churchill beamed. "Thank God for the French army," he said. We did not know at that time that the courage of men, their military virtues and the traditions of even the finest regiments are powerless when the mechanical equipment is not worthy of the army. The procession of tanks reassured the onlookers in the Champs Elysées and filled them with enthusiasm, but the latter were uninformed of the situation in Germany; they did not know that the Germans possessed many more tanks, more heavily armored, and invulnerable to our cannon.

IN THE afternoon Hore-Belisha came to see me at Neuilly with a colonel who was his aide-de-camp. He talked to me of the difficulties he was encountering in building up a British army:

"Conscription," he said, "is all well and good, but for the moment it is more a formula than a reality. I cannot call up all the men who have registered because I have neither equipment to give them nor officers to train them."

"What about the officers from the last war?" I asked.

"They do not understand the new weapons."

"And if the war were to break out tomorrow, how many divisions could you send us?"

"Right away? Not more than six."

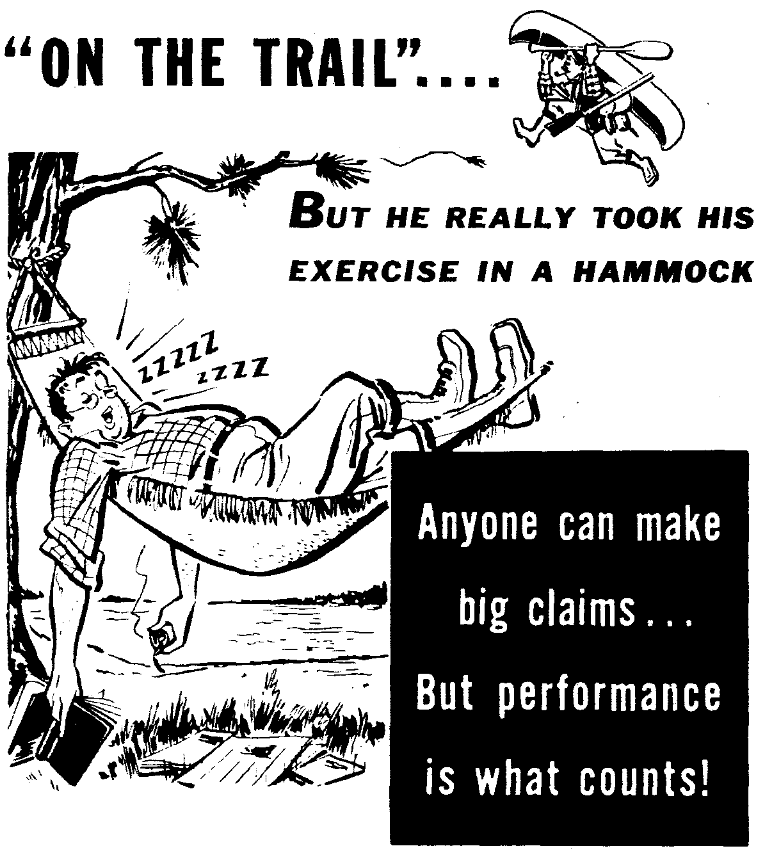
That figure frightened me. I was even more terrified when I learned, a short while later, that our general staff had asked from England *for the whole duration* of a European war only thirty-two divisions. I remembered that in 1918 we had had as many as eighty-five British divisions and at that time the Americans, the Russians, the Italians and the Japanese were our allies; nevertheless, we won the war only by a hairbreadth. Here was cause for grave alarm.

Such was the opinion also of Georges Bonnet, who was then minister of foreign affairs. I heard him recount the following incident:

"A few days before the war," he said, "toward the end of August, 1939, I called into my office two of the commanders who were responsible for our army and our air force. I told them that we were drifting toward war and that if

HE BRAGS OF VACATION DAYS "ON THE TRAIL"....

BUT HE REALLY TOOK HIS EXERCISE IN A HAMMOCK



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We absolutely guarantee that Alemite Motor Oil will Go Farther— and Last Longer— than any other oil you've ever used . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny!

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BASIC COLLEGE WARDROBE

HATS

1 snap brim for campus
1 snap brim for town
1 opera
Optional: Cap or rain hat

COATS

Camel's hair polo coat or reversible balmacaan or tweed or covert
Double-breasted gabardine with sheepskin lining
Single- or double-breasted town coat
Raincoat or finger-tip corduroy

SUITS

1 covert, single-breasted, three-button notched lapel or tweed
1 worsted town suit, single- or double-breasted
1 flannel, single- or double-breasted
1 odd sports jacket

SLACKS

1 covert
1 gray flannel

SHIRTS

8 colored; 2 white
2 dress (stiff bosom for tails; pleated or soft collar-attached for dinner jacket)
2 wing collars

GARTERS

2 pairs, solid color or striped

HOSE

5 heavy wool
5 lisle or lightweight wool or silk
2 black silk for evening wear

SHOES

Heavy brogues of polished or reverse calf with gum rubber soles or black and white saddle shoes with rubber soles
Black or brown town shoes
Black patent leather oxfords or pumps
Norwegian peasant slippers

HANDKERCHIEFS

1 dozen white
1 dozen colored
3 silk foulard

BELTS

1 narrow pigskin
1 club striped, or calf, etc.

SUSPENDERS

2 for general wear
1 for evening wear

TIES

1 dozen foulard, wool and stripe ties
2 bow ties
2 knit ties
2 black dress ties
2 white dress ties

WAISTCOATS

1 white washable waistcoat with tail coat
1 black silk waistcoat with single-breasted dinner jacket
1 black silk cummerbund with double-breasted dinner jacket and white summer dinner jacket
1 tattersall flannel

UNDERWEAR

6 shirts
6 shorts
1 robe, flannel or lightweight silk
3 pairs of pajamas

MISCELLANEOUS

Crew-neck Shetland sweater
Dress set for tail coat and dinner jacket
Collar pin
Key chain
Tie clasp
Cuff links
Wool or knitted muffler for cold weather
White muffler for evening wear
Leather jacket
Knitted or fur-type gloves
Pigskin gloves for town

WHAT TO WEAR GUIDE

Your correct guide to college dress—all around the clock. Copies are available at ten cents each. Send coin or stamps to Collier's, The National Weekly, Department M.W., 250 Park Avenue, New York City, New York

Poland did not give in that war would be inevitable within a short period. 'Nevertheless,' I added, 'if you, the commanders of our armies, tell me that we have *no* serious chance of being victors, then I shall ask Poland to cede Danzig and the Corridor to the Germans. I know that in doing this I shall run grave risks. People will say that I have betrayed Poland after having betrayed Czechoslovakia. But that makes no difference to me. I prefer anything to the destruction of my country, which, moreover, would carry with it the destruction of Poland. Do not make the mistake of thinking that I have any illusions about the Germans' willingness to fight. Germany has been preparing for seven years for a European war and sooner or later she will make it, if she cannot win by simple threat of war the hegemony she desires. But it might be to our interest to delay the outbreak. It might be to our interest to gain six months or a year which we could devote to an intense effort at rearmament. That's why I turn to you and ask: "Are there pressing military reasons for demanding this sacrifice from Poland?" ' They answered me, each one separately, that they saw no military reason for postponing the outbreak of war and that a delay would be as useful to Germany as to ourselves. In these circumstances there was nothing more I could do."

Nevertheless, he made a final effort. On the thirty-first of August, at one o'clock in the afternoon, François-Poncet, who had been appointed French ambassador to Rome, telephoned him that Count Ciano had offered to call a conference to settle the Polish problem and also the other disputed claims. Georges Bonnet believed that the sincerity of Count Ciano was above question. Italy was not ready to engage in a campaign; her treaty with Germany still allowed her three years' respite; Italian public opinion was averse to war; the last interview between Count Ciano and Mr. von Ribbentrop was said to have been less than cordial; Italy could obtain without fighting, in the course of a conference, a large part of what she desired. Such a conference, therefore, seemed as much in Italy's interests as in those of France and England. Bonnet determined to do everything in his power to support this project. He went, so he told me, to see Daladier, informed him of the affair and added: "There is a meeting of the Council of Ministers at six o'clock this evening; I shall recommend the acceptance of the Italian proposal. I ask you to support me. In this way we shall confront Germany with a *fait accompli*."

Daladier promised. But Bonnet knew only too well the character of the premier. That evening at the meeting, Daladier, far from supporting him, fought against him. The Italian proposal was not definitely rejected but the council expressed the desire first to see the direct negotiations between Poland and the Reich continued. The official communiqué, published at nine o'clock in the evening, said simply: "The council took a unanimous stand in support of France's commitments." On the first of September at dawn the German army marched into Poland.

THE next day at 2:15 P. M. Bonnet, who was in his office at the Quai D'orsay, heard his telephone ring, picked up the instrument and was astounded to hear, with no preliminaries: "This is Count Ciano. I have in my office Mr. François-Poncet and Sir Percy Loraine. I believe that it is still possible to take up the subject of a conference. . . ."

Georges Bonnet promised Count Ciano not to send a definite ultimatum to Germany until the next day, Sunday, at noon. At this point there occurred a very strange episode which, I believe, has never been explained until now. It is known that France, in conformity with the promise given by Georges Bonnet, waited before sending her ultimatum until Sunday at noon and, before declaring war, until five o'clock. England, on the contrary, declared war on September third at eleven o'clock in the morning. Here is the reason for this strange procedure:

Contrary to the state of affairs at the time of Munich, English public opinion in 1939 was extremely hostile to the idea of a new capitulation. The members of Parliament who had just had the opportunity during their vacations of talking with their constituents had been struck by the extraordinary determination of the whole population. Convinced that war was inevitable, the English masses thought it better to get it over with quickly. The members of Parliament had been much impressed by this state of popular opinion and they were determined not to let Mr. Chamberlain show the same weakness as in the preceding summer. The result was that on the third of September at nine o'clock in the morning, Lord Halifax called Georges Bonnet by telephone and said to him:

"I am aware of the reasons which prevent you from sending your ultimatum before noon, but we have not made the same promises to Count Ciano and we are obliged to send ours this morning. The House of Commons convenes at noon and if the prime minister appears there without having fulfilled his promises to Poland he may be overthrown by a unanimous movement of indignation. . . ."

This is why two allied nations declared war at an interval of six hours. Thus on the third of September, 1939, a war began for which Germany had been preparing for a long time, for which England and France were absolutely unready and which Germany, with supreme adroitness, contrived to have France and England declare.

Today one can say that that war was lost, so far as France was concerned, at the very moment it was begun.

IT WAS lost because we did not have enough airplanes, or enough tanks, or enough antiaircraft guns and because we did not have enough factories to build what we lacked. It was lost because our ally had only a tiny army and did not possess the means of expansion which would have permitted him to take quick advantage of his immense reserves of men and riches.

In the course of the conversation about which I spoke at the beginning of this article, Winston Churchill made use of a figure of speech that I found very striking. When I asked him why England, at the time of the Sanctions, had given in and allowed the Italians to have their way.

"Have you ever," he asked me, "observed the habits of lobsters?" I replied that the habits of lobsters had never been one of my principal hobbies.

"Well," he said, "if you have the opportunity, study them. They are very interesting. At various periods of his life, the lobster loses his protective shell. At this moment of molting the bravest crustacean retires into a crevice in the rock and there waits patiently until a new carapace has time to form. As soon as this new armor has grown strong, he sallies out of the crevice and becomes once more a fighter, lord of the seas. . . . England, through the fault of imprudent and cowardly ministers, has lost its carapace; we must wait in our crevice until the new one has had time to grow strong."

Circumstances, alas, were to lead France and England to sally out of their crevices, without a carapace, to do combat against the most terrible of enemies.

In the following articles we shall explain why the Allies failed to use the eight months' respite granted them to rebuild and strengthen their carapace.

We shall show how Hitler, who said, "I'll make their war fall to pieces in their hands," succeeded in doing just that; how the clash of personalities—particularly the rivalry between Daladier and Reynaud—impeded the conduct of the war, and why the Allied troops were not trained for the new type of combat in which they would be called upon to engage.

We shall see why the German offensive met with such stunning success; we shall describe the life in Paris and London during the last days of the campaign and tell how England learned of the armistice and how the British ministers reacted to the news.

Circumstances, unhappily, allowed the author to observe the whole of this tragic venture at firsthand—in part with the armies in the field where he was liaison officer, and in part in Paris and London where he chanced to know most of the political leaders.

Painful though it is for a Frenchman to recall events that have brought such terrible consequences to his country, he considers the truth, which he is trying to set forth, less harmful to France than certain unfounded stories that have gained currency.

He will tell only what he himself has seen, witholding nothing.

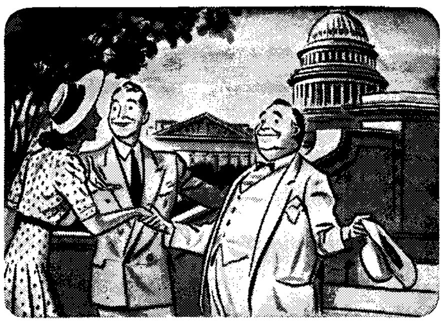
The second of this series of articles will appear next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Post add up the cost of their World's Fair Vacation

. . . and Jim wins an argument
. . . and Mrs. Jim a new dress!

Mrs. Jim: It was grand, Jim—like a second honeymoon. But I told you before we started it would cost us at least $100.

Jim: You're wrong there, Amy. Wait 'til you see the figures. First, two round trip coach tickets to New York on the Pennsylvania from Canton, Ohio—$32.50. Right?



Mrs. Jim: Yes, but what about that wonderful first day in Washington? That must have cost plenty.

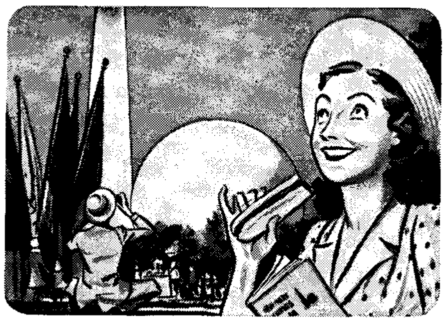
Jim: Free stopover, my dear, on the Pennsylvania—so that cost us nothing. Hotel, $4; three meals for two, $4.50; sightseeing, $3.10. $11.60 altogether—dirt-cheap!

Mrs. Jim: But Ben Franklin would never have called us thrifty in Philadelphia.

Jim: Only extravagance there, Amy, was extra portions of that Philadelphia Pepper Pot. Hotel, meals, seeing the Liberty Bell, Independence Hall, Betsy Ross House, everything—$10.00, that's all.

Mrs. Jim: Yes, but what about those three heavenly days in New York?

Jim: Saw everything, didn't we? Our hotel right near the Pennsylvania Station. You gadding about the stores, I giving Broadway the once-over. $23.35 for 3 days—yep, the whole shooting match!



Mrs. Jim: But Jim! You didn't add in the Fair.

Jim: Shucks! County fairs have cost us more. Four admission tickets—$2. "Railroads on Parade"—25c each. Hot dogs, sandwiches, ice cream—a dollar. That's all!

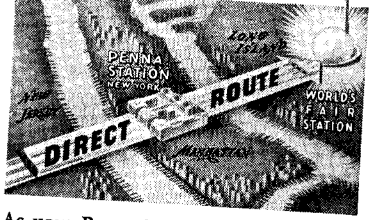
Mrs. Jim: All right, now add it up. It still sounds like $100 to me.

Jim: This is one time I win. Thirty-two fifty . . . $11.60 . . . $10.00 . . . $23.35 . . . $3.50 . . . $5.00 for incidentals . . . grand total World's Fair visit: $85.95*!

Mrs. Jim: Wonderful, dear! And the difference will buy me a nice new dress. You don't mind, do you, dear?

Jim: No-o-o-o. Fact is, I never thought myself a Fair visit would cost so little.

And this "Direct Route" made it so convenient for "Mr. and Mrs. Jim" to go to the Fair.



As your Pennsylvania train glides into Pennsylvania Station, New York, merely step to waiting electric train... and in 10 minutes, for 10 cents, you're at the Fair! No confusion or inconvenience.

Hard to believe that you can enjoy a World's Fair vacation—and cover so much of scenic and historic interest—for so little money. But it's a fact. Look into the low fares Pennsylvania Railroad quotes for both Pullman and Coach travel. Go *straight to the gate* by its "Direct Route" or via Washington, Philadelphia, Niagara Falls at NO EXTRA COST from many western points. New Travel Credit Plan for purchasing railroad tickets and new low all-expense tours make World's Fair vacations possible for everybody—ask Ticket or Travel Agents about them. Above all, go to the Fair—there's no attraction that offers so much in fun, thrills and education for so little money!

*Cost figures are given as examples only and are subject to variation depending upon hotels and restaurants selected.

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Coming from Chicago? Ride the de luxe all-coach Trail Blazer! Observation Car... Radio... Club Lounge... smart Diner, low-priced meals... Luxury Coaches with large "panorama" windows, big washrooms... Reserved individual reclining Seats... Attendants. All at regular low coach fares.

See two Fairs for one Fare! San Francisco as well as New York. Easy on a Grand Circle Tour. From your home station and back again... $90 in Coaches, $135 in Pullmans, plus reduced Pullman charge. At San Francisco Fair, see Pennsylvania Railroad's "Magic Movies."

See how little Fares to the Fair are!

Examples of 60-day Round-Trip Coach Fares to New York

From Chicago	$27.25
From Cleveland	$17.15
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From Cincinnati	$22.55

Still lower fares on week-end Excursions from Detroit, Dayton, Cincinnati and intermediate points; also on 1-day and week-end Excursions from Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh and nearby points. Practically all trains carry coaches.

Ask about low Pullman fares

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Both brothers and hazers stoutly affirm
"We'd rather paddle freshmen who squirm!"

Take a *Complete Jockey* Underwardrobe to School

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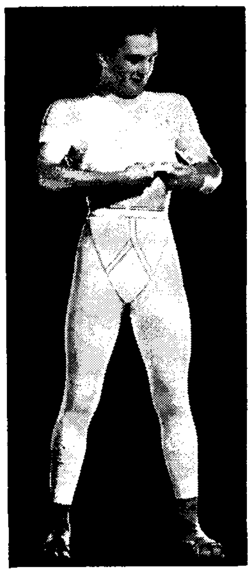

Two-piece
75¢ and up, per garment

If you'd rather not look too conspicuous in the locker room or dormitory, you'd better wear Jockey. Because at most good colleges and preps, Jockey is like a pair of slacks or an odd jacket—something that practically everybody wears. The reason, of course, is the unequalled job Jockey does of combining comfort with trimness. As the only undergarment made with the patented Y-front construction which eliminates bulk, bind and buttons . . . it is the only one which combines squirm-free masculine support with a conveniently angled, non-gap opening. Your dealer will show you the units needed to make your Jockey underwardrobe conform. They are—Short and Midway for daily wear . . . Long and Over-Knee for cold weather sports . . . and Bellin for dances.

EASY TO REMEMBER **Jockey**

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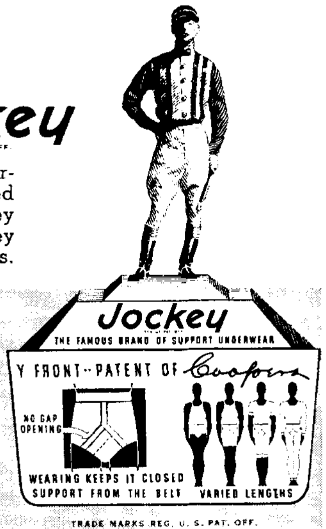
Insist on Jockey and look for the name on the garment. No other underwear can have the patented construction features which have made Jockey famous. Remember, it isn't Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.



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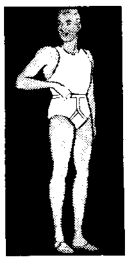

Left
JOCKEY SHORT
Mild support for all active sports

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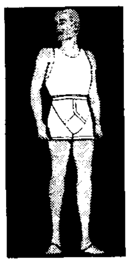
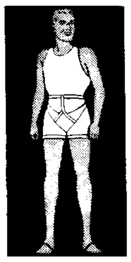
Right
JOCKEY MIDWAY
Squirm-free comfort for office and street wear





Left
JOCKEY BELLIN
A trim, youthful waist line for dress-up occasions

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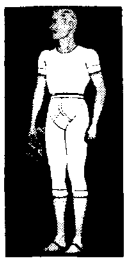
Right
JOCKEY OVER-KNEE
Keeps trousers from wrinkling



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The Man She Loved

Continued from page 52

laws though. Breathing exercises in the morning. Strict diet. No tobacco. Nothing worldly. Seat of the soul in the diaphragm and all that sort of thing."

"Lila, did you hear that?" Mrs. Dexter asked. "Napier has joined the Ragi cult. I'm sure Lila would love to hear about the Ragi cult." She stood. There was something hurried about her departure that even she could not conceal. "Come along, Charles, come along. You know we have a lot to do. Let Napier tell Lila all about the Ragi cult. Good night, Napier. Good night, Lila." Then she disappeared into the lobby, followed by her confused husband.

ONCE upstairs Mrs. Dexter spent a long time pacing the floor of her bedroom. She had begun to imagine a birthday present that was more spectacular and enduring than any month at Saratoga. Her days were numbered, she knew, and her funds were limited, but on her side was an old and distinguished family that would be as important to Napier as the color of Lila's eyes.

Fate was generous, she thought, and she felt her eyes smarting with tears. She had been dealt an unexpected hand and she knew exactly how to play it.

"That's him, sir," Joe whispered. "Look, Miss Dexter, look, that's Juan."

In Manhattan the milk wagons would still be making their rounds. It was very early. The wet grass spotted Lila's riding boots. The breath of the horses who were crossing the road and coming up toward the track smoked on the cool air. "Look, Miss Dexter, look," Joe whispered. "They sold him last year. For nine hundred dollars. I saw him in Havana. Look at his legs. Look at that chest. Did you ever see anything like it?"

They moved over to the rail. Juan, Joe's favorite, entered the track. He took two furlongs easily and then their hands tightened on the rail when they heard that faint, profound pounding rise up from the homestretch on the other side of the field. He was going then, rocketing down the track, pounding the loose dirt for everyone to hear. They eased him off again. "Nobody knows who he is," Joe said, "oh, glory be!"

"Where's Casanova?" Charles asked.

"Over there," Joe said, "the black one with the blinders."

"That's mine," Charles said, "that black one's mine."

"Aren't they beautiful, Miss Dexter?" Joe said. "Did you ever see anything as beautiful?"

The sun was higher. More and more horses, blanketed and bandaged like feudal mounts, were filing across the road. That was early in the second week of the Dexters' stay at Saratoga and Joe and Lila and Charles were already familiar figures at the morning workouts.

Mrs. Dexter did not join them. She had her own work to do. She spent her morning walking up and down the drink hall of the spa with Napier, drinking a glass of saline water. She began with the long and distinguished history of her family. Then she turned her talk to more personal subjects. "Lila is such a lonely child, such a lonely and sensitive child," she said. "Of course you wouldn't think it to see her, but a great deal of her gaiety is bravado, sheer bravado. She feels that so few people understand her. She enjoys talking with you. She found you so different from the men, mere boys, that she knows."

"Really," Napier said.

"It's unkind of me," she said, "to burden you with my troubles. But I'm not a young woman any longer. And there are so few people I care to confide in. But I do worry about Lila. She needs someone to take care of her, someone understanding. Beneath all that gaiety is a great sadness and longing. She tries to conceal it from me. She's so considerate. But I know! I know!"

In the evenings Mrs. Dexter saw that Napier and Lila were left together. She felt assured of the success of her work in Lila's frequent references to England and in the covetous and melancholy glances Napier gave her daughter.

Joe Clancy had rented a car for the month and he usually drove the Dexters out to the track. In those few weeks he had come to feel that he was a member of their family. It was a casual and unself-conscious relationship whose strength he would not know until it came time to say goodby.

One day when Lila and Joe and Charles were in the paddock, Mrs. Dexter accepted a dinner invitation for herself and her husband. She forgot it until the end of the seventh race. They were working their way out to the parking lot when she remembered the engagement. She and Charles were ahead. Lila and Joe were following. Tilly turned and called over the heads of the crowd: "You take Lila home, Joe. We're driving out with the Van Buskirks. For dinner. You eat dinner with Napier, darling. He'd like that. You take her home, Joe, take good care of her." Then her voice grew faint and she was carried off by the crowd.

The main road to town was choked with traffic and Joe took a back-country road.

"Do you want me to leave you at your hotel, Miss Dexter?" he asked.

"Don't call me Miss Dexter."

"All right," he said.

"My name is Lila," she said. "Call me Lila. And don't take me back to the hotel. Take me for a ride. A long ride." She slumped in the seat and crossed her legs and lit a cigarette.

JOE raced the car over the dirt roads of the Saratoga plain for some time before he spoke again. He finally mouthed a question: "What about Lord Devereaux?"

"Oh, he'll be all right. He's not expecting me." She moved closer in the seat to Joe. It was not a flirtatious move. It was candid and friendly. "Tell me about yourself," she said. "Tell me about where you come from and what you want to do and where you're going."

"I come from Chicago," he said abruptly. "I'm a gambler. When I'm broke I wait on table. I like horses. I—" Then his voice lapsed into something that resembled static. "You don't want to hear about me," he said.

They drove another five miles without speaking. They passed through a small village. When they passed the saloon Lila made Joe stop.

"You don't want to go into a place like that," he said.

"Oh, yes I do," she said. He followed her and she ordered drinks for both of them.

After a few beers Joe felt more at ease. He began to talk. He told her he was an orphan, that he had worked as a stable boy, an exercise boy and a bookie's runner and that he occasionally made enough to live as a gambler. He had made a killing that spring in Belmont. He told her the story of his life, that long history of rooming houses and misfortune, without an interruption. "I'm going to wait and see Juan run in the

Holly stakes," he said, "and then, win or lose, I'm going to drop it all. It's a bad racket and I'm just beginning to see it. I'm fed up. I'm tired." His story ended as abruptly as it had begun.

They drove back in the dusk.

"What about Lord Devereaux?" Joe asked.

"Oh, I like him," Lila said. "He's very nice. Mother likes him too. As a matter of fact, I may marry him—if he asks me."

The sun had set. From the distance came the hooting of a train and the rumble of freight cars.

"Napier has a big house in England," Lila said. "Mother's been there. She liked it."

They crossed a bridge and at the next grade crossing they found the striped gates down, the lanterns still swinging. Then a locomotive rounded the bend. The freight cars passed slowly through the glare of Joe's headlights.

"Mother says his house has a moat around it," Lila was saying. "And it has two towers and—" She began to cry.

"What's the matter, kid?" Joe asked. "What's the matter?" He put his arm around her shoulder. He was awkward.

"It's nothing. I was just thinking how lonely you must be. Never staying in one place. Traveling all the time. Oh, I'm stupid; I'm such a fool." She wiped her eyes with a handkerchief. The caboose rumbled past. The gates went up and they started back to town.

They finished the ride without speaking. She said good night to him in front of the hotel and there was something dry, something self-conscious in the way they spoke, the way they avoided facing each other.

"HOLD still," Mrs. Dexter said, "hold still." She was tying her husband's black tie. "Stop sticking your neck out."

"I've got a hunch on that horse," Charles said, "the black one."

"Stop talking about horses," she said, "and tell me what Napier told you. You haven't told me a thing yet."

"Oh, he said the usual things. He said he thought he ought to tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"That he liked Lila. That he would consider it an honor to marry into your family. Does he know we're broke, by the way?"

"Of course he knows we're broke. Broke and well-connected. I've told him."

"Well, he said he would consider it an honor to marry into your family. He didn't say anything about my family. And he said he felt that he ought to tell me his intentions were serious. That's all."

She gave the tie a last touch and stepped away.

"That's fine," she said.

"I don't think it's so fine," he said. "I can't help it, darling, but I've never liked that sort of Englishman."

"I didn't mean that. I meant the tie. But I think it's fine about Napier too. It really is, Charles."

Mrs. Dexter sat down at her dressing table and began to comb out her hair.

"That black devil," Charles said, "Casanova. I've got a hunch. I had a dream about him."

"Casanova who, dear?"

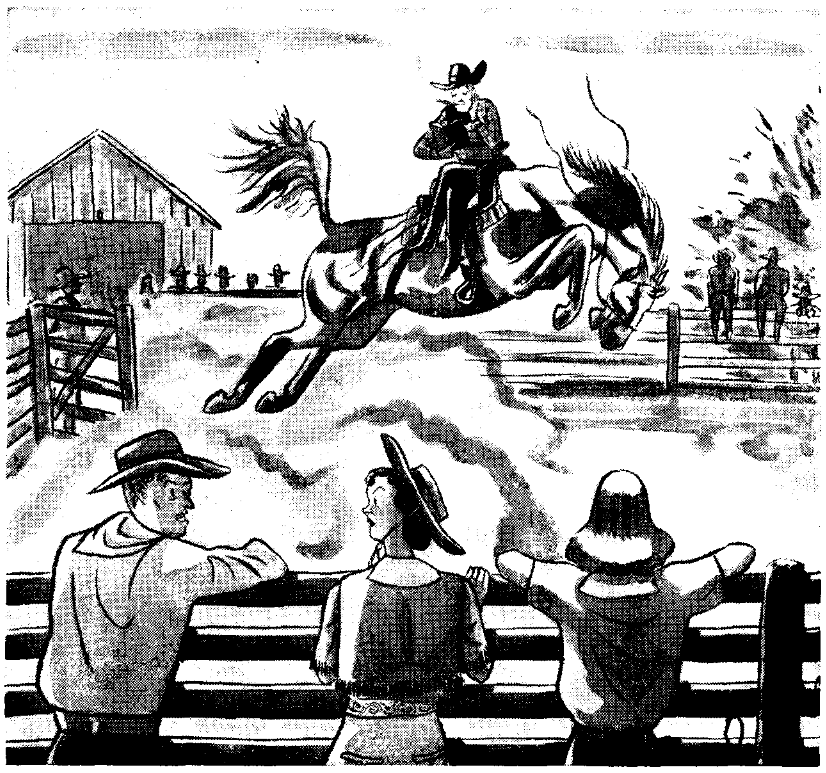
"The horse. The one that ran Tuesday. The big black one."

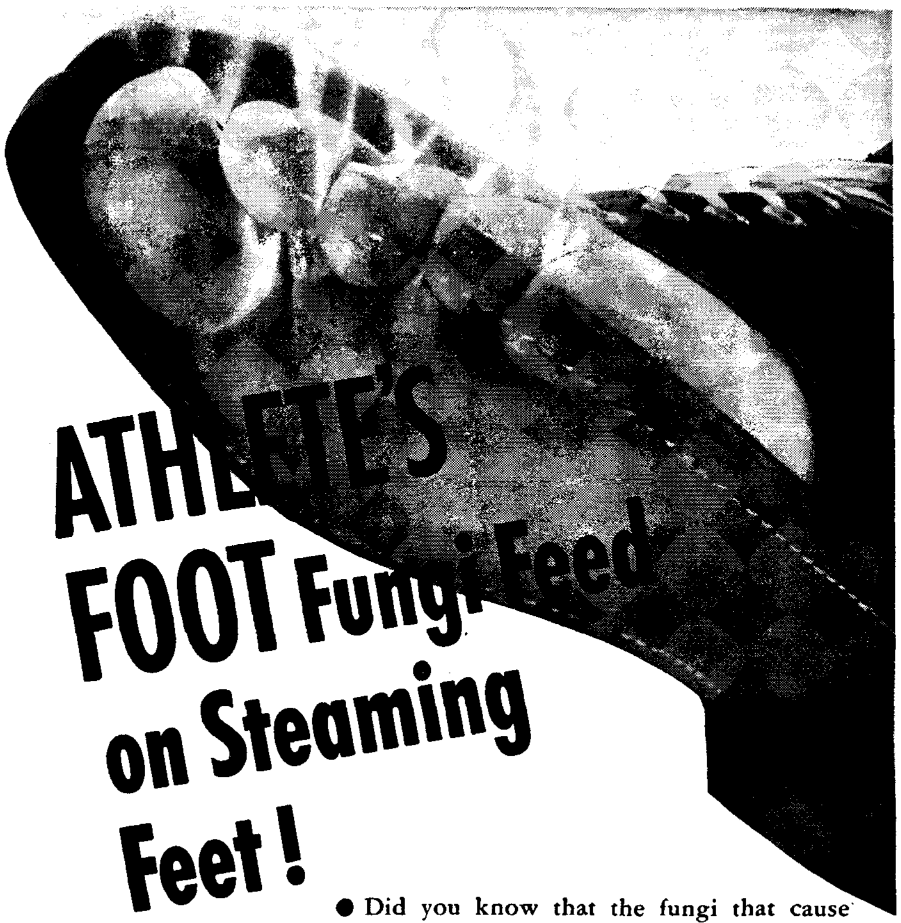
"Yes, it's fine," she said. "It will be such a nice change for Lila, living in England."

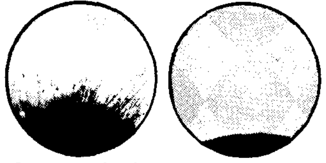
MRS. DEXTER was patient. Morning after morning she discussed her distinguished antecedents. Napier told her he was tired of cattle millionaires and theatrical people and that her modest and well-born family was a relief. It was her best card with an English nobleman, she knew, and she played it shrewdly. In the third week her patience was rewarded. Napier told her the nature of his intentions and outlined his plans. He would cancel his passage to England and spend the fall and winter in New York. Their engagement could be announced after Christmas if Lila were willing and they could be married in the summer. He asked Mrs. Dexter to notify Lila and he arranged to meet them all at the hotel at four that afternoon for a discussion of the situation.

Returning to the hotel that morning, Mrs. Dexter felt a happiness she had never known before. In the taxi she anticipated the scene over lunch when she would announce the good news. But when she hurried into their suite she found a note propped up on the parlor mantel. "Lunching with Joe," it read. "See you out at the track. Love. L." . . .

The usual things that delayed Mrs. Dexter, the loss of her glasses and the fact that her watch had stopped, kept her from getting out to the track that


"He makes it look easier than it really is" CHARLES PEARSON





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afternoon in time for the first race. Charles had gone on ahead and when her taxi entered the grounds they were saddling the horses for the second. She gave the driver a large tip and hurried onto the terrace. Lila and Joe and Charles were sitting there quietly. "Hello, hello, hello," Mrs. Dexter sang. Charles and Joe stood. "Hello, Charles. Hello, Joe. Hello, Lila. I expected to have lunch with you today, Lila. I have something very important to tell you. Vermouth, un peu de vermouth," she told a waiter. "What are you looking so glum about, Charles? And you, Joe. You look ill, both of you."

"Shall we go?" Charles asked Joe.

"All right."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. Where are you going?"

"To bet."

"Well, wait a minute. I want to pick a horse. It's no fun watching a race unless you have some money on it. Or is it?" She rapped the program with her glasses and scanned the entries. "Crepe," she said. "That's a pretty name. Don't you think that's a pretty name, Lila? Put two dollars on Crepe for me."

The two men walked off.

"WELL what are they looking so glum about?" Mrs. Dexter asked.

"Oh, Dad has a hunch," Lila said. "A horse named Casanova. He's putting his bank book on the nose."

"But why should that make him glum?"

"I don't know. He's not sure. The price is too good and a hunch is a hunch."

"What's the matter with Joe?"

"Same trouble. He's got a horse running in the Holly stakes. Sixth race. A horse named Juan. He's been watching him all year. A long shot."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know why the men come out to the track if it's going to make them so unhappy," Mrs. Dexter said. "Oh, I forgot. I've a very important message for you from Napier. Terribly important. I wanted to tell you at lunch but I missed you. I went out to the spa with Napier this morning. And—"

Joe and Charles returned to the table. They sat down. They were very unhappy.

"Well, to get back to Napier," Mrs. Dexter said. "I went out to the spa with him this morning and—"

"There they go," Charles groaned. He was leaning forward a little as if his stomach pained him.

The sweet, desultory fall of hoofs came to them there as the entries filed up from the paddock. The jockey's silks burned in the sun.

"Which is he?" Mrs. Dexter asked. "Which is he?"

"Number four," Joe said.

"That black one? Well, I don't think Crepe is an awfully good name for that horse. Do you, Charles? Do you think they ought to name a black horse Crepe? Why, I think that's gruesome."

"That's not Crepe," Charles said. For one of the few times in his life he spoke to his wife with impatience. "That's Casanova. The one with my money. Crepe is the bay. Number six."

"Oh, I see."

Checked, bridling, the entries paraded up by the clubhouse. They turned and cantered over toward the barrier.

"Well, as I was saying," Mrs. Dexter began again, "I went out to the spa with Napier. He wants to see us all. This afternoon. I told him we'd meet him at the hotel at four. He said—" She stopped speaking when she realized that her rather penetrating voice was falling on an unnatural silence. Everyone was watching the horses. They were at the barrier.

The bell rang. That profound, heartbreaking mutter of *they're off* went up like an articulate roll of thunder and was heard by the farmers cultivating their gardens two miles away. The backstretch smoked, the entries streaking, drumming the loose dirt, going faster than anything you can imagine and somehow not fast enough. The numbers went up: the favorite, a horse named Morristown, Crepe, and then Casanova. At the far turn a horse named Battlebridge came up.

Charles said nothing. His hat was drawn down over his eyes. At the turn the favorite rode way out and then it was a horse named Lairdson, Crepe, Casanova, and Battlebridge. Then Lairdson lost out and it was Crepe, Casanova, with Crepe on the rail, and then it was Crepe and Battlebridge, with Casanova nearly seven lengths behind, and then it was Crepe.

The excited roar of the crowd died down into a few heated arguments. A silence settled over the Dexters' table. Charles was staring into his empty glass. Joe was examining his shoes. Lila looked sick. Mrs. Dexter was the only one who seemed unconcerned, but it was a long time before even she spoke. "Well, I've won twenty dollars," she said quietly. "Here, Joe, take my ticket and get the money. Whisky for the men," she told a waiter, "and I'll have vermouth."

When the drinks were finished, Charles and Mrs. Dexter left. Lila promised to leave after the next race and meet them at the hotel. It was not until they were alone together in the taxi that Mrs. Dexter asked Charles how much he had lost.

"A thousand. All we have. I don't know how we'll pay the hotel bill. Poor Lila. We'll have to go back tomorrow. Poor kid."

"I have my jewelry."

"Yes."

They rode for sometime without speaking. They were both thinking the same thing. She was the one who mentioned it. "There's always Lord Devereaux," she said; "he'll stake us."

"Yes," he said tiredly, "there's always Lord Devereaux."

THEY were back at the hotel, counting their change, when they heard the metallic sound of a key in the lock. The door shot open, banging the wall, and Lila came in. She looked as if she had been running. Her hair was loose and she was carrying her hat. She ran through the parlor into the bedroom. "I'll go," Mrs. Dexter said.

"It's Joe," Lila sobbed. "After you and Dad left we just sat there and had a drink and I made a two-dollar bet on the next race. Then I said I ought to go, and he said all right. Then he said he thought we ought to make it goodby. He said he was going to leave the track for good, win or lose. He said we wouldn't see each other any more. So then he walked out toward the gates with me. We said goodby. Out there by the closed paddock. You know. We kissed but then he turned and walked off and I felt as if they were tearing my arm away from me. I didn't know it could be like that. I can't live without him."

Mrs. Dexter said nothing. She let her arm rest on her daughter's shoulders. Then she stood and left the room, closing the door after her. She hesitated in the corridor between the parlor and the bedroom. It was the time to make a decision, but she was too bewildered, too stunned, to think. Her hard work had been mistaken and in vain. She was unprepared for this. When she entered the parlor Charles was shouting into the telephone: "I don't care if they haven't run the sixth yet. Get him for me, get Joe for me and tell him to come to Charlie Dexter's hotel. Tell him it's important. No. It's nothing about a horse." He slammed down the receiver.

Fifteen minutes later Joe came into

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the room. "She's in there," Mrs. Dexter said, gesturing toward the bedroom. He went in and she closed the door after him. The telephone began ringing. Charles answered it.

"Lord Devereaux calling on Mr. and Mrs. Dexter," the clerk said.

"Send him up," Charles said.

They retreated to their chairs and waited. They heard the creak of the ancient elevator mounting its shaft. They heard a rap on the door. "Come in," Mrs. Dexter said. "Oh, Napier!"

Napier stood by the door, waiting for someone to take his hat and stick. Then he placed them on the floor, the hat upside down like a receptacle.

"Don't people ever put ashes in it?" Charles asked.

"In what?"

"In your hat?"

"Mercy, no!"

"Oh, stop it, Charles, stop it!" Mrs. Dexter said impatiently. "It's the heat," she explained, fanning herself with a handkerchief; "it's the frightful heat. It's made us all ill-tempered. Can I order some iced tea, Napier?"

"Thank you, no," he said. "Never drink it. Frightful stuff. Is Lila here?"

"Lila?" Mrs. Dexter asked first herself and then her husband. Her time was up. It was the decision of her life that would have the greatest consequences, and the strain of making it told on her face. "Lila? No, she's not here right now." Her voice was lifeless. "She went out for a minute."

She began fanning herself again. In the silence she heard Joe and Lila's voices from behind the closed door.

"Oh, I wonder where Lila is?" she asked, raising her voice. "She's not exactly punctilious. There's something you ought to know, Napier. I should have told you before. Lila has never been exactly punctilious."

"But I—" Napier began.

"No, no, no," she sang, "don't interrupt me. I feel that I ought to tell you about it. Lila is frequently late. Sometimes as much as a day late. She's not the sort of person you can depend upon. In New York we never know where she is. She's sometimes gone for days at a time. Sometimes for weeks. Last winter she disappeared for three weeks. In January. We never tell the police. That's something you must remember after you're married. Never call in the police. You can't tell where you're going to find her. Frightfully embarrassing."

Charles' face blanched and his mouth hung open at the fabric of lies his pretty wife was spinning. Mrs. Dexter had begun to circle the room slowly, picking up and blowing imaginary dust from every loose object she passed. "I've always thought of it as amnesia," she went on, searching her harried imagination for horrors. "Personally, I've always thought of it as amnesia. At least, that's the most discreet way of looking at it. Don't you think? There's nothing hereditary about amnesia. Or is there? Personally, I've always thought of it as amnesia.

"Now when we were playing Reading, Pennsylvania," she said, and her flagging imagination seemed to have taken on new strength, "when we were playing Reading, Pennsylvania, she disappeared for nearly a month. Remember, Charles? We were playing a theater there called the Opera House. I did a little number with a rose between my teeth. Charles did a buck-and-wing. Did you know Charles can do a buck-and-wing? Or perhaps we haven't told you about our theatrical life. Or have we?"

"You haven't." The voice was the voice of an outraged man.

"Yes," she said tiredly, airily, "we were in the theater for years and years. Lila was born backstage. In a theater called the Strand. That was in Omaha, Nebraska. Her middle name is Strand. Lila Strand Dexter. Nice, don't you think? We were playing the intermission at a burlesque house then. Remember my costume, Charles? And that little number I sang." She stood in the center of the floor, swaying a little to some remembered melody.

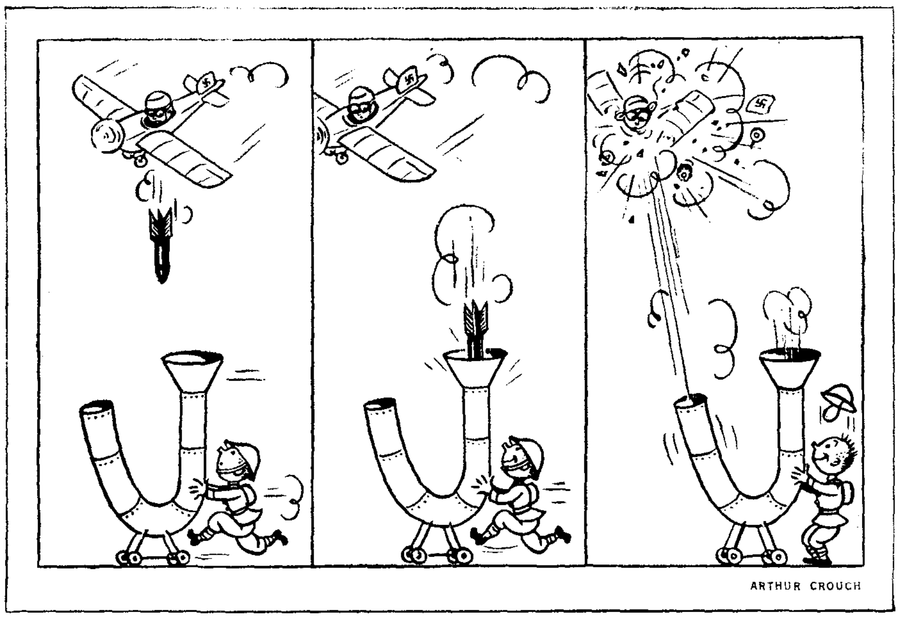
For all her chattering, her absentmindedness, her indiscriminate collection of friends, no one, until then, could ever have accused Tilly Dexter of anything that was either comic or undignified. She was a woman who cherished her dignity, and now that she was destroying it, it was with a great effort. She took three steps, first to the left, then to the right and made a frank attempt to kick. Her face was flushed with the exertion and her hair was coming loose. She began to sing:

"I'm not too young and I'm not too old,
I'm not too hot and I'm not too cold—"

The door slammed on Lord Devereaux.

IT WAS in the prolonged silence that followed Lord Devereaux's departure that they became conscious of the silence from the further room. Lila and Joe had stopped talking. Then Mrs. Dexter began to cry. She wept quietly, bitterly. Charles went to her and he felt her thin shoulders shaking under his arm. "There's no reason to cry, Tilly," he said quietly. "She has what she wants. That's what we came for. There's no reason to cry."

He stood and went to the window. The races were over and the crowds in their summer clothes were coming back into town. "Extra! Extra!" a newsboy was crowing. "Long shot takes Holly stakes by four lengths! Juan wins Holly stakes! Extra! Extra! Read all about it!"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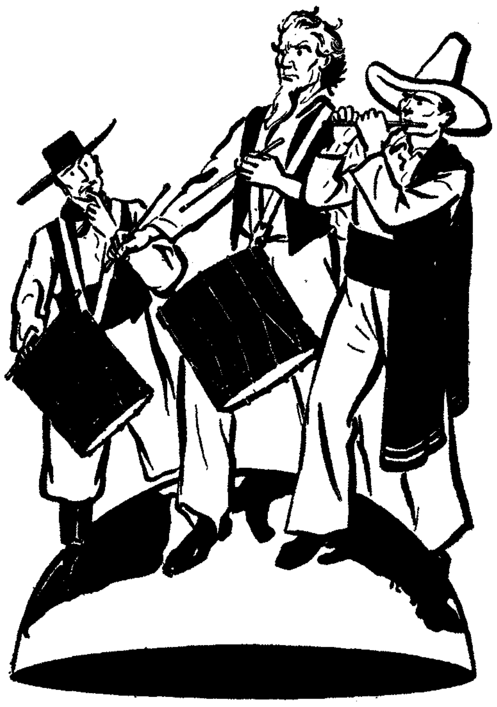


HEMISPHERE OR QUARTER-SPHERE

CONSIDERABLE crawfishing on the Monroe Doctrine is being suggested here and there.

It's argued that the South American countries below the Brazil bulge are more in tune with Europe than with the United States; that if we undertake hemisphere defense it will be an ungrateful task at best, so we'd better be careful how we team up with South American countries whose political views don't match ours. We're urged to retire to a policy of quarter-sphere defense—try to hook Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia, Central America and Mexico into our defense orbit, and let the rest of South America go by. We seem to sense a confusion of thought in all this. Are we out to spread democracy just now, or are we out to defend our own democracy?

The Monroe Doctrine was first thundered in a time of blood and terror much like the present; and it was not based on idealism, or on the proposition that it is our duty to spread democracy like a gospel. The idea was to keep this nation strong in the Western Hemisphere.

James Monroe was not telling the South American republics what kind of government to establish when he uttered the famous Doctrine. He was thinking about protecting the United States against European interference. Curiously, the same kind of ideas that the Austrian Hitler is preaching today, another Austrian, Prince Metternich, was urging more than a century ago. We didn't want Europe's battles to be fought on American soil in 1824 and we still don't in 1940. What sort of government our neighbors arrange for themselves is their business. Any expeditionary force from Europe that seeks to impose a European system upon American people, North or South, is our business by the Monroe Doctrine.

Defense should come first, for the present. We can go back to spreading the gospel of democracy after we've insured our own democracy.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

STATE SPLITTERS WEAKENING

WE QUOTE from a recent issue of Highway Highlights, a valuable publication got out by the National Highway Users' Conference, Washington, D. C.:

> Kansas guardians of the ports of entry, the border patrol, have been asked by the chief executive to go out of their way to build good will with tourists. The governor is quoted as "requesting the patrol to take off their coats and help a tourist change a tire if necessary," asserting that many reports about the Kansas port-of-entry system are tending to discourage motorist travel.

A far better way for Kansas to build good will, of course, would be simply to abolish the port-of-entry system—that state-border scrofula which has been spreading alarmingly, and which, if it isn't stopped, will break up this country into a lot of hostile nations, Balkan style.

We're hoping such abolition will come in time, not only on the Kansas borders but also on the borders of all states now maintaining little camouflaged customhouses for the bleeding of "foreign" trucks and the annoyance of tourists.

The fact that the Kansas governor is telling his border patrolmen to mind their manners is an encouraging sign. When little job holders get orders from big job holders to act as if the public was composed of ladies and gentlemen, it usually means the big job holders are afraid of something. In this case, we suspect the Kansas big shots fear that the port-of-entry racket is in danger of being rubbed out by an enraged public opinion.

Hope so, anyway—and that friends of the interstate free-trade system that made the United States the world's wealthiest country will redouble the fight to restore interstate free trade.

LADIES AT THE WHEEL

IT'S no doubt cruel to stab at popular delusions; stirs up so many people to the disagreeable activity of thinking. Here goes, though:

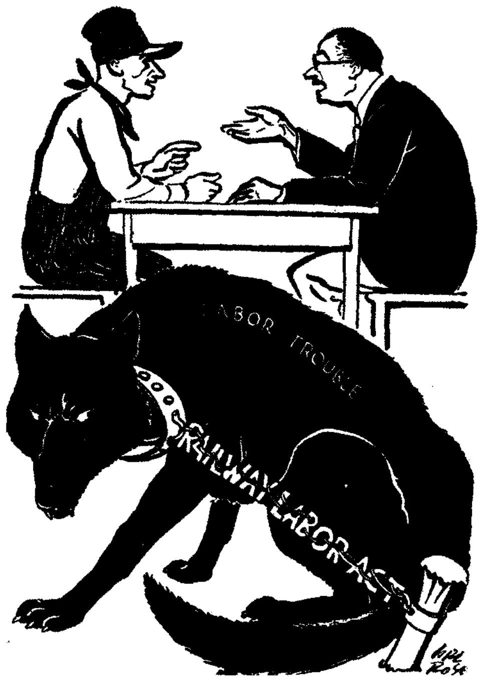
Dr. Harry R. DeSilva, research expert, has just finished a study of 3,000 motorists, picked practically at random from among Connecticut's motoring population, in an effort to find out how much there really is in the popular belief that women are far worse drivers than men.

Dr. DeSilva's statistics boil down to this: That in this cross section of 3,000 motorists, women drive about half as much mileage as men but get into only one third as many accidents.

Which shows, the doctor unfeelingly points out, "that women are still safer drivers, and that they do not have fewer accidents merely because there are fewer women drivers."

In case it's objected that the doctor didn't study enough drivers to get a true picture, there is the gritty fact that in the auto accidents which took about 32,600 lives in this country last year only 6.6% of the drivers involved were women.

Here's one crumb of comfort for the gents, though. From our observation, when you do see a bum lady driver leaping from lane to lane and performing signals that aren't, she's worse than any man driver you ever see, anywhere.



THE RLA IS STILL WORKING

EARLY in July, about 30,000 employees of the Railway Express Agency decided to strike. At this writing, fair betting odds against any strike of these rail workers are 50 to 1.

What happened was what has always happened since the Railway Labor Act of 1926 (amended 1934) was passed. The President appointed a board of three men to look into the dispute and report back within thirty days. A strike is forbidden for sixty days after a strike call. In this interlude there is a lot of airing of grievances, a chance for all concerned to blow off steam, and so on—and the habitual outcome is that there is no strike.

What constantly irritates us in this connection is the fact that we don't have labor laws that will operate in this manner in all labor disputes.

Why can't a hold-everything-and-talk-it-over amendment be dubbed into the Wagner Act, to apply to industries engaged in interstate commerce? Why can't a constitutional amendment be got under way, aimed at intrastate-commerce industries? Meanwhile, why can't all states have delay-and-discuss labor laws applying to threatened strikes within their borders?

The main answer to those questions is that labor leaders generally oppose such reforms. Laws like the Railway Labor Act cut down labor leaders' importance, though they by no means make labor leaders unnecessary; and such laws make unjustified strikes almost impossible.

This is tough on the racketeer type of labor leader. It is a lot easier, though, on the general public and on workers who don't want to be rushed into strikes without fair warning and full explanation. We hope the highly probable success of the RLA in avoiding this particular strike may increase the popular pressure on our lawmakers for extension of the delay-and-discuss principle throughout American industry.

"Who am I to argue with a prize-fighter?"

1 I've been selling cars for fifteen years but, honest, he was the toughest customer I've ever had. I didn't think so two months ago when he came in and paid spot cash for one of our de luxe jobs. But this morning he barged into our showroom wearing his fighting face!

2 "Listen, guy," he snapped, "what's the idea of sellin' me this wagon? It ain't got no more pick-up than the last palooka I kayoed. The motor's got no punch and it 'knocks' plenty on the hills and in traffic."

From the "symptoms" it sounded to me like the trouble was in the gas tank. So I asked him, "What kind of gasoline are you using?"

3 "G'wan," he growled. "Don't give me no song and dance about gas!"

Who am *I* to argue with a prize fighter? So I said, "You're a good sport – how about a little bet? I'll buy you a tankful of the best gasoline. If your car runs O.K. then, you pay me for the gas. If you've still got any complaints, I will personally eat a 16-ounce boxing glove."

4 That kind of amused the big ape. "It's a bet!" he said.

So we filled up the tank with highest quality gasoline and went for a spin. After a few miles he grinned from ear to ear. "Buddy," he said, "you don't have to eat no boxin' mitt – this car certainly has class now. But how come gas makes all that difference?"

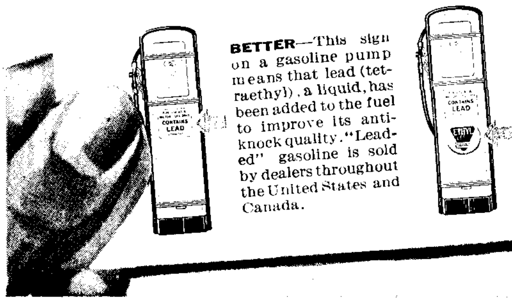
5 "I guess you're right, brother," he said. "Thanks a lot for giving me the right steer. Here's a couple of pasteboards for my next fight – and say, how much do I owe you for that swell gas?"

* * *

(But how about ***your*** *engine? Look at the chart again – it's your ticket to better performance and economy.)*

The higher the anti-knock quality of gasoline… the farther your mechanic can advance the spark toward maximum power (*without "knock" or "ping"*)… and the better the performance of your car.

HERE ARE THE SIGNS OF IMPROVED GASOLINE



BETTER—This sign on a gasoline pump means that lead (tetraethyl), a liquid, has been added to the fuel to improve its anti-knock quality. "Leaded" gasoline is sold by dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

BEST—The "Ethyl" emblem means that the gasoline contains enough lead (tetraethyl) for highest anti-knock, so that your engine's spark can be advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy.

I showed him this chart and I said, "Your engine has a device that controls power—the spark adjustment. High anti-knock gasoline allows an *advance* setting for more power and mileage. Poor gasoline requires a *retard* setting to prevent 'knock'—just like it shows on the chart. *Your* spark is advanced for top power with the best gasoline, and if you don't use the best, your engine's performance takes a dive."

The better the gas – the better your car!

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

THEY'VE GOT THOSE EXTRAS THAT WIN BALL GAMES

Yes, it's the extras that carried Joe DiMaggio, "Bucky" Walters, and George Case to the top. The extras of slower burning won them to Camel cigarettes

HE STEPS UP to the plate, and he looks like 'most any other ball player. But when that bat of his comes crashing through—man, look out! It may be the ball game. Experts call him one of the greatest natural hitters in the game. Where . . . how he gets all that extra power into his bat, even Joe DiMaggio himself can't say. But you can easily see below how he gets the *extras* in his cigarette. "I smoke Camels for extra mildness and extra flavor," says Joe.

JOE DI MAGGIO—He topped both major leagues in batting last season.

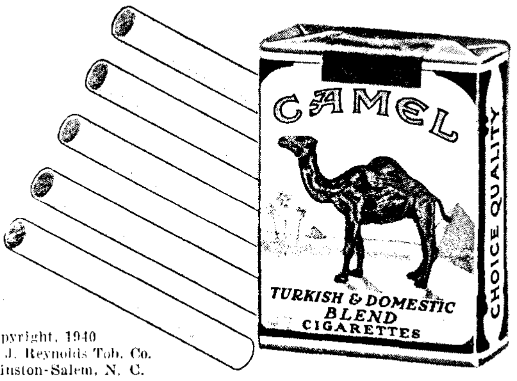
NO, "Bucky" Walters has no magic pitch. The magic's in his extra pitching sense—the extra degree of control in that famous right arm. It shows in every pitch . . . in a change of pace that crosses up the sharpest of batting eyes . . . shackles the mightiest of bats. Those are the *extras* in his pitching. In his cigarette, "Bucky" will tell you: "Extra mildness and extra coolness win with me. So I smoke the slower-burning brand . . . Camels." Yes, Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning mean extra pleasure—and extra smoking per pack (*see below, left*).

"BUCKY" WALTERS—He won more games in 1939 than any other pitcher in the majors.

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



GEORGE CASE—He stole more bases last year than any other man in the majors.

YES, it's the Case of the stolen base—George Case. *Extra smartness* in getting the jump on the pitcher . . . *extra speed* in getting there ahead of the ball—those two big extras have won George Case acclaim as the "fastest base-runner in the game today." Extras *do* make a difference—even in cigarettes.

With George Case—with millions of others—the *extras* of costlier tobaccos in slower-burning Camels are the difference between just smoking and smoking pleasure at its best. So turn to slower-burning Camels. Enjoy mildness, coolness, and flavor—with an extra measure of each . . . and extra smoking per cigarette per pack (*see left*).

GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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